



Echoes from the past

by those who were there:

Peter Elenbaas, George Hinton, Hazel Husfloen,
Lillie Mae Knudsen, Annabell Monthy, Ellen Nelson,
Gertrude Burns Thom, Kathleen Wilson.

The Honeymoon Cottage*

On a little rise near a clear brook stream
Stands a cottage small in a field of green
Weathered and brown, it stands secure
Treasuring its secrets of many a year.

If only these dividing walls could talk
Of those who arm-in-arm did walk
Across each threshold dividing the space
In this homely little space.

Tales of each couple it sheltered there
Of who sat beneath the tree now broken and bare
And planned a future we cannot know
But to them had a rosy glow;

For they were young and filled with plans
Of life together with all it's demands
In the years when even life's simple ways
Was hard enough but brought joyous days.

If these old walls could talk and tell
Of the lives of those herein did dwell
I'm sure a lesson we would find
To help us in our modern time.

To be content with the treasures of old
Which were greater far than a pot of gold
Which we try so diligently to find
Leaving all that matters most behind.

Dorothy Keeler King

**Pictured in the cover design and featured in "The Wedding" by George Hinton; the honeymoon cottage, at Clearbrook, served as a first home to the newly married in the late 19th century.*

Gravity has nearly caught up with its structure, but the dreams inspired by those whose home it was, spiral us toward tomorrow.

Echoes from the Past

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About the class:

Somebody was discussing a cow on fire, the Benson Road was being peopled with past voices and events, there were trees being felled (the primeval forest) sans machinery - by naked hand and simple tools, a railway spur was inching in as tiny children they had gone to Chatauqua events! I did not realize how close to pioneer days the heart of solid modern looking Lynden was.

Kathleen Wilson

About the teacher:

If I, in my life time change as much as Lynden has in hers, then, I would experience the essence of life and my dreams would flourish like crocuses.

All my friends wrote these stories, but nobody would have had a chance to read them without a few other good neighbors.

Bill Lewis, editor of the "Lynden Tribune" listened to me for over a year. I kept telling him we had a book, and he kept telling me they would publish it - and they have!

Of course, publishing cannot be done out of good will alone, and we needed a little more help. This came when Irwin LeCocq, president of Peoples State Bank, offered to back our project exclusively.

Without Bill and Irwin, this book would still be Xeroxed stories in a yellow binder. How can you thank someone for turning a moth into a butterfly?

MGH

Preface

A generation of people pass with only some of its hopes and dreams achieved. Each succeeding generation has a different lifestyle, more freedom and opportunities requiring less physical effort.

We, the members of the Creative Writing Class, at the Lynden Community Center, having lived through three-quarters of the Twentieth Century have witnessed many changes. We desire to record for posterity some of our experiences.

With the encouragement of our teacher, Mary Hamilton, we have attempted to write stories about the pleasures and the struggles of the early settlers. The true pioneers were the ones, without aid of modern machinery and tools, built homes, drained the swamps, and cleared the land of brush and stumps. The acres they patiently cleared now bear good crops of potatoes, hay and berries. One would not dream that early in this century many of those acres grew giant forests of fir and cedar.

The early settlers of Lynden and its surrounding area, lived simply. They had to contend with muddy streets and slow transportation to Bellingham. They were a hardy group with much faith and determination. Our stories tell of their amusements as well as their struggles. We hope you enjoy reading our book as much as we enjoyed making it!

The Lynden Community Center Writing Class

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From Waples — To War



1920 — Charles Renfro on top of building throwing gifts to crowds. Building at right is DeWaard and Bode. Jameison Building is on the site of the former Peoples State Bank, and is now the home of Lynden Community Center.

A Look at Lynden

Arthur Clark Remembers Lynden's Early Days

by George Hinton

Can you envision a baseball diamond between fourth and fifth streets in downtown Lynden? In the early days this was so! It took in the alley behind Front Street extending towards a wooded area past Grover Street, and was functional in about 1903. Lynden boasted two other baseball diamonds as well. One was behind Front Street; the other was off Grover. The town also boasted winning baseball teams during this era.

Arthur M. "Rusty" Clark vividly recalls the baseball fields and the life of a very young Lynden.

To his mind, the most outstanding businessman in this extreme corner of the northwest was Billy Waples. Arthur, who was born in Lynden and spent many years working here, recollects that Mr. Waples had the ability to look into the future, and then make the right moves in the present. For instance, during the depression of 1907, many shingle mills were shut down. Although the depression only lasted a year, many were scared out of business. Mr. Waples owned a shingle mill on Fishtrap Creek. He went to the men who worked in the mill, and to those farmers who supplied shingle bolt material. He told them if they kept working and supplying him with material he would give them merchandise and groceries on credit.

For their labor he would issue scrip. He told them he planned to store the shingles until the 'slack time' was over, at that time he was sure the shingles would be easily sold. In the meantime farmers could purchase equipment with scrip, and families would be fed and clothed on credit. At that time in Lynden many of the houses also had barns on the lots as well. This, to keep a cow or two. Waples knew that in these barns was plenty of storage, and so he set about arranging to store his shingles in them. The mill kept working and the storing of shingles went on. When things broke - they broke over night. Empty train cars moved in ready to be filled, and Mr. Waples didn't disappoint the railroad. The cars were loaded with shingles. Billy Waples' foresight had been right.

To get the shingle bolts to his mill, Mr. Waples used the creek on the Benson Road to flume the shingle bolts to the Fishtrap Creek. The flume was built out as far as the Badger Road. 2x4's were driven in alongside the creek, with wire looped inbetween them. 1x4's were pounded together, and placed below the wires. When the heavy rains came and the creek would rise, shingle bolts that had been placed in the flume were forced into the creek as the 1x4's rose to the wire overhead. Arthur Clark was one of the boys



Lynden's baseball team about 1911: Top row: ————— Hagerson, Walt Hemingway, Charles Philo, Bill —————, Ern Dean, Glen Darnell. Row 2: Morrie Ross, ————— Darnell, Bill Mouwer, Bill Fisher, Harvey Osgood, Harvey Gale and Walter —————.

who used pike poles to keep the bolts moving.

Billy Waples had the first electric light plant in town. Located in the shingle mill, it provided light for the streets, halls and buildings. The plant would close down at midnight - only on special occasions did it run longer. Mr. Kelsey was the electrical man. The street lamps were hung in the center of intersections. Several electricians checked those lamps throughout the years. Only one, a Mr. Mcketric, was electrocuted.

With electricity, the shingle mill was able to run at night. The bunches of shingles were branded with the wholesaler's name - Barnes and Mauk. If complaints came to Waples about his shingles, he would come to the mill and raise "Old Ned".

In his store Billy Waples had many ways of attracting new customers. Arthur was always interested in the clock gimmick. Each week a clock was wound up and covered up. With a certain amount purchased, the customer was given a paper upon which was a clock drawn with its face fixed at a certain time. Who ever came closest to the time the wind up clock showed when it stopped, won a prize. Miss Clar Leist (Mrs. Alva Kelly) won a piano at the grand finale.

In the village of Lynden, someone was always clearing his lot. A pastime of townspeople was to stroll along the street in the evening, helping the land clearer out, or just enjoying his company.

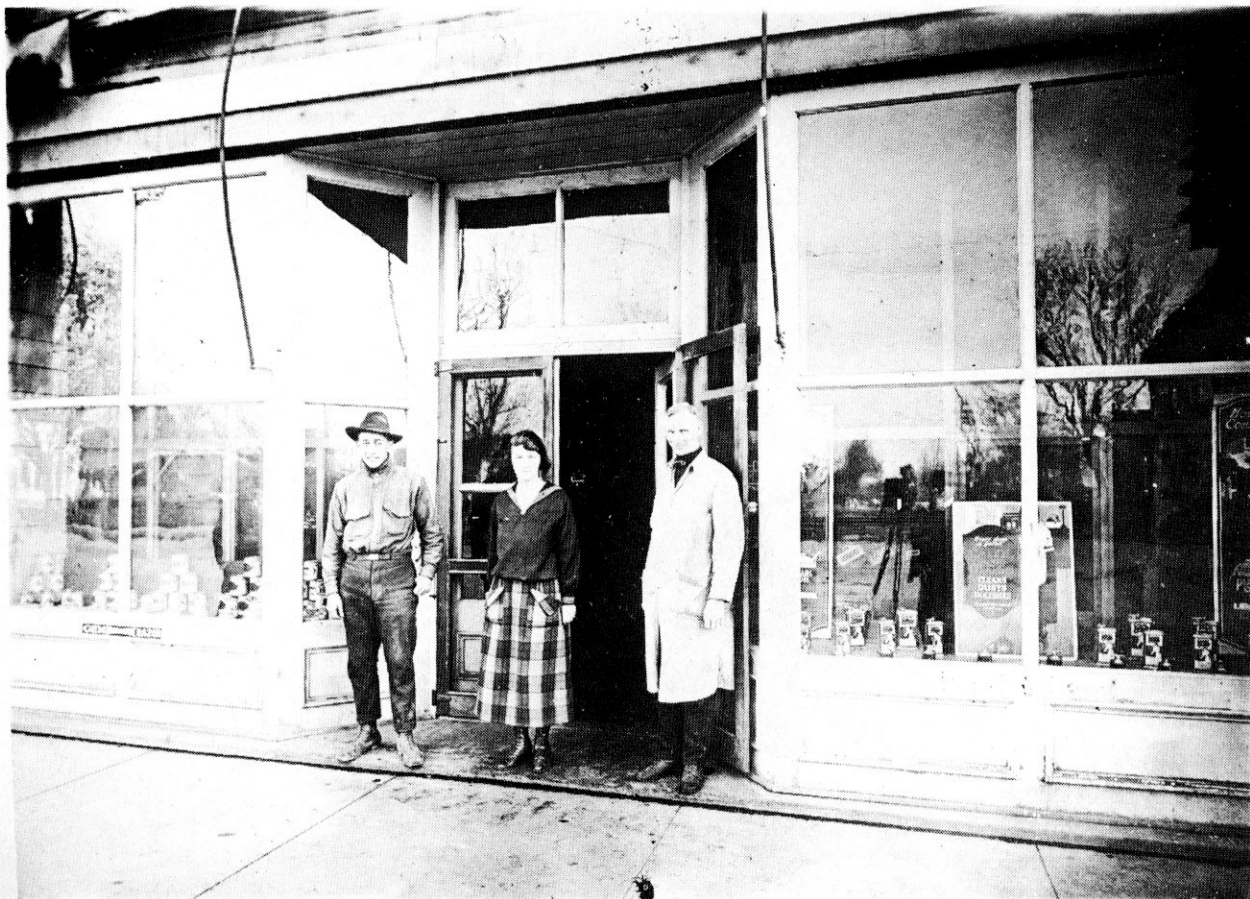
When the Nooksack River changed its course, it left an island called Stickney located near Everson.

Arthur remembers a lesson in land clearing. His friend, Harold Cline got a contracted job to clear some land from a man named Dad True. A man neither had heard of before. True staked out the piece to be cleared and worked alongside the boys never touching the stumps. When the circus came to Bellingham, True took his son to the show. While Mr. True was gone, the Cline boy went over to the dynamite. The boys dynamited the stumps, piled the rubbish and cleared the lot completely. When they were through they had burned the debris, completing the job. When Mr. True returned, he told the boys they had done real fine, except it was truly a shame he would have to charge them for the dynamite. By the time he was through with his figurings, the boys were amazed that they didn't owe him money. It seemed that Mr. True did not own the land, but had been contracted himself to clear it. The boys did his work on a sub-contract and True collected the money. The boys learned a great deal about land clearing that day!

Arthur recalls that the press for the Lynden paper in those days was run by a gas engine with the exhaust outside. As the paper went to press the engine would put-put, coasting every so often.

A gas press, a baseball diamond, and Mr. W. H. Waples all have one very important common denominator for Arthur Clark. They all represent a growing little town called Lynden.

★



Elder and Pace Store, 1920. Present site of Barons. Left to right - Maurice LeCompte, Hilda Elder, and Bill Noteboom.

A look around the Town



Above: Jameson Building, built by H.A. Judson and son. Now DeWaard and Bode. Right: An early baby show.



The Year of the Worm

by Peter J. Elenbaas

After we were first settled in Lynden, Father's first concern was to plant and maintain a garden. We all helped, and when Mr. Waples sold our vegetables to logging camps throughout the county, Father gained quite a reputation as a gardener. This arrangement with Mr. Waples went on for some years - and then something else came along. There came a summer when all at once the whole country was struck with all kinds of bugs and worms. Whole forests of alders and fruit trees were stripped of their foliage. Worms and bugs in all shapes and sizes invaded - by the millions!

The worms did not eat cedar or fir, and our

cherries were safe, but the rest of the orchard was stripped of its foliage. Clearly, I remembered that out of nowhere would be clusters of thousands of worms - and they were everywhere.

Many times that year, I picked worms out of my hair and off my neck. We survived the ordeal - our orchard lived to blossom again, and none of the children really cared if he had a worm appear on him. But, it was quite interesting when we would be in church, and would see a worm crawl out of the lapel of some unsuspecting soul. I would have given a bundle to record the reaction when that worm edged his way onto his neck!



Cecile and Jack Watson.



Brownie Watson Swim
at family home

Swim Family Notes – A Party Past

by Ellen B. Nelson

It was a large, square and stately looking house where I attended my very first party.

This spacious two story building contained twelve good sized rooms. The room itself was a frame building finished with drop siding sporting coats of Sherwin Williams paint - the only recommended paint in those days. In fact this house had an air of grandeur unexcelled in pioneer Lynden.

The large yard contained flowers, shrubs and a vegetable garden surrounded by a white picket fence. Wandering livestock would raise havoc in the well tended yard.

The party was given in honor of Cecile Watson's (Cecile later became Mrs. William Meurer) tenth birthday. She was attended by her young peers: among them - Helen Straight, Ethel Daley, Oscar Kildall, Dick Zylstra, and others.

Cecile's mother, "Brownie," (Margaret) Swim

Watson and Mrs. Swim were the hostesses for the party. They served a delicious lunch to us youngsters after we had played a number of games. Yes, 'post office' was played. This was the first time and last I saw that game played - and no, I did not join in.

The mother, "Brownie", so named by her brother Arthur, when she was a baby, was an amiable attractive brunette. Her mother, Mrs. Henry Jackson Swim, was a tall heavy set lady who deported herself like a kindly queen mother!

Mrs. Watson with her two children, Cecile and Jack, made her home with the Swims.

Henry Jackson Swim had married Mary Jane Pangborn and came to Washington territory in 1888, after disposing of their home in Onargo, Illinois. The trip west was made by train to Whatcom, now Bellingham, and on to Lynden by stage.

Their first home was a small house on the south



Jack Watson



Cecile Watson at old family home.



Left to right - Mrs. Jennie Pangborn Swim, Olive Pangborn, Mrs. Straight.

side of the Nooksack River opposite the Holden Judson cabin, built earlier by Captain Patterson.

Mr. Swim was instrumental in starting a grade school in Whatcom. He later became a professor in the normal school in Lynden from 1886 until the time of its closing in 1892. He then went to Seattle to teach at the University of Washington.

Brownie's brother, Arthur, married the daughter of the pioneer Galbraith family. Arthur was a prominent citizen in Lynden, as a real estate salesman and later as a partner with Mr. Aldrich in the local bank. That local bank evolved into the present day Rainier Bank!

Brownie married Matt Watson. He clerked in the Holden A. Judson Store (present site of DeWaard and Bode). Their children were Cecile and Jack. Jack passed away while still in high school. Cecile graduated in the second class of students turned out

by the new and fully accredited Lynden High School. She was one of twelve in the year 1911.

Cecile married a local boy by the name of William Meurer. Meurer had been a prominent athlete in high school. Their children were Jack and Virginia. Jack holds a position in Olympia where he resides with his wife, daughter Kathy, and son Mike. Virginia Meurer, now Mrs. O. E. Christenson, lives with her husband, two daughters and a son in Santa Rosa, California. Nearby lives her widowed mother, Cecile.

Many years have rolled by since that children's party was held in that lovely pioneer home on Eighth and Judson Streets. They say, "Progress must not be halted," and in the name of 'progress' a brand new apartment house now marks the spot. But memories of my very first party and the friendly occupants of that big house linger still!





Drake's Market Float in Fourth of July Parade, 1909.

Hot Dog it's the Fourth

by Peter Elenbaas

For us the Fourth of July was quite a holiday. Father was very patriotic and on the Fourth we might shoot some fireworks - which was a treat - Father would give us some money so that we might go to town in quest of firecrackers and stinkers and we always bought one special ten-cent firecracker that would be shot off the last thing in the evening. It would finish off a fine day!

I will always remember one Fourth of July when we went into town to see the Fourth of July parade. Of course we had to walk the three miles - it was the only way we could get there from our farm. We got there in plenty of time to see the parade. And it was a wonderful sight for me that day. There was a large group of soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic with their guns and army uniforms (from the Civil War). These men marched proudly through the street followed by a large band. I guess that was about the first band I ever heard. And then came a float I never forgot. It was the float from the Lynden Department Store. There may have been other floats - but that one

was best!

The float consisted of a large wagon pulled by two horses that were all decked out. On the wagon was a huge coffee grinder. In those days the store had both coffee beans and grinder. The shopkeeper would grind the beans as the customer waited. The grinder itself had a huge wheel and the memory of the keep cranking the wheel and grinding the beans remains. Grinders were big machines with the shoot lodged between the wheels, sending the beans to be ground down. On the float with the coffee grinder was a large black dog. Every little ways the horses would stop and the men on the float would pick up that big black dog and throw him head first down the shoot and the men would crank those big wheels - the wheels turning and the dog barking.

As soon as the wheels stopped a couple of men would reach under the wheels and throw handfuls of weiners into the crowd. For us small boys it was just unbelievable as we ran to meet the wagon at each of its stops! Truly quite a holiday!

Chatauqua

by Mary Gillilan Hamilton
with Brad Knapp
and the Writing Class, Fall, 1976

In early Lynden, chores took precedence. This was a time when people worked hard clearing land and ate and drank in the fruit of their harvest. At night there was a book or perhaps the *Bible* to read. Neighbors came when they could and always provided a rich source of conversation and communication with the world outside. A few people had electricity, and a few had cars. Most relied on a horse for transportation, and the church was the social as well as the spiritual center. No wonder special clothes were set aside for the Sabbath. Even the other social gatherings were based around work that had to be done. Barns were raised, corn was husked and quilts were made as neighbor worked hand in hand with neighbor.

Life complete. No China or Russia interfered with necessary routine. The life of plays and adventurers lived somewhere else - not on these acres. Little boys dream, however, and although frames toughen into manhood and muscles strengthen to pull stumps and assist at calvings, the dream endures, as does the world that spawns the dream.

The world came to Lynden by train. For seven days each year the Chatauqua fed dreams. It was a combination trip. Education, entertainment, religious instruction and pure plain adventure - making a succulent mixture. Held in a great rectangular tent, Brad Knapp remembers it well. He should, for one spring and summer in 1921 he was a member of a traveling Chatauqua road crew. Brad went as far from Lynden as Chicago and Louisiana and traveled back to the west.

The Chatauqua stayed in a town for seven days with a different performance each day. Not all the talent was to everybody's liking. Pete Elenbaas remembers when William Jennings Bryan came to town. As it was a political year and his family republicans, that lecture wasn't the biggest hit of the week! Annabell Monthy and Mae Knudsen remember seeing the Chatauqua - or, at least hearing it from outside the tent's entrance. Although it only cost a dollar for children and two-seventy-five for adults not everybody could afford this luxury. So, the children would often sit in the tent's dusty doorway to listen in on the fun of the Chatauqua. These shows, of course, appeared not only in Lynden, but, throughout the United States. Annabell Monthy became aware of the magic of Chatauqua in Minnesota and Mae saw its rectangular tent in Everson. Hazel Husfloen first saw a Chatauqua in her small midwest town. She told me that when our "weekly newspaper mentioned the date of the Chatauqua the neighborhood children gathered to watch the raising of the big tent on a vacant lot in town." She said "those tents were rectangular rather than round like a circus tent." At the Chatauqua Hazel gained her first exposure to black people and remembers thinking, "I had never heard more beautiful music than those Negro spirituals."

The newspapers would provide the schedule for

this big event. Such a schedule appeared in a July, 1921 edition of the *Lynden Tribune*, and is reprinted here.

CHATAUQUA SCHEDULE

Tuesday - Aug. 2 - Evening - Opening Exercises and Announcements. Scientific Lecture and Experiment - "The Magic of Electricity" by Burnell Ford

Wednesday - Aug. 3 - Morning - Junior Chatauqua; Afternoon - Prelude - Roach Freeman Duo. Lecture - To be Announced; Evening - Prelude - Roach Freeman Duo. Lecture - "My Five Years in the Arctic" by Bahljalmer Steffanson.

Thursday - Aug. 4 - Morning - Junior Chatauqua; Afternoon - Prelude Orpheus four. Lecture - "Art in the Home" by Hunt Cook; Evening - Concert - Orpheus Four (America's Foremost Quartet)

Friday - Aug. 5 - Morning - Junior Chatauqua; Afternoon - Concert Jagi Slav Quartet; Evening - Concert Jagi Slav Quartet. Lecture - "Babylonian Finger - Soviet Russia as It is Today" by Tom Skayhill

Saturday - Aug. 6 - Morning Junior Chatauqua; Afternoon - Prelude Community Sing - Walter Jenkins, Director. Lecture - "Weeds and Flowers of Literature" by Father D. J. Cronin; Evening - Prelude Community Sing - Walter Jenkins, Director. Play: The Famous Comedy Success - "Nothing But the Truth" by Neighly Bradly Players

Sunday - Aug. 7 - Morning - Junior Chatauqua; Afternoon - Concert by Sam Lewis Co.; Evening - Prelude Sam Lewis Co. "Us Americans" by Peter Clark McFarlane, 'celebrated writer in a new Platform Classic.'

Monday - Aug. 9 - Morning - Junior Chatauqua; Afternoon - Lieurances Little Symphony Orchestra. Lecture "Four Square Builder" by Capt. T. D. Upton; Evening - Lieurances Little Orchestra, Jane Peterson, Soloist

Brad Knapp added special insight into this schedule for it is the same one he traveled the spring and summer of 1921. He was kind enough to bring some of his adventures to our writing class, and granted me an interview about his experiences. And the stories he tells! Brad was a young college man, who had already accomplished quite a bit. Before graduating from high school he had organized and helped bring the Lyceum to Lynden. The Lyceum was produced by the same people who produced the Chatauqua - Ellison - White Systems, Portland, Oregon. As a reward for his ingenuity, he was offered a traveling position on the Chatauqua circuit. It meant forfeiting the spring quarter at the University of Washington, but as Brad told me as far as learning experiences go, you couldn't do much better, "Much better than going to war to see the world."

His job offer was made even more unique when considering that except for Knapp and two other fellows, all the other traveling personnel came from the east or midwest.

He wondered why at first the Ellison-White Company gave him a round trip ticket to Chicago,



when his first destination was Livingston, Texas. Brad later found that by giving all traveling personnel - crewman and performer - seventy-five to one-hundred people such round trip tickets, the company received all the baggage space it would need to haul the tents from town to town.

Where the railroad had no commercial route as in Lynden, a special baggage car would be arranged to bring in that great rectangular tent, so all would know the Chatauqua had finally come to town. Brad preferred to ride in the baggage car. He said it was a lot more fun. There was always a place for your cot, and if you get there early enough you could get space by the door and dangle your feet out the open door as you saw America first hand in the warm summer sun. One baggage car would carry a couple of tents, perhaps more. Each tent had its own crew with it - three young men who, when they arrived at their scheduled town, could put the tent up, sell the tickets, collect the money, clean the grounds, mend the tent, and take it all down after seven days. The train would then arrive and carry these fellows on to their next town. As they went between towns the train would stop at a place where another Chatauqua week had ended.

The crew already on the train would help the other crew take down their tent, haul it on board the train, and off they would go. In this way there were always a few extra hands to help get things done along the way.

Brad turned into a first class tent mender after a bad wind storm in Texas. He was a cashier. The company for their and his protection would have Brad 'gain a tent' (jump from one crew to another) every so often so he and other crew members would not gain too much familiarity. As he gained tents word got around about this kid who could mend tents. He managed to get out of cleaning grounds more than once by offering up his mending talents.

Brad saw more than just the United States, he met some very interesting lecturers and performers, becoming good friends with a few. Tom Skayhill, for instance was on the lecture circuit that year (Friday

on the schedule). Skayhill and a French journalist had gone underground into Russia in 1920, two years after the revolution. For six months they lived with peasants as they traveled and learned how people were adjusting to the new way of life under the Bolsheviks. They were the first Westerners to do this. In one peasant's hut stood a baby grand piano. The piano had been bartered for a bag of potatoes and some eggs by a White Russian. Money meant nothing, Skayhill related in his lecture.

Tom Skayhill was from Australia, and at twenty-five had earned the title of hero. Five years before in World War I he was a volunteer pilot for the Allies. Receiving shrapnel in his eyes, the Australian hero became blind. Skayhill was sent to an American hospital on Long Island to recover.

During his stay there he befriended a fellow who came to talk to wounded soldiers. The conversations were much enjoyed by both men. Skayhill learned he would soon be released from the hospital and shared the news with his friend. The friend offered his home to the young man so far from home. Without knowing the fellow's surname and never seeing his face, Skayhill accepted the invitation.

When he arrived at the estate on Long Island, he learned he was the guest of Teddy Roosevelt! Skayhill recovered from his eye injuries, but while he still could not see he became known as the 'Blind Poet' on the Lyceum Lecture Circuit, reciting his verse across the nation. When he later lectured on the Chatauqua, he and Brad became good friends. Brad arranged tennis games for his friend and himself, and they also found time for a pool game or two along the way. It was on one of these occasions that Skayhill told Knapp about meeting Teddy Roosevelt.

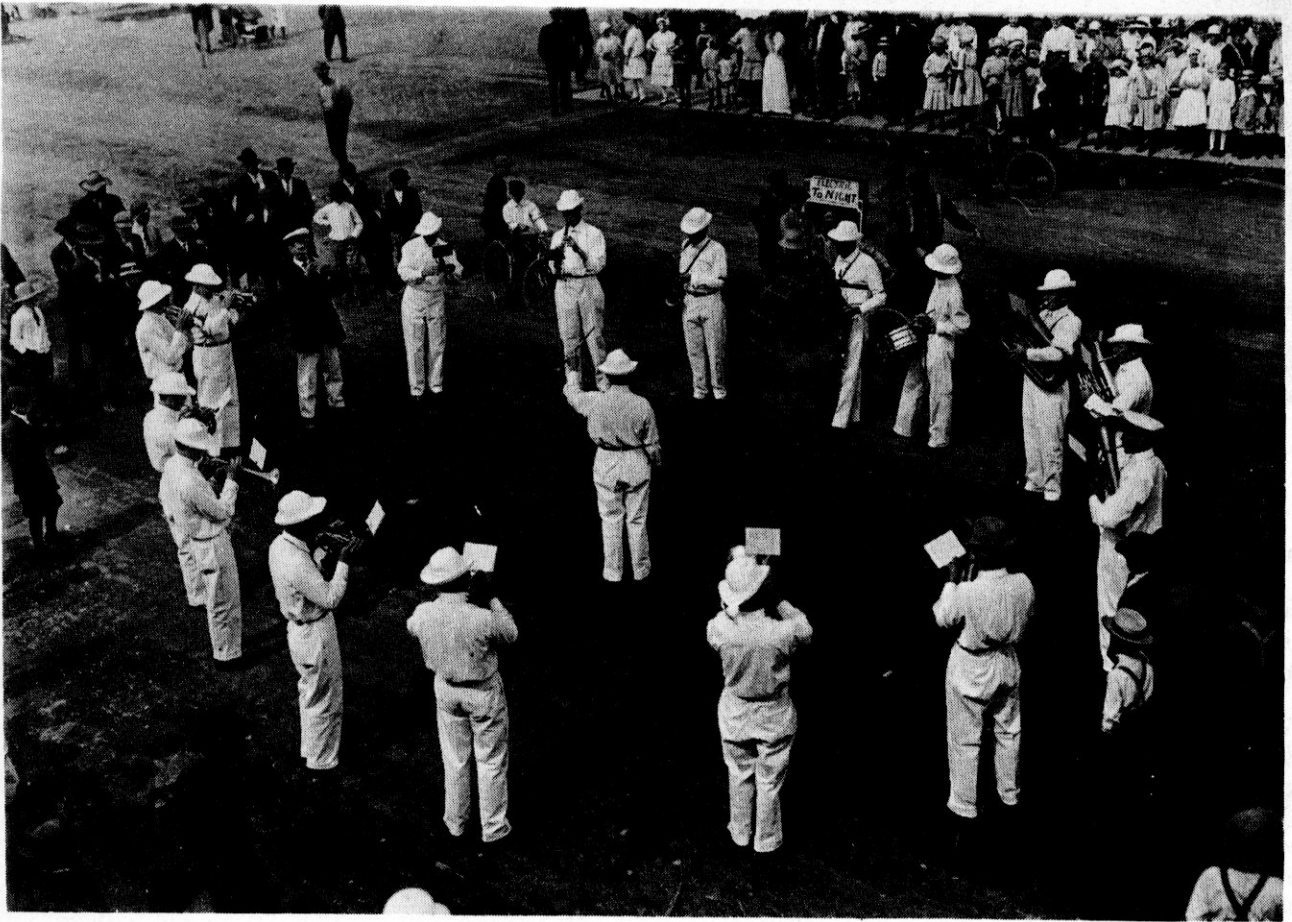
Another interesting man was Vahljalmer Steffanson, the Canadian adventurer. Steffanson lectured Thursday on the schedule, speaking about his life in the Arctic. Through one of Steffanson's friends, Brad was offered a spot on another expedition to the far north. The expedition was to prove that man can live self-sufficiently in this frozen clime. Not really liking the cold weather Lynden had to offer, he could not picture himself in an Arctic scene. He never regretted refusing the offer, for all were lost with the exception of a Native cook.

On the last day of the Chatauqua you will note the Lieurances Little Orchestra. These attractive college girls were nicknamed 'The Symps'. Brad, as any young man might, found their company pleasing - to say the least!

The Chatauqua in 1921 was running out of time. Crowded out by movies and radio, the Portland based company was finding it difficult to book towns. A saga in America was fading out. I imagine the closest to the Chatauqua now would be educational television. But this cannot compare to the excitement of this very special week each summer, when people took a vacation from the ordinary and joined in this extravaganza feeding life in vivid colors to tired imaginations.

The magic word Chatauqua has retired from active duty, but if you ask anyone over sixty what a rectangular tent reminds him of - that magic word revitalizes, and the Chatauqua lives again.

Ready for the Parade



the year 1910

Fire on Front Street

by Peter Elenbaas

Some years ago I was crossing the street in front of the Second Christian Reformed Church. I looked up and down Front Street and there wasn't a car or pedestrian in sight. Suddenly, I saw a puff of smoke come out of one of the stores. I started to run toward the fire but just before I got there someone else had spotted the fire and turned in the alarm.

The fire was in the front of a candy store. The firemen were all volunteers and were mostly business people. When the siren let go, they were there very quickly. The city had a large water tank on top of city hall so as to get good pressure. They also had a huge pump to increase the pressure and throw the water along — as I later learned.

Everybody who came to the fire crowded around the front so I thought I would go to the rear of the

store to see what was going on there. I ran around the Lynden Department Store to the alley behind the candy store. I was greeted by a lot of smoke but, it seemed the firemen were gaining on the fire. The candy store did not come clear out to the alley. Between the alley and the candy store was a lot that appeared neat and clean. At the back of the lot was a tiny building. Between the store and the building was a path. There were quite a few people milling around on the back lot and all was normal and calm.

Suddenly, this all changed! Apparently the firemen had the fire under control in the front so they elevated the hoses and over the top of the building shot gallons of water. Down it came on all the people on the back lot. That was something to see! Everybody was running for shelter and the only shelter was the little building. It was only built for two and about four were trying to get in! The poor little building was rocking on its foundation. It surely looked like it was going to tip over.

Suddenly the water was shut off — the fire was out — and the building was saved.

A Prayer and a Celebration

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

Sunday, December 6, 1941, was a morning we were to carry with us in memory for the rest of our days. My husband, Fern, and I were busy getting ourselves and two children ready for Sunday School. Our radio was on. I remember the announcer stopping the program. The morning rush turned to a stand-still as we listened. Pearl Harbor had been invaded - a war had begun. A war started with most of our Pacific Fleet blasted into the sea at Honolulu. From that moment on, our lives were literally put on alert. With the demise of our Pacific Fleet the west coast was vulnerable to enemy invasion. For us, the changes began at home and into every aspect of our social and work-a-day lives in Lynden.

Temporarily the Washington Co-Op had been relocated to Bellingham after a fire had closed the Co-Op's local plant. My husband, Fern had been employed at the Co-Op, and now had to commute to the docks at Bellingham, where the feed mill was relocated.

After war had been declared, Fern, at forty-four, was still eligible for the draft as forty-five was the cut-off date. Every day as he went to work he had to show his picture-pass before he could enter the dock area at Bellingham. The ever present reminder of war remained with him through the day as he watched the Coast Guard protecting the area. In the morning, Fern showed them his pass, and in the evening he watched them stroll along the wharf with their girlfriends. Fern began coming home saying he thought it his duty to join - that he would never be drafted. He remarked 'he could walk with the pretty girls as well as those Coast Guard guys.' He had been a veteran of World War I, and was ready to serve again. Having two small children, I was not as anxious as he. Soon, Fern had a birthday putting him beyond the draft age - I was glad, and glad, also to never hear any more on that subject!

The country was put on alert and there were nightly blackouts - the threat of west coast invasion was real! All houses and places of business had to have their windows securely covered in such a manner that not even a crack of light could be seen from the outside at night.

Fern joined the Auxiliary Police and it was their duty to see that the rules of the blackout were carried out. They canvassed the town and surrounding environs to see that the lights in houses, barns, and chicken houses were either out or well covered for the night. One evening on their rounds they found a man milking his cows. He had covered all his small windows but, directly back of him was a large window with a one-hundred watt light burning away. He was fined a substantial amount for his thoughtlessness.

Lookout stations were built on some of the higher buildings. These were manned around the clock. Their purpose was to record low flying planes undetectable by radar. As I said, the threat of invasion was real. I remember one station quite well - it was on the corner of the Double Ditch Road and Main Street.

Our young men flocked to the recruiting stations. There were six Bajema brothers - sons of John Bajema, Dick Jones, Calvin Longstreth, Irwin LeCocq Jr., John Cook, John Clarke, Jack Brown, Garth Francisco, Guy Smith, Guy Hamilton, Ray Cogley, Jack Hardin, John Snapper, and Bill Lewis, and many many others. Some of these boys left college to go, some left good jobs, others were taken off the farm. Howard Remmington left his farm and bride. Later the government decided that some men should be left on farms to help produce food for the troops. This encouraged some boys to come home from college to take over their father's farms. The old people moved into Lynden, buying up all the available property.

All of the United States was put on rationing. At city hall we were given tokens for meat, and stamps for sugar, according to how many people in a household. So many pounds of meat were allowed per person per month, resulting in butchers becoming overstocked with meat. A butcher friend of ours had this happen to him. Early one morning I found a stranger at my door with a quarter of a beef, sent from our friend to dispose of. That day my work was cut out for me! I had never had any experience cutting up meat - but cut meat up I did! All day long I cut and stuffed meat into jars - we had no freezer in those days. Canned meat has to be boiled in a water bath for hours at a time, so you know, I was late into the night doing the job. It was delicious eating!

We also found ourselves on gasoline rationing. Our car was getting old and when a man came along and wanted to buy it, we sold it to him. Phil Dorr's stage was making regular runs to Bellingham for twenty-five cents a ride. As that was about the limit of our travel we gladly settled for a bus ride. On Saturday night there was a special bus leaving Bellingham at eleven p.m. We could go to a show and be home before midnight.

Our first casualty in the war was Arthur Terpsma. A memorial service was held at the First Christian Reformed Church. The military service was well attended by Lyndenites.

Guy Smith was taken prisoner by the Germans. He wrote to his aunt, Mrs. White, that he had no shoes. She finally found shoes that would fit his unusually large feet, and sent them through the Red Cross. He survived the war returning to marry Florence Van Wingerden, our local beautician. Howard Remmington also returned to his bride and their farm.

The community was drawn together by the war. There were anxious young wives and older mothers and grandmothers with time on their hands. They organized into groups - some headed by the Red Cross and others the American Legion Auxiliary formed. They knit socks and scarves - rolled bandages to be sent across the sea and to local veterans' hospitals. The American Legion Auxiliary also recruited people to man the lookout towers and to go on bond drives. I

went door to door doing this. Charles Sprague's mother was a dear old lady saving every quarter she earned by running a nursery to buy war bonds. The Auxiliary organized storage in strategic places for first-aid. They were an important unit during the war helping not only in the war effort, but by bringing the community together.

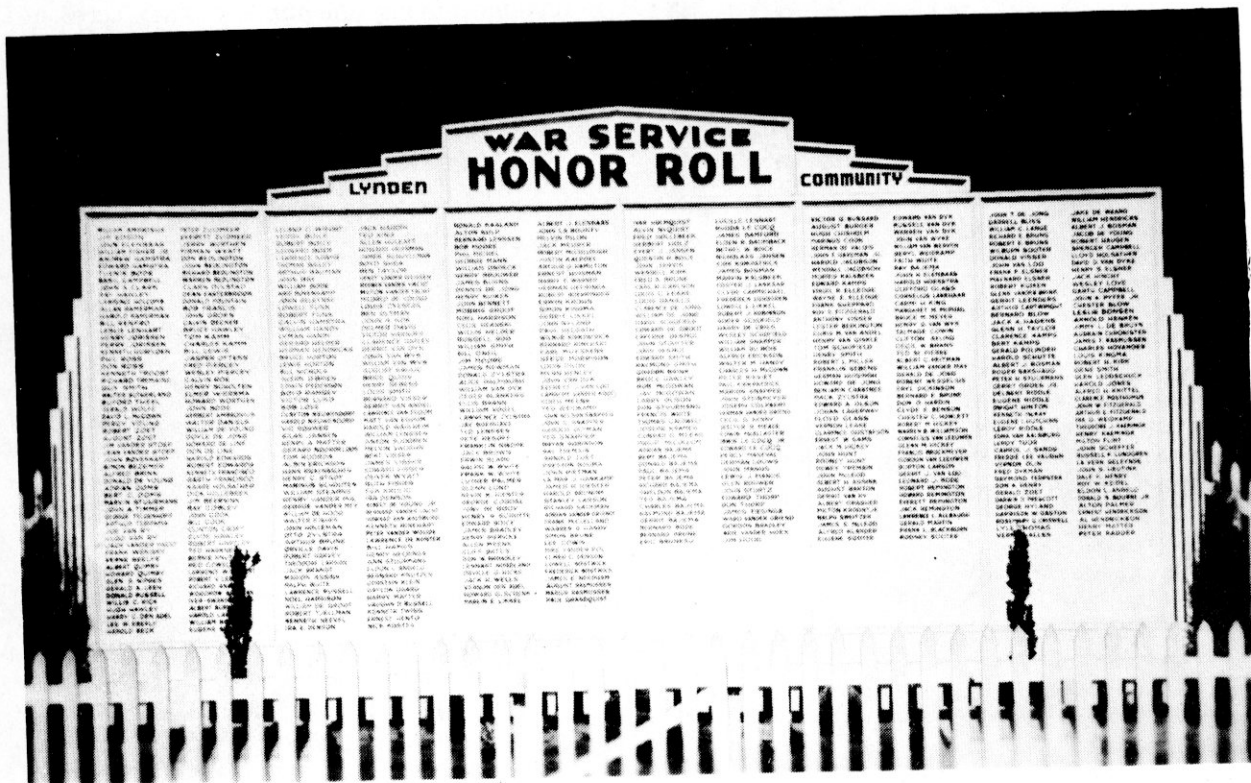
The church and its activities helped us endure the war years. Our Reverend Porter, and his lovely wife Kay, took hold of our Baptist congregation and helped us get on with the business of living. And we had card clubs. There were many. Ours was called the Jolly Dozen Club. With ten other couples, Fern and I played pinochle, playing at different homes each time we met.

No matter the diversity, the war years were long ones. This was especially so for our Japanese Americans. For after Pearl Harbor, all Japanese people, whether American or not were sent to relocation camps. The Japanese truck farmers raised the greatest portion of green produce sold in our local stores. Near Wiser Lake lived such a farmer. He supplied local stores with vegetables. When the order came for the gentleman and his wife to move to a camp in Idaho, Billy Waples and Art Johnston sent letters of protest to Olympia - pleading for an exception in their friend's case. The farmer's wife had journeyed to

Japan to visit family in the late thirties. This made the officials suspect of the family, and the order stuck. Art Johnston bought the man's property and it still is producing abundant crops. The Japanese farmer, his wife, and their children settled in Idaho after the war. The war, long for everyone, was probably a little longer for these fine people.

The war came to a close. Boys returned. The blackouts stopped and rationing was lifted. A bronze plaque with the names of those who gave their lives in World War II resides in the Lynden Museum.

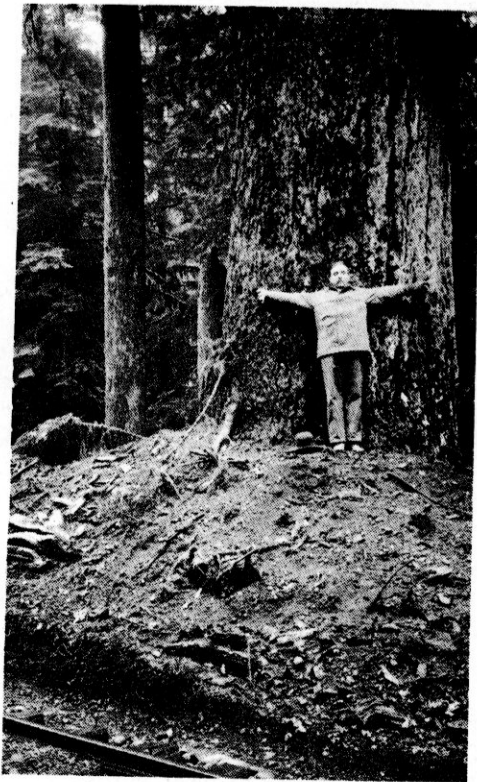
December 6, 1941 the war began with an official ending on Victory in Japan Day, August 27, 1945. On this day the Lynden Fair was in progress. Every place of business was closed so the happy people could celebrate. The fair broke its attendance records. No one wanted to go home. The hamburger stands sold out completely. One stand had buns left; the American Legion had meat left - so the Legionnaires got the buns, and people were fed. When those were all gone, Oscar Mock went to Darigold and came back with bricks of cheese. Bread was found at some remote spot. Until 2 a.m., the people celebrated over cheese sandwiches and coffee. When the war began, we were on the way to church - and when it closed we were at a fair. A prayer and a celebration spaced by four long years!



The Honor Roll of those who served during World War II from the Lynden Community.

The Land Clearers of Northwood

From Forest to Farm



Imagine buying one-hundred-sixty acres of this!

This Chapter examines Northwood, as an example of what each community in the Lynden vicinity contributed by its efforts to clear the land of stumps.

Pioneering in Northwood

by Hazel Husfloen

Northwood was a name given to an area northeast of Lynden. Much of the land there was covered with tall straight fir, pine, and cedar trees. There were a few settlers before the turn of the century. They were quite isolated as there were no real roads - just trails winding among the trees. Much of their supplies and equipment was ordered and came by river boat to Lynden or the Nooksack Crossing. It then had to be towed or backpacked on sleds to their homes.

Part of the land belonged to the Nooksack Indians. They had a cemetery and potlatch building located there. In the early 1900's all but a small amount of the Nooksack land was sold to the Roo and Van Leeuwen Mill Company for eleven dollars an acre. It is said that the company sold enough cedar lumber to more than pay for the land, leaving the fine old growth fir and pine for profit. Besides, they sold the stump land for fifty dollars an acre.

Thinking of our modern tools and equipment it is difficult to envision the struggles the pioneers had in removing those huge stumps to make the land profitable. The timber fed by an underground stream left stumps six feet tall and often six feet thick with enormous root systems. The work involved in removing the stumps was back-breaking, but had a set procedure. First, the stumps had to be blasted with dynamite to break them up in pieces that could be dragged into piles. As the roots were deep and spread in all directions, much digging was required to get the holes ready. Into these holes dynamite was placed. Then a fuse was attached and strung out far enough to provide time for the pioneer to run for cover from flying debris. If the charge of dynamite had not been placed far enough under or deep enough it might blow out the side and not crack the stump lifting it and its roots. Before the charge was lit the pioneer had to

tamp the dirt back firmly where he had dug. Ten to fifteen stumps were readied at one time, the fuses lit one after the other, and then the air became electric as the stump separated from the earth. It sounded like a bombardment in wartime.

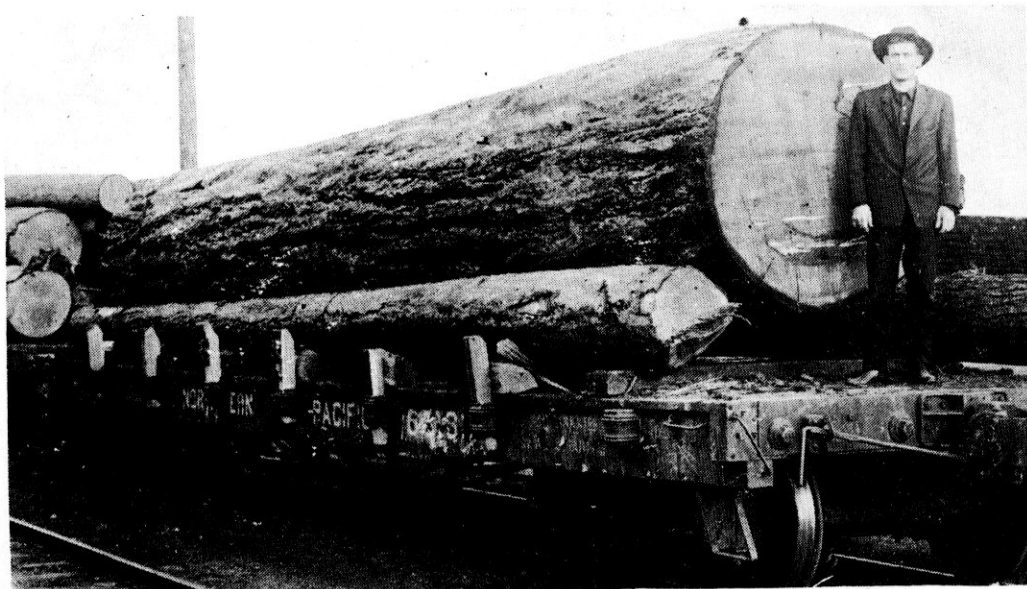
All of the power used to pull and pile even the large pieces was hand power unless the settler had acquired oxen or a horse. The hand stump puller was a ratchet-like affair. As the lever was moved by hand, it snaked the heavy chunks an inch at a time out of the stump hole. A cable was then attached and run through a pulley on a gin pole. This device pulled the chunk to a pile where it dried and later was burned. If the family had oxen, the work went faster. A block and tackle could be attached which increased the pulling power.

After the large chunks were piled there were back-breaking hours of picking up the small shattered pieces blown in all directions. The pioneering family finished by raking the little bits of wood and bark into smaller piles and using a tub or box carried these to the stump pile. Then came the chore of leveling the land and more raking before it could be planted.

The work was hard and the reward was often far off, but as long as a settling family had its goal of profitable farmland firmly in mind no work was too hard. The Cavenders who began in 1910, and the Blooms who preceded them in 1886 came to Northwood with such goals in mind. Their stories and other former neighbors of ours in Northwood will herein be presented.

These stories exemplify how a community grew with the efforts of dedicated dreamers, not only as a tribute to these land clearers, but to all who shared the same goals - one stump at a time.

★



Leroy F. Baxter of Blair, Nebraska poses with a trainload of logs.

Wortherns and Egleys

— Early On

*by Hazel Husfloen**

Aline Bloom and husband Frank were far away from their native Switzerland when they settled in Northwood in the 1880's. The period of adjustment probably would have been even more trying than it was had it not been for some very good neighbors. The Egleys lived on land adjoining that of the Blooms. Having her father, Christian Egley and brother, Henry live so close, probably gave Aline Bloom the encouragement she needed in pursuing a new land.

Christian and Henry were emigrants from Switzerland, who had joined a Swiss colony in Tennessee. Dissatisfied there, they went to Colorado, California, and eventually to Lynden in 1885. They began the work of clearing the six by six foot stumps and erecting log buildings. Christian died in 1902 and Henry took possession of his father's claim after proving up and selling his own.

Louise Johnson from Nova Scotia, became Henry Egley's bride in 1904. They had no children.

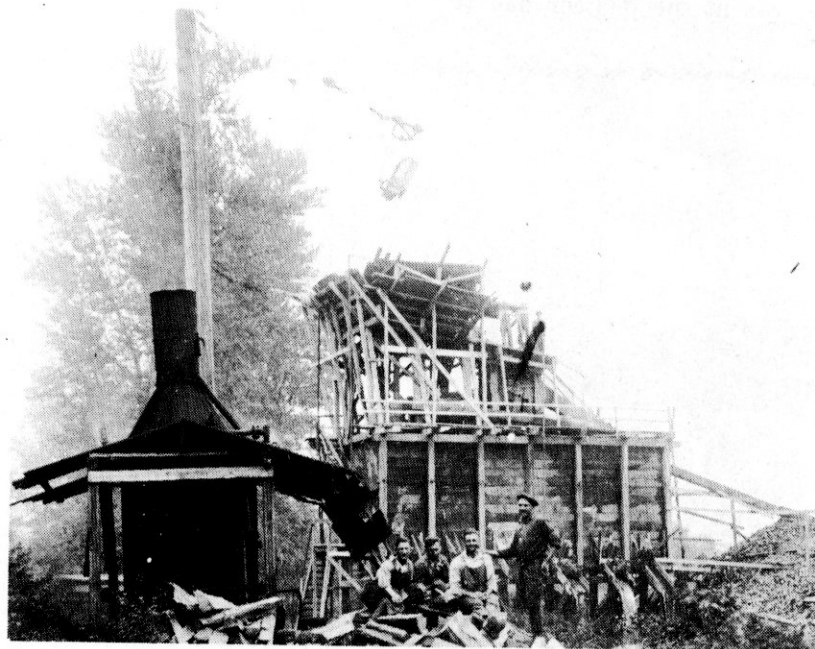
Henry cleared many acres of his land, eventually raising hay and grain to feed his herd of about a dozen milk cows. Much of his free time was spent in building roads aiding the progress of Northwood and Lynden.

Another pioneer was S. Willis Worthen, who had come to Whatcom County by way of Vermont in 1888. His brother, George (G.W.) accompanied him on his trip, and together they worked in logging camps, cut shingle bolts, and other woods work. In 1894 Willis Worthen bought twenty acres of land along the Northwood Road, and gradually added to it until his farm consisted of 190 acres. Much labor was required to remove the timber and drain the land enabling him to cultivate it. Worthen raised good crops of hay, oats and barley for livestock feed. He built a herd to eighty head of cattle, and also kept about fifty sheep.

In 1903 Mr. Worthen married Blanche Beede, a nurse, in East Charleston, Vermont. They became parents of seven children, Alfred, Neal, Annie, Hugh, Leona, Mildred, and Wilson. Many of his heirs reside in the Lynden area.

Making the land ready for the plow was as time consuming as it was difficult. Pioneers such as Henry and Christian Egley and Willis Worthen pulled the stumps and then pushed the plow - contributing to the lifeblood of us all.

*All the stories about Northwood are by Hazel. When Hazel and her husband Jack arrived in this area in the early 1920's, they were considered late comers. However they earned the title of 'pioneer' after clearing the rugged terrain they called home.



Early day donkey engine at work clearing land.

The Cavenders of Northwood

One of our nearest Northwood neighbors was Clarence Cavender and his wife Prudence - or Aunt Prudie as many called her. They never had a family, but did raise a nephew David Collart. The Cavenders were fond of children, and those living nearby received many favors. Cookies, candies, and little gifts abounded from the Cavender household delighting the children. Prudie taught our daughter, Lola, and her cousin, Norma, a lullaby to sing while they rocked their dolls. The girls performed the lullaby in a grange program.

By trade, Clarence was a millwright - installing and keeping mill machinery in repair. At the time of his marriage he was working at the Robert O'Neil Mill on Fishtap Creek just south of the Lynden Cemetery. His bride was Prudence Van Wingerton, who was

raised in Bellingham and Blaine. She was an experienced housekeeper. Prudie's mother had died before her family was raised, and as Prudie was the eldest girl, the responsibility of homemaking for her father, two brothers and two sisters fell to her.

In 1910 Clarence began work at the Roo and Van Leeuwen Mill at Northwood. They were moved from Lynden to one of the mill shacks by Ed Austin with team and wagon. Mr. Austin was in the dray business at the time. The area near the mill was covered with large straight timber with some trails winding through the trees. Much of it had been Indian land for which the mill company had paid eleven dollars an acre. After the trees had been cut and sawed the stump land was for sale.

Cavenders bought forty acres at the corner of the Blaine-Sumas and Northwood Roads for \$1800 and began clearing it. First, they cleaned up between the



Clarence and Prudence Cavender - Wedding Day: 1904.

stumps, burning brush and fallen logs. They rented this portion of the land for pasture. The only well was near the house, so water had to be hauled out to the pasture in a barrel and emptied in a trough by the painful. Prudie often did this job. She said, "One time I was using my sister's balky horse to haul the barrel of water. He stopped and after much coaxing, the horse started up with a jerk pulling the weighted sled over my foot - and that is where arthritis bothers so much now."

Clarence continued his trade, working at the Klocke Mill in Lynden after the Roo and Van Leeuwen Mill burned. Land clearing went on. Clarence bought a team of large horses in eastern Washington to speed up the process. He and Prudie were hard workers, and steadily improved the place. When a few acres were ready, Clarence planted and harvested oats of such good quality he entered some in the Puyallup fair. He was really pleased when they won a prize.

Besides doing household chores, Prudie worked out of doors much of the time. She kept a large garden flower beds free of weeds. Prudie saw to it that the lawn was mowed and the yard was in good order. She wore a long dark calico dress covered with a denim bib apron and usually wore rubber boots. When asked if her clothes and boots were not heavy and hot, she replied, "that's the only way to keep clean!"

Life was not dull even with all the work. The Cavenders sometimes went to dances in the homes of their neighbors. Mrs. Buckley was the square dance caller. Some of the German parties they attended lasted until the dancing stopped at 5 a.m. and then had a breakfast of roast leg of pork and other rich food. When being interviewed, Prudie said, "Now, one could not afford to dance on puncheon floors with the cost of shoes so high." She added that to get to the dances a group of people would hire a rig.

Prudie also enjoyed berry picking as well as trout fishing with her neighbor from across the street, Dora Harvey. They walked about a mile and one half to fish in a creek. As they passed our house, I could see them returning in mid-afternoon carrying their long bamboo poles in one hand and fish strung on a small branch in the other hand. The wild berries Prudie picked were canned as were some of the fish. She also canned beef and chicken. She made jams and jellies for their own table and for gifts as well. On occasion she won prizes for her preserves.

I am happy to report that Clarence Cavender broke my five year old son of using swear words. Another neighbor, Shorty Tilsbury often swore without realizing it and Kenneth was swift in picking it up. I thought I had cured the problem by washing his mouth out with soap, but evidently when he was out playing he emphasized in swear words. One day Kenneth was pulling Derrill Shea in a wagon just as Clarence was passing by. Derrill wanted to get off the wagon and Kenneth wanted her to stay. When she climbed out Kenneth called her a pretty salty name. Clarence heard it and took Kenneth by the arm, and looking him straight in the eye, said, "Young man, if I ever hear you use those words again - I will cut your tongue out!" For emphasis, Clarence put his hand in his pocket like he was reaching for his knife. That took care of the swearing! Kenneth adored 'Unc', as the children called him, and I suppose took the threat to

heart.

After thirteen years the Cavenders could see the fruit of their labor on their forty acres. Most of it was cleared, a barn built, a silo and a three-hundred foot chicken house completed, and a new home. Because Clarence continued at a second job away from home, he was able to hire a bull dozer for the last bit of clearing. The second income also enabled him to purchase an adjoining thirty-six acres. By the time the mill work was over he had a dairy herd and with chickens could make a good living. Clarence was one who would choose to die with his boots on - and he practically did. Clarence had a stroke while in the barn doing chores, and died a day or two later.

Prudie built a smaller home on the corner of their property and lived there a few years. At that time she sold the farm and moved to a house on Henry Street in Bellingham. She now resides in Washington Square - a move she looked forward in making. On Valentine's Day, 1978, Prudence Cavender celebrated her ninety-fourth year. She has foot ailments including arthritis but she also has determination. With the aid of two canes, she gets out and does things. Prudie visits the rest homes, and often goes to the Bellingham Senior Center. Once a month, she takes a taxi to the bus and comes to Lynden to socialize with old friends and neighbors. Her doctor said, "If more people had her spunk, they would be better off and it would be a better world." Anyone who knows Prudence would heartily agree.

Northwood:

Early Day Arrivals

Charles Meyer was born in New York City, lived in the midwest for a few years, and married Minnie Meyer in 1884. They bought forty acres of Northwood land in 1902. Mr. Meyer was working as a wheelwright, so the couple did not make their move until 1907. The land was densely covered with brush and stumps which he set about clearing away, in addition to making other improvements to his place.

The Meyers had eight children by name of Ollie, Bernard, Richard, Reka, Henry, Harry, Cecil, and one deceased. After Minnie died in 1924, Charles Meyer married Mrs. Hanna Mansen. They were members of the Baptist Church. Mr. Meyer was a public spirited, cooperative citizen.

George Whipple was another early day arrival in the Northwood area. He was born in Wisconsin in 1854. He followed the barber trade when young, and later did carpentry. Mr. Whipple married Almeta Phillips in 1875, and they homesteaded in Minnesota. After he had proved up, he sold the place and came to Whatcom County in 1902. He bought twenty acres northeast of Lynden clearing much of it in order to pasture milk cows and raise chickens. There were five children in the Whipple family - Joseph, Fred, Arthur, George H. Jr., and Mark.

Mr. Whipple was justice of the peace, served on the school board, and served as Lynden's assessor for nine years. He did a considerable amount of contract

carpentry work. His last carpentry assignment was the Northwood School. Throughout the years, he was an active member of the Northwood Grange. With his son Mark, Mr. Whipple lived on his farm until his death.

Mark did not marry until middle age when he became the husband of Jessie Leake Button. Mark helped raise her three daughters by a previous marriage. Along with the girls, they raised Jessie's sister's son, Ronald. His mother died a week after his birth. After the children were out of school and on their own, Mark and Jessie bought a home in Bellingham where they lived until their deaths, Jessie dying in 1963 and Mark in 1968.

Andrew Bosland was another Northwood neighbor. He started out in Denmark where he served as a stable boss for a member of the Danish nobility. With such a high position, he did not have to serve in the military. At age twenty-four, he came to America where he found work, saved money and bought land in Iowa. In 1906 he moved to La Conner, Washington. Two and a half years passed before Mr. Bosland moved from La Conner to Whatcom County. For eleven years he lived on a twenty acre place before buying a one-hundred-sixty acre farm in Northwood. The land was cut over allowing the presence of sheep and dairy operation. A forest fire destroyed all the buildings and sheep, but Mr. Bosland was not defeated. He put up new buildings and restocked the farm. The fire had burned the brush resulting in a good fertile pasture. Ten acres of that farm were cleared the slow hard way other pioneers had done.

Othalia Julius had married Mr. Bosland in Iowa. She died in 1908. Their children were, Martha, Ellen (died at nineteen) Emma, William, and Frieda. He was hard working and progressive.

Mr. Bosland was not the only man to come to Northwood from Iowa. George Mundell was born there in 1869 and came to Whatcom County in 1887. For a time, he worked in the woods and mills, before leaving for Kansas in 1891. Later, he homesteaded in New Mexico. He married Florence May Stafford. To them seven children were born; three of them dying in young childhood. The others were Ruth, Albert, Emma, and Leona.

The family returned to Washington in 1910 purchasing forty acres on the Northwood Road. As did others faced with the difficult task of clearing the land of brush and stumps, George's will prevailed and the task was completed. George Mundell accumulated a dairy herd and was a member of the Whatcom County Dairyman's Association. A member of the Northwood Grange, he helped make our community work.

Northwood became home to Lee Williamson who was born in Port Townsend, Washington, in 1890. Lee helped clear the one-hundred and sixty acre farm he purchased after coming to Lynden in 1905. From his 1918 marriage to Ethel Crabtree came three offspring - Effie, Violet, and Lee.

The Williamsons built up a herd of forty good grade Holsteins and kept a registered sire to improve the herd. Lee was a lifelong member of the dairy association and the family belonged to the Northwood Grange.

The Ralph Osgoodby story begins in Skagit County where he was born in 1884. The family had

lived there since his English father homesteaded in 1860, making him the first non-Indian in the area. After his father's death in 1910, Ralph came to Lynden. He rented the Will Jennings farm for three years. After that he bought eighty acres of cut-over land which he cleared, and improved with a good set of farm buildings. Ralph went into dairying and poultry, and was a member of both associations. Ralph served on the Northwood school board as well. Ralph and his wife, Katherine, had one son, Lawrence.

An active community member, Ralph Osgoodby, demonstrates well, the pioneer fortitude by carving a farm from stumpland.

1867 marked the birth of H. Frank Ege. Born in Illinois, Mr. Ege lived with his parents until he was thirty years old. The family lived in Canada, Iowa, and Wyoming.

Northwood became home to Mr. Ege in 1912. In that year he bought eighteen acres of unimproved land. Immediately, he set about clearing it of stumps and brush.

Poultry raising interested Mr. Ege, and from this interest came a livelihood. He kept twelve hundred layers of Hollywood strain leghorns, raising feed for them.

Mary Cavender became his bride in 1915. Their only son, Harrison, died after being struck by an automobile. This, during his high school days. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ege continued to live on the farm until their deaths.

Northwood was made up of people. People from as far away as Denmark, and as close as Skagit County. Their vitality and vigor were bound in the determination to clear the land of stumps and make a wilderness into a garden. To that end, they succeeded, giving us a heritage as well as a way of life.

The Thomas and Elizabeth Handys

Thomas and Elizabeth Handy came to Whatcom County from Michigan in 1889 or 1890. Thomas began his life in this region by operating a dray business in Lynden. He had two teams of horses, but even all their combined strength couldn't improve the roads of the day. Especially the main route to Bellingham, over which he hauled freight. It was made out of puncheon, and often was in poor condition for the winter runs. Often, one team would get stuck, and Thomas would have to send the other to pull them out of the ever present mud. In those days there was no bridge over Wiser Lake, and the team had to go around the lake to get to its Bellingham destination.

William Waples sold Thomas eighty acres in the Northwood area for eight-hundred dollars. The timber on it was tall and straight. In 1900 the family settled on it, and then the work began! They logged it off, and hauled the timber to the mill in a six-wheel wagon. There it was unloaded by a steam donkey engine. After the timber was gone, the work became hard and tedious. For now the stumps had to be removed, many of them being as much as six feet through. With only hand and horse power available - the progress was slow, but the goal was firm, the land would be cleared. The Handys purchased an additional ten acre parcel

from Mr. Hinckley - trading in some work on the price.

There were five children in the family - Mabel, Walter, Jennie, Warren, and Floyd. The boys attained their father's goal by finishing the land clearing. Thomas Handy died in 1917. Seven years later, Elizabeth followed him in death.



Bertha Maryott with John Richards on the creek near the Canadian border on Northwood Road.

The Maryott Claim

Henry Maryott was a short time resident of the Northwood community, but he made a contribution to the improvement of the land during those few years. Mr. Maryott acquired a quarter section of land on the Halverstick Road - trading land he owned in eastern Washington for the acreage. The Halverstick land had been owned by a Mr. Clark. It had been logged off the decade before Mr. Maryott bought it in 1914. Very little of it had been cleared.

Mr. Maryott, with his wife Roberta, and her ninety year old mother, Cynthia Strong, moved west by horse and wagon with a full load of their belongings. There was no house on the land he had bought, but they were permitted to live in a house near the north line of the acreage, this not far from the Canadian border. They were living there when a forest fire swept through the buildings of several farms. This was in the fall of 1919. The Maryotts were not out of danger. They put what they could in a wagon, and drove away safely. The house burned.

The Maryotts built a large house on the southwest corner of their property. This was at the site where a small mill operated during the logging period. The house was two stories and faced the Halverstick Road. Mr. Maryott set about clearing away brush and stumps. He straightened the Hamar Road that bordered his farm on the west.

In the early twenties Cynthia Strong died. A year later Mrs. Maryott got a sliver in her hand. The minor accident caused blood poisoning, and her death.

Sad and lonely, Mr. Maryott left the farm, to return to Seattle where he had once lived. Later, he spent time in Oregon. He died in 1941.

Through the years, the taxes on the farm had

been paid for by the Maryotts' daughters, who were schoolteachers in eastern Washington. The place was rented out. Eventually one of the daughters, Sara, became owner.

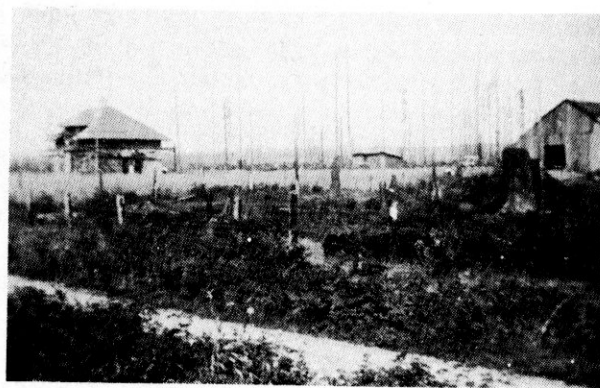
Sara had married H. A. Shannon, also a schoolteacher. Their children were Elerine, Geralyn, Charles, William, and Wilma. They moved to the farm in November of 1935. Unfortunately, Mr. Shannon lost his life in a hay hauling accident in 1939.

The children enrolled at the Northwood School, and each one of the five attained four or five years of college. During the 1946-47 school year, Mrs. Shannon, Elerine, and Geralyn all attended Western Washington State College. The following year, Mrs. Shannon taught at North River, Washington, and later at Elma. Everyone spent summers on the farm. The older girls became teachers, the boys engineers, and Wilma became an occupational therapist.

Sara Maryott Shannon deserves much credit for the help and encouragement she gave her children. She now lives in Tacoma where she recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday.

The family members had scattered by 1955, and the farm was again rented out. However, ten years later, Elerine with her husband John David Shields and baby daughter, Sara, came to live on her mother's farm. They have since purchased it and have built up a large dairy operation.

Sara Shields, a high school junior, was selected as Whatcom County Dairy Princess for 1978. She is the fifth generation to live in the house Henry L. Maryott built almost sixty years ago!



Maryott house built after the fire of 1919. The house is still occupied. At right is 'the barn that blew down!'

Two Snider Families

1914 brought two Snider families to Northwood. Father and son brought their respective clans to the area. The elder Snider traded his farm in eastern Washington for eighty acres on the Halverstick Road. His son, Ray and daughter-in-law Grace had two small sons, Earl and Clarence, when they moved. Ray farmed with his father two years before he bought half

of his acreage.

Ray set about clearing his new land of brush and fallen logs so they could have a pasture. The family invested much time in putting up farm buildings and accumulating livestock. All of this effort was swept away by a forest fire raging from Canada. The fire was in 1919 and it burned out many families. Ray's house was the only thing saved from the fire. This probably would have gone also without the valiant effort of friends and neighbors who went out to save homes in the fire's path. It was fair time in Lynden, and when the need was known, people left the fair to join the fire brigade.

It was not easy to recover from this setback. Ray worked out hauling gravel and doing team work for others. In slack time, he worked at his stump clearing, and eventually, had twenty acres under plow. Many hours of horse and man power went into this valiant achievement.

In the years between 1915 and 1923, three more sons were born to Ray and Grace: Harold, Lee, and Francis. Francis died a few days after his birth.

To finish clearing his land, Ray hired a bulldozer. His father bequeathed him twenty-five acres. With that land combined with his own, Ray and his sons ran a dairy and poultry operation.

Ray and Grace were active in community affairs. This, especially in the Northwood Grange, where Ray held the post of treasurer for many years.

Ray died on his farm May 10, 1968. Grace spent her last years in the Lynden Christian Rest Home. She died in September of 1972.

Northwood Calls The William Price Story

The first North Dakotan to settle in the Northwood community was William Price. He had been raised on a farm in England near the Wales border. As a young man he came to the United States finding work in Nebraska. He accumulated enough money to return to England in order for him to marry his fiancée Emily Watkins, and bring her to North Dakota.

A banker in Mandan, North Dakota, owned a flock of sheep. He hired Mr. Price to herd them on the range near Pendleton, Oregon. The newlyweds lived in a tent there one summer. What an adjustment that must have been for Emily! She was thousands of miles away from her home and friends. In England, the farms were close together, and Emily had been active in her community. She was a refined young lady with a love for group singing. Now she found herself in the wide open spaces. All to be seen was the sky, acres of grass and more than a thousand sheep. We can imagine the spells of loneliness she endured, and how often her thoughts were of family and friends. But these young people had dreams of future days.

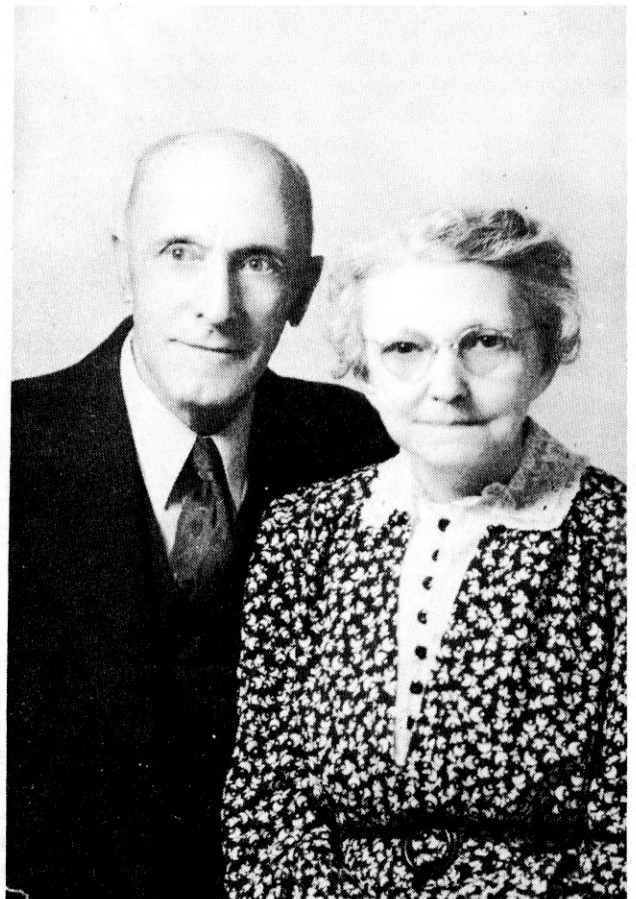
In a few months they returned to Mandan. Even there, they remained living in a tent, and caring for the sheep. The opportunity came to buy a quit claim

deed. They took the opportunity buying a quarter section of land miles north of Mandan. It was good range land, and also provided a sixty acre field. At first they lived in a tent later building a log house. They raised wheat which had to be hauled into Mandan by team and wagon. Leaving early in the morning, it was a full day's work for the round trip. They carried in the wheat, and brought back their winter supplies consisting of staple groceries and farm tools and equipment.

In 1904 they sold the farm on contract, lived in a cabin in the woods that winter, making their plans to return to England. In the spring, Mrs. Price with four children, Gladys, Henry, Thomas, and Lillian went by train and boat to their homeland. Mr. Price intended to follow later. However, the farm's intended buyer backed out of the deal. Mrs. Price and the children returned to the farm where in 1910 they built a solid two story house. The house went well with the new barn built the year before. Also, the size of the family was enlarging. Peter had been born after Mrs. Price returned from England, and some years later Greta was added to the family.

More land was bought. The cattle raised were for beef — mostly Herefords. Sometimes they raised more chickens than they could use. They were dressed and sold in Mandan for twenty-five cents each.

A branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad was built north from Mandan along the Missouri River in 1909. The surveyors camped not far from the Price



William and Emily Price celebrate golden wedding anniversary.

farm. That site became Price, North Dakota, with a store, post office, grain elevator, lumberyard, and for a time, boasted a blacksmith shop.

It was a struggle to get schooling for the country children. There was a shortage of teachers, and there were weather worries. With deep snow coupled with disastrous if only occasional blizzards, parents had reason to worry about their children's safety going to and from school. Another hazard were the prairie fires that flashed in the spring. To the children of William Price, finishing the country school meant a trip to the county seat for the graduation exercises and a diploma. Any further education was resolved by sending the children to town. Sometimes, they could find a place to work for board and room.

Lillian went to teacher's college in Valley City, and her sister, Gladys, taught in nearby schools. In wartime, when there was a shortage of manpower, Gladys worked in the elevator and lumberyard offices. She married Charles F. Smith, a farmer, near Sanger, North Dakota.

The Price boys were busy with farm work and accumulating more and better Hereford cattle. Henry married Mabel Etherington and Tom's wife was the former Helen Hagerott. Both were Oliver County, North Dakota, girls.

William Price and a neighbor came to Whatcom County to visit old friends, spending the winter in Victoria. Before returning home, he bought twenty acres of stump land from Jim Thomas. The land was on the Blaine-Sumas Road, three miles northeast of Lynden. The purchase was made in 1921, and the following year Mr. and Mrs. Price, Lillian, Peter, and Greta moved there. The other children had settled lives in North Dakota, with Henry on the home place.

It was in the Prices' yard that we, Jack and Hazel Husfloen and thirty month old Kenneth, pitched our tent for a week in July, 1922, while we searched for a temporary rental. We were the second North Dakotan family to locate in Northwood, buying the Roo and Van Leeuwen millsite. Later the Iver and Ingvald Sakshaug families bought acreage on the Haveman Road, as did Melvin Reyman. The Fred Ericksons came west and bought land nearby. This made quite a settlement of former Oliver County, North Dakota people in the same community.

The Prices were friendly neighbors. They had a radio with earphones in the early twenties. How we enjoyed taking turns with the earsets to listen to programs from all over the country. No one dared utter a peep without being hushed while the radio was on!

When Mr. Price had most of his land cleared he bought an adjoining twenty acres. Because of his age and health he did not get it all cleared, but Peter later finished that work.

After coming west, Lillian attended Bellingham Normal, and began teaching. She married Don Medcalf. For a time they made their home in Lynden, but later moved to Bellingham. Peter finished high school in Lynden, and he married a classmate, Verna Alexander. Greta, the youngest, also became a teacher, marrying Marshall Bayes. She taught in Lynden many years.

Daughter, Gladys, and her husband Charles Smith and three children moved west in 1926. They

bought acreage joining that of her parents on the south. They built a home and poultry buildings. Charles died in March of 1953. His widow had a home built in Lynden, and has remained there.

Mr. and Mrs. Price built a new home in 1930. The old house was sold and moved into Lynden, and is located on Grover Street. Mrs. Price had an asthmatic condition that limited her traveling in her later years. However, she did manage a trip to North Dakota to visit her children. Her breathing difficulties developed into a heart condition from which she died in 1942. She left behind twenty-six grandchildren. Three other grandchildren preceded her in death.

After his wife died, Mr. Price lived alone. Peter and his family lived next door. I remember Mr. Price telling about his experience one Sunday morning after experiencing an earthquake. He arrived at Peter's door pale and shaking. When they told him there had been an earthquake — he was relieved and said, "Thank God! I thought I was having a heart attack!"

Mr. Price served on the Northwood School board. He was interested in current events, and in the progress of our neighborhood. For recreation he enjoyed Solo and salmon fishing trips. For this purpose he bought a boat. Once when he had gone to his favorite fishing spot near Point Lawrence, a storm with a strong wind came up making the trip back difficult. In fact he fought the current so long, he ran out of gas. He vowed if he ever reached shore, he would sell the boat. He finally drifted to Sucia Island, where he and a few others spent the night on the beach. True to his vow — he sold the boat!

While living alone, he spent one especially pleasant day when his old-time neighbor came to visit. Along with eighty-eight year old John Etherington, Mr. Price invited Fred Neidhart and Ivar Sakshaug, to spend the day with him. They were all in their eighties, and had known each other, since they were young men pioneering in North Dakota. The day was spent reminiscing. Others said they would have liked to have hidden in the bushes just to listen to the stories told that day.

William Price was a man of ready wit, and liked to jest with the children. When our children were small they enjoyed hearing his tall tales. I remember one he told quite well. It seems that when he was a boy in England he decided to catch some of the crows he saw every day. "So," he said, "I put glue on the branches of a tree in the yard one evening. Sure, enough in the morning each branch was lined with crows, and they were all glued on. Well, I went out, and, as I reached for one of those rascals, they all flapped their wings — and you can imagine! The tree pulled out of the ground — and they flew away with it!"

When Kenneth was eleven or twelve, he and his friend, Dewey Tremaine decided to pull a trick on Mr. Price after he had driven over to visit with us. They put a Norwegian cheese that smelled like limburger on the manifold of his car. When he was driving home, he wondered what smelled so badly, and stopped to investigate. The boys had a good laugh thinking they had evened the score for some of those tall tales!

In his lifetime, William Price had crossed the Atlantic seven times by boat. The last time he crossed was in 1938 — a trip he made alone to visit with relatives he left behind. He had pioneered in North

Dakota, and had cleared and improved many acres of land in the Northwood area of Whatcom County, Washington. William Price died at the age of eighty-five in March of 1952.



Mildred and Fred Shea celebrate 50th wedding anniversary.

The Shea Saga

After World War I, Fred and Mildred Shea with their baby daughter, Derrill, came to live in Northwood. They were following the advice of Mildred's father who said it would be wise to live in a small place in the country in case hard times should come. Formerly the couple lived in Bellingham where each had worked.

But in 1921 the move came to Northwood. They bought twenty acres on the Blaine-Sumas Road, and set about improving the buildings and clearing the stumps. Along with the acreage they had purchased from Mr. Van Weerthuisen, was a small house and a chicken house with only a garden spot cleared. Fred worked in the mill in Lynden, and put his spare time into blasting, pulling and burning stumps. His father-in-law often helped on weekends. Mildred said, "No other place had large stumps as close together as in that area, there being underground water flowing from Canada toward the Nooksack River east of Lynden."

A son, Boyd, was born in November of 1923. Derrill was then three years old and proud of her baby

brother. Mildred was kept busy caring for her family, helping with chicken chores, and doing much canning from the large garden she tended. For several years, there was not much time for recreation. Occasionally, they managed a trip to Neptune Beach where relatives had a cabin, or went to Mt. Baker, where they picked blueberries and camped out. It was on one of these berry picking trips that our family accompanied them. We arrived about noon, and pitched our tent in a meadow. By evening we had a five gallon cream can full of berries. We ate out of doors and made our beds on the floor of the tent. When we were ready to retire we put the lid tightly on the can of berries as we knew there were bears around who liked blueberries. During the night I heard a noise and shook my husband until he awakened. Of course bears after our berries were on our minds, so he took a flashlight to investigate. Imagine his surprise when Mildred, returning from a night call came into view. The can of berries was intact.

Mildred was interested in flower raising. She joined a flower club and eventually their yard was a showplace, and tastefully arranged bouquets adorned their home. She also had an interest in antique dishes, and was an avid reader. Braiding wool rugs was another of Mildred's pastimes.

Gradually the Sheas' land was cleared - much of it before the days of the large bulldozers. The idea behind land clearing was to get the land producing crops instead of pasturing stock on the grass that grew between the stumps. Fred put in long hours with his blasting powder and caps getting the stumps broken in pieces and loosened. Many more hours of hard work was spent to get them pulled and piled to burn. Sometimes, when the fire had burned to the right stage, the family would have a weiner or marshmallow roast in celebration of the work accomplished.

Besides the land clearing activities, Shea increased their poultry operation by building a new chicken house and egg basement. They also built a barn to house a small dairy herd. Later, they bought an adjoining ten acres from Ed Roo. This they cleared rapidly with the aid of a rented bulldozer. In 1939 the Sheas built a fine two story home with a basement.

Fred began to have hearing problems, and after consultations with local doctors, made a trip to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, in 1943. There he learned nothing could be done because the nerve was shattered. At home, he continued his chores even though he had poor balance. Eventually, they reduced the size of their flock, keeping enough to make a living. Much effort was spent in spraying and pruning the orchard and tending to the garden work, and somehow Fred continued to complete his chores.

Mildred's yard contained new varieties of plants and flowers that made it an interesting place to visit, and Mildred was always generous in sharing her plants as well as ideas for gardening.

Derrill Shea married John Devlin, and because of his type of electrical work, they have lived in many places. Presently, they have a home on Bainbridge Island. John and Derrill's family consists of Patty, Peggy, Tom, and all are married. Patty has one son, and Peggy has two sons. Tom and his bride went to Samoa, where both are teaching.

Boyd Shea served in World War II, and was injured in action. Returning home he married Shirley Bravard, and bought land less than a mile away from his parents' farm. They built a home, poultry house and a barn. They tried dairying and poultry raising and later planted several acres of raspberries. They have continued with the berries, even though Boyd has been working for the Whatcom County Parks Department. Their children are Fred, Sharon, Sally and Lisa. Fred is married and has three sons and lives west of his parents' home. Sharon who is also married, has a daughter and son, and lives in Boyd and Shirley's first home. Recently married, Sally lives in Olympia and is a registered nurse. The youngest, Lisa, attends Lynden Grade School.

For Fred and Mildred Shea, this adds up to seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Fred had another set-back in 1969 when his doctor discovered an aneurysm requiring immediate surgery. In the operation the doctor used teflon instead of plastic for the artery replacement. This was a new procedure and it has been successful and lasting.

At this time the Sheas rented out some of their land and later sold the ten acres they bought last.

In 1969 the Sheas had indeed reason to celebrate. Fred would recover from a serious surgery, and the couple would celebrate their golden anniversary.

Many friends and relatives came to congratulate them. They had been members of the Northwood Grange and American Legion, and folks from those organizations were among the well-wishers.

Fred's loss of balance became increasingly worse. Soon, he had to retire. He needed help from Mildred to get around the house. Her health and strength failed and in 1974, the family decided, lest Fred would have a bad fall, he should go to the Christian Rest Home in Lynden, where he would have the care Mildred could no longer provide. Mildred continued living on the farm. They sold all but a few acres around the buildings. She went to spend time with Fred each day. Because of hazardous driving in the winter, Mildred thought it best to move into town where she could be closer to Fred. She now lives a few blocks from the rest home, and weather permitting, walks there each day. She is plagued with arthritic foot problems, but says she must continue walking.

Fred Shea's eighty-third birthday was celebrated on February 15, 1978. Confined to a wheelchair, he appreciates visits from friends and relatives. Charles Sprague is a frequent visitor, dropping in for a friendly game of pool.

The Sheas were hard workers. Their gifts are not forgotten.

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The Dorothy Herre and Walter Crabtree Story

When George Crabb came to the United States from Northumberland County, Province of New Brunswick, in the early 1850's he changed his name to Crabtree. No reason is known for this change by his descendants, but change it he did!

One of his sons, Charles, born in Illinois, married Agnes Arbuckle in Minnesota. In 1889 they with their three children, came to Whatcom County. Another of George's sons, Byron (B.C.) Crabtree settled northwest of Lynden, and became a prominent dairyman with a fine herd of Jersey cattle.

Charles and Agnes purchased eighty acres in the woods northeast of Lynden. The land clearing was difficult, and times were hard. A son, Walter, was born in 1891. Two years later in May Charles died, his last son Edgar, was born that July. The oldest boy, Herbert, was fourteen, then came George and Ethel. The family stayed on the farm.

Agnes was true to her Scottish descent. She was thrifty and industrious. With the help of the older boys, she carried on the farm work. She also found time to aid others. Her neighbor across the road, Mrs. George Whipple, would have affirmed that. When Mrs. Whipple lay paralyzed, Agnes spent part of each day to help care for her.

Walter was a sickly child. His appendix burst, and

it was a miracle Dr. Smith, of Bellingham, could save him, with no aid from modern day wonder drugs.

After nine years of widowhood, Agnes married Arthur Hinckley, a neighbor. They had a daughter, Audrey. Arthur was a hard working man, and the land clearing progressed with the help of Herbert and Walter. In 1912 Arthur died, and once again, Agnes carried on, always insisting they must earn enough to keep the bills paid on time. There were crises to deal with. Audrey succumbed to spinal meningitis while a high school sophomore. Edgar fell from a horse and was permanently lame. Later, he was sent to business college.

Walter had hoped to be a doctor one day, but there was no money for that kind of education. He did not get much schooling, but educated himself by reading. His mother boarded schoolteachers not only for the income, but said, it would help the family speak properly.

After the older boys were working in the logging business, and Ethel had married Lee Williamson, Agnes and Edgar made their home on the farm until her death at the age of eighty-five.

Dorothy Herre had taught the intermediate grades of the Northwood School for three years previous to her marriage to Walter Crabtree in 1920.

Dorothy had been raised in very different circumstances than Walter, as her father, Albert W. Herre, had been a professor with a doctoral degree from Stanford. She remembers him as a valuable and ambitious man.

Dorothy was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1898. At a young age Dorothy moved with her family to California. She had two brothers and two sisters. Her mother died when Dorothy was eight. They missed their mother. Four months after losing her the children experienced the San Francisco earthquake. Although it was an upsetting and emotional time for the children, Dorothy says, "I am glad I can remember it." Even though the memories are not all happy, she remembers "fun and glorious" times as well.

In California, the family lived in a large white modern house on an acre of land. Dorothy recalls fruit trees of several kinds and a large garden. Her father raised Ponderosa tomatoes which the children were forbidden to pick except with permission. Dorothy didn't always follow the rules. She said, "I was the one to find a way. I would run and fall down near one of the plants, and I'd grab a nice ripe tomato."

Dr. Herre was a high school teacher in Los Gatos for many years. He married again and the children acquired a step-sister. The love of growing things must have given Dr. Herre the desire to have a farm. He had a brother living in Whatcom County, who gave him the inspiration to come to this area.

He sent his wife up to buy a farm, and she decided upon forty acres on the Central Road. This place had been owned by Mose Henry, who had sons by the name of Ake and Paine. His team of horses, by name of Dick and Brad, were sold with the farm.

The Herre family moved to this farm at the end of the 1912 school year. What an experience for the children! They had never lived in a house that did not have indoor plumbing. They were amazed that they had to take baths in a little round tub and to find a Sears Roebuck Catalog to be used in the outdoor privy. "It was dreadful!" Dorothy said laughing. The children had never seen snow. When deep drifts prevented their mail carrier Mr. Thompson from driving to their place. He would park at the top of the hill and come sailing down as that was far easier than walking — providing a lot of excitement and entertainment for the family. The children didn't know quite what to make of the team. Before moving north, they never had had pets. They were a little uneasy when the horses were hitched to the hay wagon. "Papa" didn't help much when he would look at the hitched team nuzzling one another and said they were whispering about running away!

Because Dr. Herre had no farming experience, he sent to the Department of Agriculture for bulletins about crops and farm buildings. One bulletin said not to build a house within 'fly flying distance' of the privy. That 'fly flying distance' became quite a joke among the children.

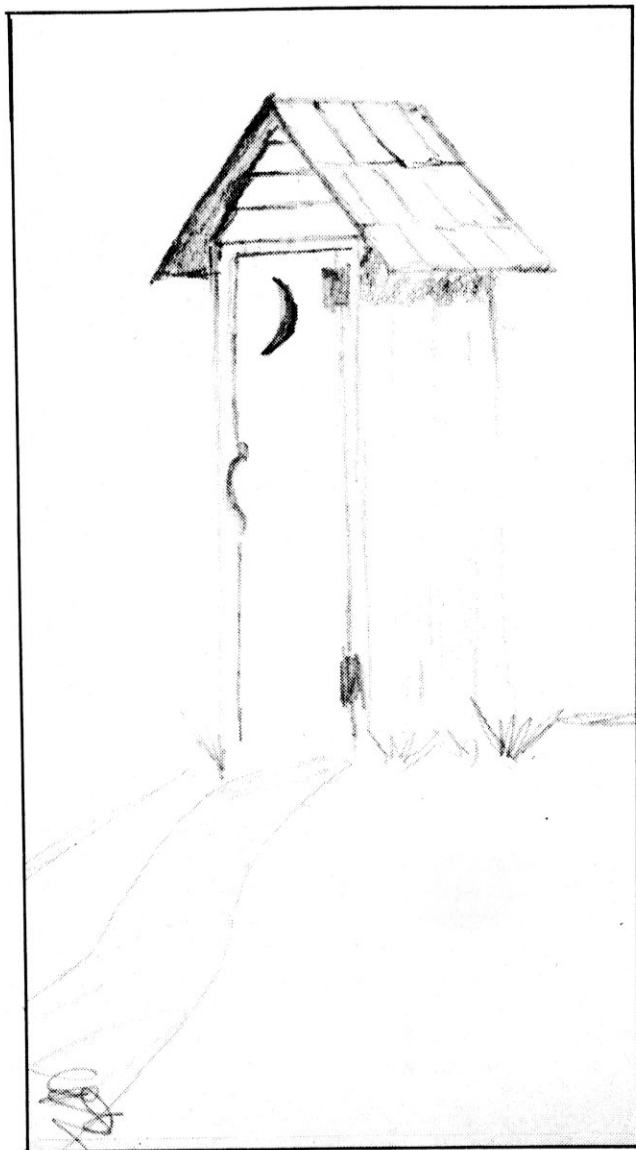
Dr. Herre decided to harvest a field of mangels, and they learned that required a lot of weeding. With the help of the Johnson boys from nearby, the girls got that job done in no time!

Dorothy's father worked long and hard to clear part of the farm that had brush and stumps. There was a gravel pit on part of it. He made a picnic grove on

part of it, and that was used often in the succeeding years. The family joined the grange and the literary society in which Dr. Herre played an important role.

After a few years of farming, Dr. Herre was hired as principal of the Forest Grove School, but he continued improving his farm. The next year he became principal of the Ten Mile School at a higher salary. Then the Bellingham Normal School heard of his qualifications and hired him to head their science department. They still lived on the farm. Dorothy recalls driving in to Bellingham sometimes in heavy fog. The fog came from peat fires that emitted black smoke on fall days — a treacherous driving hazard.

Dorothy attended the normal school, sometimes driving in with her father. One term she roomed with Edna Waples in Bellingham. She graduated in 1917, and started teaching in the fall of that year. Her father continued at the normal school until he was appointed to the United States Fishing Commission in the Philippines in 1920. After some time there he went to Stanford University to take charge of their zoological museum. The museum contained the largest collection of fish in the world. This position he held nearly a score of years, retiring at the age of seventy-five.



Dr. Herre's retirement did not last long as the University of Washington offered him twice his former pay to be their fisheries consultant. He did this until he was eighty-nine. While he was with the university he commuted on the week-end to his home in Olympia.

When he was eighty-nine, Dr. Herre contracted both flu and pneumonia. Dr. Herre and his wife moved to Santa Cruz to live with his daughter upon her invitation. She was a retired nurse and built an apartment onto her house for them. The couple lived to celebrate their golden anniversary — remarkable, considering this was a second marriage for each of them.

Dr. Herre remained alert, and after he was ninety, he received a grant to travel to lecture at different universities. Always his own man, he enjoyed traveling. However, he only went to those schools accessible by train or bus; he would never fly! He died at the age of ninety-three, after a full and interesting life.

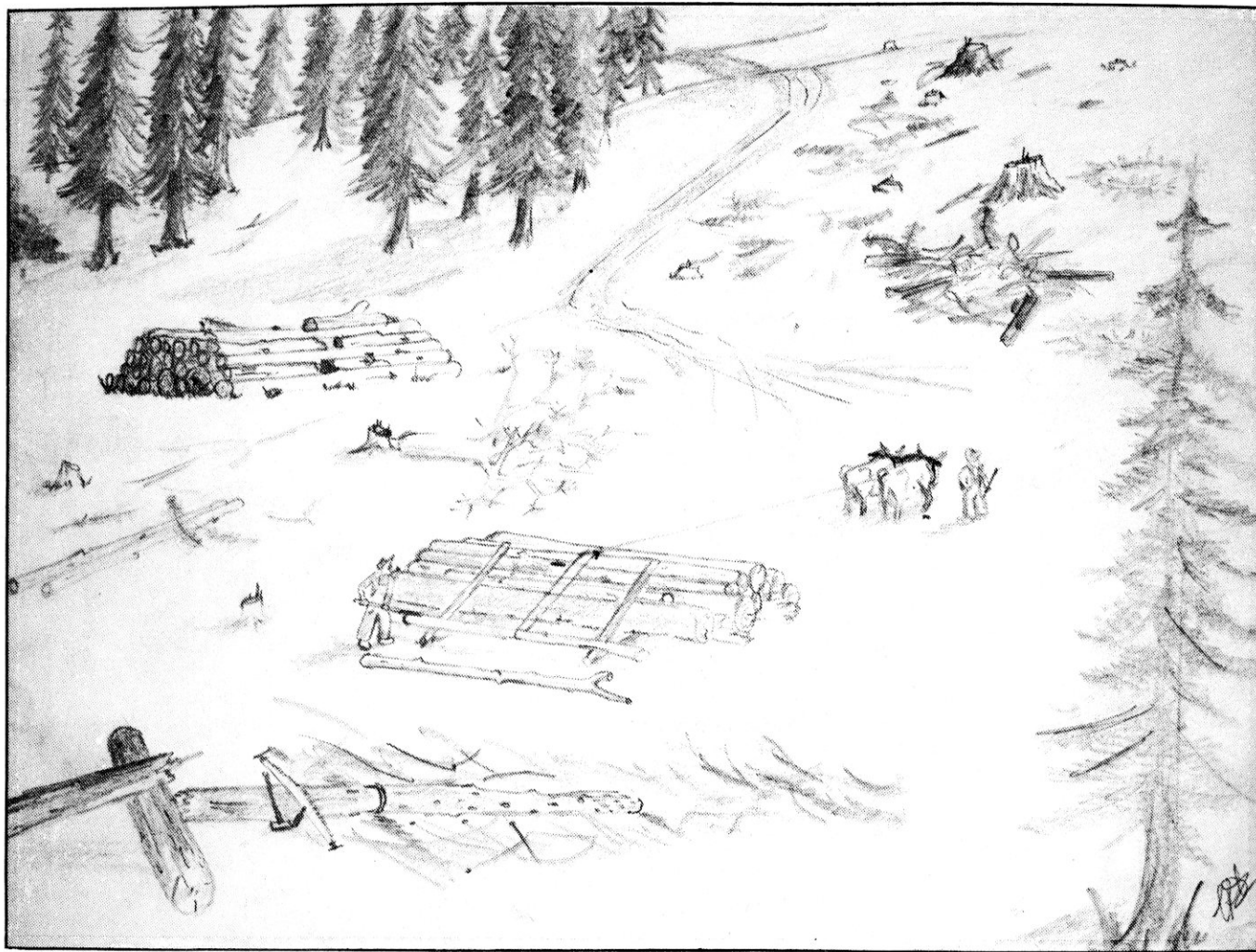
However different Dorothy Herre Crabtree's life had been from her husband's before their marriage, they both had two things in common — a deep respect for family and love for each other. Dorothy and Walter's first married venture was to take over the

Herre farm. Buying a flock of chickens was an event. Walter said that the check of eleven hundred dollars was the biggest he had ever written. After two years on the farm Walter decided this was not the life for him. He went to work with his brother Herbert in the logging contracting business. They moved to South Bend, Washington, when their Edgar was a baby. Later Katheleen and Robert were born. Work was plentiful and the years sped on. Having many friends and relatives near Lynden they were frequent visitors. Walter said he would not move back to Lynden because of the 'northeasters' but after his retirement in 1959 they did just that. Their home was near their daughter, Kathleen Zuidmeer. Presently, the family is graced with seven grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Walter suffered a stroke in 1967 and died two years later. Dorothy is happy to live near Kathleen. She takes part in the activities of the Methodist Church and the Eastern Star — and she enjoys reading.

The family has traveled more distance than George Crabb could have imagined possible. The Crabtree and Herre families launched a new life in a new land, and did it in style.

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An Epilogue

Life was not dull for the hard-working early settlers. Their recreation was different from that of the present days. They made Sunday visits to the homes of friends and relatives. They attended literary programs at the school house, grange meetings, dances and various celebrations. When a neighbor was building they turned out to help him. Occasionally a group of men went to the river to dipnet salmon for canning or smoking. The women held "quilting bees". They went gathering wild berries and nuts in season. Some liked to go trout fishing in the creeks. Children enjoyed simple games when they could play together.

I recall how much effort went into clearing the 22½ acres that we, Jack and Hazel Husfloen, bought from Roo and Van Leeuwen for \$10.00 per acre. It was their old millsite at the corner of the Blaine-Sumas (now Badger) and the Northwood roads. There were two small buildings, some lumber and much debris near the corner. The rest of the land was covered with stumps.

Coming from the prairies of North Dakota Jack had to learn by trial and error how to remove the huge stumps, brush and logs. He became an expert in handling dynamite and not only did his own blasting but hired out to blast stumps for others clearing land. To pull the shattered pieces of stumps on our own land he tried a hand stump puller, not satisfied with this he then tried a horse powered puller. Finding those methods too slow he bought a homemade donkey engine with drum and cable which I was able to help operate. For the last five acres of clearing we were able to hire a modern donkey engine to pull and pile the stumps after Jack blasted them. We were anxious to get all of the land producing crops.

Our son Kenneth was 2½ years old when we

moved to Northwood. Lola was born there the following year. They grew up and received their education while living at that location. I am sure they remember the struggles we had with the dairy and poultry operations we carried on over the years.

Kenneth did not find ranching to his liking. He started teaching in the fall of 1941 and progressed to principal and at present is Assistant Administrator for Personnel Director in the Clover Park School District near Tacoma. His wife Wilma, nee Wright, is a specialized reading teacher. Their son Kyle is editor of the *Antique Trader* in Dubuque, Iowa. Another son, Mark had a football scholarship to WSU, graduated and hopes for a position in hotel management. Their daughter Amy is a junior at WSU.

Lola married Gordon DeGraaff, a farmer turned carpenter, owning and living on 40 acres of land that is part of the 160 acres his grandfather bought in 1901. Lola and Gordon's son Norman is a pharmacist at Friday Harbor. Marvin is a ranger for Larabee State Park. He married Mary Gorton and they are the parents of four year old Jennifer and four months old Jacob Daniel. Norman and Marvin, and Mary are WSU graduates.

The years since we arrived and settled in the Northwood community have brought many changes. Whenever I drive out there I marvel at the sight of the fields of grain, potatoes and berries. Rarely does one see a stump. The same can be said of the other communities surrounding Lynden. The present and coming generations will never guess the amount of toil that went into changing the land from its native state to its present productiveness. These stories are my tribute to all of the pioneers who had a part in it.

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Honey Bees and Christmas Trees

Spoofs and Gospel Truth



*Olive Pangborn
reads a story to a
small friend*

Wedding Day

by George Hinton

Gusty's world is now enlarging. The sixteen year old girl had led a secluded life of service in her father's motherless family. Gusty Smith had cared for her father, George, sisters Maud and Esther, and brother, Warren, all under the strict rules and guidance of her Grandma Bowen. Young in age and old in experience, Gusty had a well developed character, and knowledge few mothers had.

From the first year that Harry Hinton had arrived in Clearbrook he had sought the affection of Gusty, but it took until 1893 for her to take his attention seriously, and for them to begin their courtship. They were an attractive couple. Harry was of a medium stature and slender while Gusty was slightly taller and pleasingly plump with a disposition both shy and sweet. They could be seen walking together up the railroad track in the evening to attend the Young People's Society in Sumas. When Harry's pal, Swanson, a section boss on the B.B. and B.C. Railway, left his hand-car nearby three or four couples would pump the car to Sumas - singing and laughing the four mile distance. Walking was the latest means of transportation - and the couple was always at it!

This same year, Harry built an addition onto the Smith's shack, and Harry always managed to have dinner with the family. He enjoyed the youngsters, and it was a pleasant change from the tormenting brothers he had to put up with at home. Meat, potatoes and gravy were the main dishes for hard working settlers, but Grandma Bowen and Gusty saw to it that there was a nice dessert. Warren always sat by Harry, his idol. Gusty usually sat across the table, and Esther thought she had it over her sister if she sat beside Harry. Apparently, she didn't see all the coquetish smiles between the pair.

Harry took meals with his brothers, but was living with two other bachelors by name of Sam Todd and Charlie Wright. The threesome lived in a small cottage and were renting. The cottage itself was well known for it was there that several couples had taken up housekeeping, and it was here that Harry intended to bring Gusty, as his wife. Sam and Charlie were helping Harry build a few gadgets in the place to make this is a very special 'honeymoon cottage' for the sweethearts. In place of a box for the wash basin; they built a nice stand. A cupboard was hung for the new graniteware. Another split log table was made to replace the rickety one. The fellows also built a large deep high shelf to support a curtain on which to hang clothes. Gusty's hands were not idle. In preparation for her wedding day she made curtains for three windows and a bedspread of the same material. She never had curtains at home for her father believed that necessities came first.

It had been nearly a year since Harry had proposed to Gusty. They had walked home from "The

Crossing" in Everson having attended the Epworth League with some other couples. They were sitting on a log - a stone's throw from the old puncheon bridge over the Clearbrook Creek, close to Hinton's Spur. Harry asked Gusty for her hand. The two held hands for a minute. Harry looked at the blushing girl.

"I want you to be my wife, Gusty dear."

"Oh no," Gusty answered, "Grandmother says I am too young."

"But I'm wanting a home of my own," Harry said, "and we both have served our families, and now, well, let's have our own place."

"Oh, that would be so wonderful, Harry - let's do so!" Gusty and Harry put their arms around each other for a time. Then they walked slowly to her home. No kissing. Just a plain, "I love you."

Gusty had been very clever in not letting Harry know about her wedding dress. Her fiance was always wide awake and it was hard not to get him to suspicion a thing. So Gusty had hinted that she would wear a nice dress she had made and worn in the spring. Harry



Harry and Augusta Hinton. Wedding Day.

thought she looked nice in that dress. Lately, Gusty had walked to Everson many times to do some shopping and included in her trips were times to go to the Kale house where the Kale girls and Mrs. Wheelis helped work on her wedding dress. She was keeping the dress a secret from her family as well, for fear that Esther might demand to keep the dress as she had another that Gusty had made. Esther's jealousy had held a good friendliness between the girls at bay.

Because of her grandmother's ill health and her father's deep felt loneliness from missing his wife, Harry and Gusty decided to marry quietly. Everyone knew they were to be married, but to keep the celebration at a minimum, they did not disclose the impending wedding date. The secret was part of the fun of the planning!

On this memorable day, July 3, 1896, Gusty and Harry were to be married. Warren Smith, Gusty's ten year old brother, was going into Everson on business. Young Warren was well acquainted with business affairs even at that young age, and, was allowed to take the team to bring home a load he could not carry himself. Gusty had schemed with her little brother, and that morning she was sitting along side him as they pulled away from the Smith place. With her were a few of her possessions she planned to take to the Wheelis house at the appointed hour. No one noticed them leave, and Gusty hummed a tune of thankfulness.

As they rode along the deeply rutted road, Gusty said, "Can you keep a secret, honey?"

Warren looked straight ahead replying, "When did I fail you?"

Gusty put her arm around her only brother and whispered in his ear, "This is the day, Warren, we are to be married at Reverend Wheelis' house."

Warren said nothing. The silence seemed an eternity to Gusty. Then he clicked at the team, and said, "Then, I guess, I won't see you?"

Gusty had Warren stop the team for a minute. Her eyes were filled with tears for they were more like mother and son than sister and brother, and indeed, she would miss him. She had always been his counselor since the days she had cuddled him at sleepy time. When Warren needed sympathy or answers to his thoughts Gusty had the final word. Warren adored Harry and Harry returned the affection. In fact Harry was proud of such a young boy who could take instruction so easily and loved to work and get ahead - a beautiful combination about Warren.

"Why are you marrying him?" asked Warren.

"Because, I love him, Warren."

"What is love?" As Warren asked this old old question, he looked straight into his sister's eyes.

Gusty held him tight, replying, "Ours is true love, honey, we hope to prove it as we go along. And besides you will always be our sweet brother and we will see you a lot and you will love to come to our shack and we will be at the old home too!"

Warren put his right hand on Gusty's, and said, "I hope so." He lifted his hand, putting it around his sister, and said, "I love you."

This seemed to untie Gusty's knotted problem. Her eyes lit up, and she had a deep smile that didn't change the rest of the day. "Come on, Warren we'd better get to town!" And off they went down the road.

As the team was jogging past the Terry farm dust filtered behind the wagon. Warren began to whistle and Gusty fell into deep thought as her body swayed back and forth with the wagon as it rolled from rut to rut and through mud holes - the crooked road winding along the stumps and trees. Gusty's thoughts were not of the road. She was remembering the sting of being neglected of admiration from her parents as a child. Her mother and her aunt fussed over her cousin, Bertha. Gusty was always sat down in a chair while Bertha was kissed and carressed. This continued until the girls began playing together, but any time a parent came along the attention went to the prettiest - and the prettiest was Bertha. Well, Gusty was just a plain featured girl with straight hair. Bertha's black curly hair and her winning smile and laughter won the show during the developing years. Gusty had her responsibilities and Bertha continued in her role as a "princess".

Gusty thought to herself, "well Bertha, look at me now!" Gusty was on her way to be married. Gusty recalled all the home weddings where she had helped with the refreshments, managing the reception from the kitchen - remembering all the households where she had been nurse and housemaid to newcomers. It would have been nice to have a home wedding like so many of the ones she had attended witnessed by all the old and new friends she had made - but that was impossible for them to do, and Gusty knew that. She and Harry would be happy just "to have and to hold" and to enjoy each other.

Thus Gusty was so deep in thought as they approached the new town of Everson, that she was startled as the team stopped. Warren said, "whoa!" and there they were at Reverend Wheelis' house. Warren played the gentleman, jumping from his seat running around to his sister's side to offer her his hand. She was so startled she took it! He assisted her down from their dusty chariot and Warren escorted Gusty to the porch. They kissed each other goodbye, and the whistling boy was off!

Harry had to play it easy on this exciting day. Since the work had been completed at the honeymoon cottage Harry and his friends had gone their separate ways leaving Harry to rent the place for Gusty and him. He hadn't wanted to stay there by himself, so he had temporarily moved back in with his brothers. His teasing and mischievous brothers could not detect anything different that day, but the scheming Harry kept the plans well to himself. The boys each had turns at taking the team to Everson and Harry's plans were working. It was his day to take the eggs and vegetables into town, and he carefully packed his suit and other belongings along with the produce. After dinner he proceeded down the road with the sorrel team. Harry was bubbling over with joy that he had outwitted his family by making such an uneventful departure, and here he was about to launch out into a new life with the sweetest girl in the county!

His head was full of plans, naturally, but they were not frivolous. He would rent the honeymoon cottage for a year, and, in the meantime, he would build them a shack on the forty acres his father had deeded to him for the work and money he had contributed to the family. He had been riding his bicycle to Northwood helping out in the Phelp's Mill to

buy rough lumber to build a shack. In his pocket, he had enough money to purchase groceries for honeymoon shelves. Harry drove the team a little faster than usual in order to have time to get the groceries and do the business, and still be at Wheelis' at 3:30.

The country boy was no longer a boy, but a businessman of twenty-eight years of age. His schooling had been hard knocks and perseverance. After changing clothes at the barbershop, he skipped over to the parsonage on time and all slicked up!

Mrs. Wheelis greeted him at the door, and Harry saw that everything was in order. The Reverend Wheelis was standing as his wife escorted the young man to his side. Mrs. Wheelis stood on the other side. The Reverend asked if all was ready - she replied that it was. Mrs. Wheelis went to the bedroom door at the back of the men where Gusty awaited her. She took the young bride's arm and they walked slowly to face the men and take their place in the ceremony.

"Oh, isn't she beautiful," whispered Harry, surprised by her wonderful dress.

There was a moment for composure before Reverend Wheelis began. The couple went through the service promising earthly and spiritual commitment to one another. Reverend Wheelis pronounced them man and wife. The embrace was slightly longer than usual. Just then, the front door burst open as guests from the Epworth League barged in to congratulate the newlyweds. This was Mrs. Wheelis' surprise. Harry was so overcome by his lovely bride in her beautiful dress, he hardly knew anyone else was in the room.

After the guests left, Gusty changed into the dress she had worn into town. While she was doing that Harry went over to the barber shop to put on the dust-proof togs he came to Everson in.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hinton were then ready to take their first trip together to Clearbrook where they would dwell in the honeymoon cottage.

The newlyweds sat close. They were not in a hurry now. They noticed nothing along the four miles home, but the team was not like minded. They were anxious to be in stalls chewing hay. So they were in a fast jog, the lines were slack in Harry's hands. The conversation between Harry and Gusty was animated with tales of how they had fooled their families. They laughed and laughed, and then a frown came over Harry's face. They had known everyone who passed their rig - and word gets around fast. The news of their marriage would certainly be out. Certainly, his brothers' curiosity would be peaked when Harry missed supper. He hoped for his bride's sake no charivari - with the rough characters it would attract - would marr their homecoming.

In no time at all they had reached the rails at Hinton's Crossing - in a moment they would reach their new home. When they arrived, they thought they had not been seen, so they quickly unloaded their few possessions. Harry had to take the team back to the Hinton place, and he hated leaving his dearest possession behind.

The brothers were milking as Harry pulled up to the barn, and was unharnessing the sorrels as brother Charlie appeared with questioning eyes.

"Did you have trouble," Charlie asked his older

brother.

"Kinda," Harry said, acting busier than he needed.

"Are you all right, Harry?"

"Yes, yes I'm all right - I'll be eating at Smiths' tonight." Harry replied as he fed the horses their oats.

"Look here, Harry what's going on - we saw Warren driving home a long time ago, and Gusty was not with him."

Harry, meanwhile was making a feeble attempt to the door. Suddenly, brothers Albert and Horace appeared at the stable door with milk stools in their hands.

Albert said, "Hey Harry, so you're married, huh? We went and saw Warren, and he told us all about it."

Harry hurried on trying to evade any answer. "We'll see you later," was the last words Harry heard as he took the short cut through the woods to see how Gusty was doing.

Harry was in such a hurry he startled Gusty as he rushed into the room.

"Honey," he said, "we're in for it - the boys know all about it, and we are certain to be charivariated - and with some of the characters who might come, well, I'm certain it wouldn't be any ladies tea. But, this is what I'll figure we'll do. We'll leave the lamp going as if we're home and head on over to your father's, and stay there until the party leaves here."

"That sounds pretty good to me, Harry, we'd better get going!"

The Smith home, invisible because of the woods, was actually only a few hundred yards away. The young Hinton's made through the woods leaving the door locked and the lamp lit. The Smiths were delighted to see them. After a round of congratulations, Grandma Bowen made her way to them.

She said, "Mighty glad to see you two, it's been a long day for me. Congratulations to the most wonderful couple. Harry, I'm going to kiss you and tell you to take the best care of my darling, Gusty. You are such a fine man, I love you. May God bless." Grandma walked slowly back to the chair that her new grandson-in-law had just purchased for her - and silently wept her happy tears.

"Where's Warren?" Gusty asked.

"He's out working on the rail fence," said her father.

Gusty went to find her brother and they met outside their door.

"You made it home all right, I see," said Gusty.

"Yeah, I had to get this fence up so we could keep the calves nearby."

Gusty put her arm around her brother thanking him for the favor he had given her.

"Come in and meet your brother-in-law, Warren," Gusty said, as she took her bewildered brother by the arm.

"Just a minute, sis, what's a brother-in-law?"

"Oh, it means that according to the laws of the land Harry and I are properly married, and that you are related to Harry by the law."

"You mean I finally got me a brother - oh boy!"

The two entered in the room as Harry was filling in Maud and Esther on the details of the day. As Warren approached Harry he was at first hesitant. But Harry fixed that.

Harry put out his hand to the youngster saying, "Thank-you for the kindness to your sister. She is now my dearest wife and I am the proudest man in Clearbrook to know you are related to me!"

"Oh, yea, you know what Harry? They're going to charivari you tonight. I'm not supposed to tell you, but seeing how we're brothers and all, I thought I would."

Time had flown by as the family happily conversed about the wedding day. Then, Gusty's father who was standing on the porch, heard a gun fire. Through the woods came the sound of ringing bells, clanging saws, and a big whoop. Harry's face grew painful in thought for he knew his brothers would be there to have a lot of fun. Then, there would be the loggers with whom he had labored, and the rough guys who would be more severe in their fun. The neighbors would gather, too. The noise continued for a few long minutes and silence. He heard Gusty's cousin bellow, "Hey Harry, come on out - we want to see that pretty girl!" The noise rose whooping and loud voices. The party goers convinced that they could get Harry and Gusty to come out of the honeymoon cottage. They, according to Harry's plan had escaped the charivari, but the party goers would not quit. When they started beating on the cottage door Gusty's father started out down through the woods with Harry following at a distance. George Smith was angered when he saw how far things had gotten out of hand. He reached the outer circle where the women were and stood watching. Harry could also see the goings-on from his vantage point a few yards in back of his father-in-law. He wondered what George could possibly do in such bedlam.

The noise increased as the men started to chant, "we'll get the bride, we'll get the bride."

When the women and close friends of the couple saw George they gathered around him. Everyone knew the quiet veterinarian who had probably helped everyone there at one time or another with a sick animal.

The crowd began whispering, "That's George Smith, what's he doing here?" Then the crowd was silent.

George said, "Sorry folks, but the couple is not at home, as you have found out. I promise you, if you meet us at the store tomorrow night, Harry and Gusty will be there to hand out the treats."

There was a murmur among the group and Harry waited breathlessly before someone answered, "Thanks, George, we'll see them tomorrow night." The

crowd dispersed quietly.

George had slipped up the short-cut to meet Harry - to his surprise. They sat down for a few minutes as the excitement was a bit much for the older pioneer in ill health.

"George, I feel badly about this. You should not have had to do this," Harry said.

"Harry, it was the only thing to do, those men would have abused you. You see, I've seen those rough woodsmen at charivaris before, and there's no limit to their deeds," answered George quietly, "I'm all right now, just a bit out of breath."

Everyone was waiting for them when they arrived back at the house. Warren was first to meet them asking excitedly how things had gone. George told them all what happened, and how they would meet the next night at the store. After questions were answered and milk and toast served, as was the usual habit before retiring, the family prepared for the night. The newlyweds were given a room for the night, and instead of a nice pretty spread to cover them, they slept on a straw tick.

The next day passed quickly. When Harry met his brothers at the barn, they immediately apologized for what had happened. Harry was glad to see his brothers saw it from his perspective, and thought they had reached a deeper understanding and respect for one another. After lunch, Gusty went to the honeymoon shack and saw the rods and saws used the night before. She also saw the marks on the door from the beating it took just hours before. She worried about the night to come, and it came all too fast. Harry came home for supper, and then they were due at the store. They walked down the trail to the railroad, hand-in-hand, crossing the bridge on the rails. Coming to the depot, they saw a few friends at the store. They walked slowly towards the group. When they were close, the friends all swung around singing out in unison, "congratulations!"

There was a round of handshakes and hugging and all was very pleasant. Mr. Connell walked up to Harry with outstretched hand.

"Harry, I bring a message that the men were sorry the way things turned out last night. They realized this morning that they overdid the celebration, and they want me to ask you to forgive them."

"Connell, you tell them they are forgiven!"

As the newlyweds walked home that evening, Harry said, "Well honey, one thing for sure, you had quite a wedding day!"

"That's for sure, Harry, that certainly is for sure!"



A barbershop pioneer style. George Smith's brother practices his barbering on Harry Hinton

And the Wind Doth Blow

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

Living in Whatcom County, we experience a variety of winds. There is the direct west wind - lusty and cold as it comes off the snow covered Olympic Mountains. The east wind has no known origin, unless by some fluke of nature, the north wind is hurled against the hills to our east and hurled back at us. The south wind, conditioned by southern air currents comes off the sound waters. On October twelvth, 1962, a southern wind caused severe damage to the coastal region from northern California to Whatcom County. Here, it broke down fruit trees, electric and phone poles, and uprooted giant conifers. Some old barns tumbled and there were homes damaged. Such a freak blow has its closest comparison of the north-east wind.

Known as a northeaster, this wind is the most devastating of all. In spring it comes when we are expecting a warming relief from the cold. It brings, instead, an icy chill when the sun is shining. In summer, when gardens and field crops are in their prime and ready for harvest, the northeast wind comes roaring out of the Fraser River Valley Canyon - hot as a firecracker - parching the earth and cooking the foliage, leaving man and beast feeling weary and tired. In the fall, a northeaster is liable for drying up

fall crops, after which, we are sure to have a frost. And then, there is the northeaster that comes in winter!

Winter comes with icy northeast blasts funneled down the Fraser Canyon through the Sumas Prairie sometimes bringing freezing cold rain covering everything with ice. This is called a silver thaw. I recall one silver thaw vividly. The freezing rain coated the tree limbs breaking some and weighing others to the ground and doubling the shrubs. It loaded the electric and phone wires until they sagged or broke. When the sun shone on this scene, there was a gentle beauty that mocked the damage the silver thaw caused. After a week of this, a warm south wind started to blow, and in an hour's time the ice melted from the trees and wires. As the ice melted the limbs that had not broken under the great weight swung up and the shrubs came to life. The noise was not unlike a thunder storm with the crackling branches and the swish of wires relieved of their load and limbs flying to their original position. This time when the sun shone there was relief instead of forboding at the beautiful sight!

And the wind doth blow from the west, east, and south - but none blows like a northeaster!



A Bear Hunt





Can you identify these early homesteaders?





Another mystery photo. We could not identify this bright faced family. Can you?

Fire!

by George Hinton

Fire was a useful tool to the early settlers, but it could also mean disaster. Pioneers planned fires to rid them of unnecessary trash, limbs and unwanted trees, and rotted wood. All summer long fires were the order of the day. Even on rainy days if a settler could spark up a blaze, he would have a fire to do some clearing. In the early fall, when things were dry, everyone took advantage and had fires going. Many times when fog rolled in and dull hazy days settled in, it was hard to see a very far distance. Swelled and sore eyes were common, and a fresh breeze was welcome. But when a forest fire struck, fire was far from a blessing. Homesteads were ruined and livelihoods lost.

The Smith family in Clearbrook witnessed such a fire in September of 1894. One late afternoon, a northeast wind broke loose with a fury. The previous dry hot days had dried the surrounding forest to a tinder - and fire erupted. The Smiths smelled fresh smoke and looking northeast saw a volume of fresh billows of smoke. They ran east to help their neighbors, the Heathers. They helped them gather dishes and bedding, burying them at the bottom of a hill. In an hour the fire had spread throughout the Clearbrook homesteads. The Heathers ran over to the Ehlers' farm, and the Smiths back to their place. George Smith put his youngest child, Warren, on the roof of their dwelling with a tub of water and dipper to wet down the shakes. One person stayed at the well continually pumping the precious water. George ran to

the barn to stop any sparks from blazing. His daughters watched the yard. A fir tree caught fire across the road and the wind lashed showering chunks of flaming torches towards the Smiths. No one left his post that night.

The shrieking winds and clouds of smoke seemed to never quit. Shakes from the barn and flaming pieces of bark as long as four feet soared through the air. They worked until their eyes were swollen shut, and then they rested. They did not know when morning came, as the giant trees dressed in flame provided eerie light. Green earth had turned into an inferno. No one had a thought for the animals, but when morning came, they were found huddled in the clearing. In the garden, the beans were cooked to a frazzle.

Some families lost everything. The Smiths were saved because of the deep well George had dug a couple of years before. The Ehlers lost their home and had to move into an old lean-to with a dirt floor. The winter following the fire was hard. The stock was faced with burned over pastures but with the help from farmers unaffected by the fire, they received enough hay to survive. Soon barns were rebuilt through the means of many barn raising bees and potluck dinners. The spirit of the pioneers gave them endurance, not only to help themselves but their neighbor as well.

When it was tamed, fire served the homesteader. Let it loose it struck out a harrowing revenge.

Keeping up with the Bees

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

In the early days of self-sufficiency in our northwest corner of United States, every available means of help was used. To keep the larder stocked was the chore of the man of the house. This meant growing a garden for vegetables, raising a pig for meat and lard, hunting for deer and bear, providing meat, clothing and rugs. Fishing as an alternative food source was also utilized. Hunting in the Wiser Lake district was a pleasure as pheasants were so plentiful that only the breasts were eaten. Picking wild berries, such as huckleberries, blackcaps, wild blueberries, salmon berries, blue elderberries, gave great variety for sauces, jams and desserts.

Sal-Al and Oregon grape were used for jelly and wine. The pioneers made much of their own medicines. The bark of the cascara was used as a cathartic, wild onion and honey for coughs. A tonic was concocted from the roots of the skunk cabbage and Oregon grape. Much of these remedies were learned from the native Indians.

All of these enterprises did not provide a sweetener. This was done by locating a bee tree and robbing it of its honey. The bees found a tall tree with a hollow place inside. One of their favorite flower nectars came from the fireweed - a tall plant with striking pink blossoms singularly spiraling on a long stem. Fireweed grows beautifully after a forest fire has swept an area. Bees will come from quite a distance to collect this nectar. A trick of one honey hunter (my friend, Billy) was to walk among the flowers with a handful of flour sprinkling it on the bees. As they flew away to the bee tree he could see them, making it easy to follow them to their nest. The next step was to take a cross cut saw and after making an undercut with a falling axe, to fell the tree. To protect himself, Billy put on a broad brim hat with a heavy cloth mesh net that fell to his shoulders from the brim. He made sure his shirt cuffs were closed tightly and he wore gloves. Some varieties of bees were very vicious while others were docile. One day while Billy felled the tree, his mother sat on an old log up the hill a ways to watch the procedure. The next thing Billy heard after the tree crashed was his mother screaming. The bees must have been attracted by her bright summer dress. She was more startled than hurt, and later helped Billy extract a washtub and a pail of delectable honey comb.

Honey hunting was not always done in the summer. Billy and his father, Arnold, while out hunting one winter, spotted a bee tree. This old tree had been taken by bears earlier in the year. They had chewed through the bark large enough to reach a paw inside and scoop out the honey. After donating his bee

paraphernalia, Arnold took his axe and cut the hole much larger. These bees were disturbed from so much unwanted company and were very hostile. After twenty minutes of chopping, Arnold called Billy to take over for him, as he said they're too hot for him. Billy took over and found out just how hot they were! For the first time in the pair's bee tree adventures, the little creatures came right through the face net and Billy ended up with ten or twelve stings on his face. His eyes swelled shut, but they called their adventure a success when they saw all the sweet honeycomb!

At another time, several men, (Fern, my husband was one) went out to cut a bee tree down. They had noted bees going in and out of a hole high in an old cedar tree. While Fern and a friend stood by to help gather the honey, two men cut the tree down. As soon as it started to fall the amateur loggers took off running down the hillside. It is a good rule to remain stationary when bees are disturbed. Much to their sorrow, these two men wished they had remembered that rule. Fern and buddy stood still and were not bothered. From this tree two galvanized wash tubs and a copper wash boiler were filled with honey laden comb.

Fern tells of once when his mother baked fresh bread, he and a friend robbed a backyard hive. They thought they were out of danger, but just as he entered the door a bee caught up to him and stung him on the ear. Fern claims this did not stop him from enjoying the fresh bread and honey!

There is a knack to extracting honey from the comb. My knowledge of this is slim. I do know that by puncturing the small cells first the honey is allowed to drain. After this, the comb is put through a sieve coming out pure clear and delicious. The remainder is heated and is darker and often grainy when cold.

The enterprising settlers would watch for a new swarm on their way to making a new nest. This happens when the old nest becomes overcrowded so a new queen takes a swarm to a new locale. During this venture the bees often stop for a rest. At this moment a man may rush out with a man-made home (a box - oblong with slatted shelves coated with bees wax). He finds the queen enducing her to enter with honey or sugar water and the swarm follows. In this way, the settlers tamed the bees - much easier than felling bee trees.

Self-sufficiency is the key word in describing our forebearers. As they did with the bees, and as they learned from the forest. Nature was both friend and obstacle to the settler who had to learn how to go it alone.

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Red Curtains in a Black Sedan

by Ellen B. Nelson

The first automobile on the Booman place was my 1922 Model T Ford.

As I was considering the purchase of a car, I consulted a fine businessman in my school district. He advised me to "buy an enclosed car as it would be nice to take your mother riding in it."

So, in the spring of the year, I handed the Sumas salesman the sum of eight-hundred and fifty dollars and then drove off in grand style in a two door sedan with a self-starter, two running boards - but no bumpers.

The first thing to be done to this special possession was to adorn the windows with lovely red drapes. Let me assure you that that was the only car I've owned through the years that could boast of such a luxury!

What right did I have to drive? I had no driver's license. No one had. How did I learn to drive? Here a little, there a little and a boyfriend with a car was great help, too!

As a small child I saw no automobiles for there were only horse drawn wagons and carriages. These traveled rather slowly on the graveled roads in the county. The unavoidable chugholes so common to the roads and on the streets of Lynden had to be carefully negotiated. Time came when the first horseless buggy appeared on Lynden streets. Hal Maltby proudly drove this vehicle or "auto" as it was called then. The pioneer merchant, Billy Waples, was soon following Hal down the road - and by 1915 a few prosperous farmers in the county were traveling about in the gas eating wonders - curtains flapping - a rattle here and a rattle there.

By the year 1922 roads had been improved a great deal but, still the chugholes were plentiful - in winter especially.

Sedans were few for many a curtained-car owner would comment, "The smell inside those enclosed things is so bad - I wouldn't have one."

My observation has been that all of them sooner or later become owners of the same kind of "obnoxious vehicles."

On the country roads, especially in wooded areas one would always be on the lookout for anything that might puncture a tire or in any way interfere with safe driving pleasure. One day when driving north from my home in Kendall, where I was teaching school, I saw a long heavy stick of wood lying clear across the road (the road was actually two wagon tracks in width). Now my problem was whether I should keep going or put one wheel on the right shoulder of the road and taking the obstruction in the middle of the car. Imagine the driver's amazement when the 'heavy stick of wood' slithered into the bushes. It turned out to be an extraordinary long garter snake seldom seen in the Pacific Northwest. Incidentally, two other friends in the county told me they had seen similar large snakes about that time. Well, at least we could believe each other!

In the summer of 1922, my brother, Albert, graduated from the University of Washington in Seattle. In honor of the occasion my parents, sister Almeda, and friend, Hulda Nelson, got into my wonder buggy and with the tires pumped up and the tank full of gasoline, we proceeded to Seattle. Off we went, "roaring down Aurora," at the maximum speed of twenty-five miles an hour. Having spent the previous summer attending the university in Seattle, I did not have much difficulty in finding the campus. There, we attended the graduation exercises which included getting pictures taken at the statue of George Washington. After a fine day, we headed for Lynden. Hulda was left to attend summer classes and brother Albert came home with us - the Booman family in tact once again!

I have often thought of this happy trip to and from Seattle as I've zipped over the fine paved freeway in much improved cars at a much higher travel speed. Still, how could I forget that '22 model, two door sedan, hard tired and bumperless, though it was, it still managed the finest red curtains in its class!



Jim the sawyer, in a photo sent to Uncle Andrew Benson.

Dressing the Goose

by Annabell Monthy

A festive dinner often included roasted goose. Small flocks of poultry would provide the family table and help the income when a surplus was marketed.

Dressing the geese and ducks was a hateful task. The big copper wash boiler was half filled with water and kept just below the boiling point on the Home Comfort cook stove.

Papa would kill the fowl by using a sharp jack knife to pierce a strategic spot on the roof of its mouth. The fowl, would then be hung head downward to bleed out. After it was bled it was wrapped in a clean gunny sack, then lowered in the hot water for a few moments. Allowing excess water to drain into the boiler, the goose was transferred to the table to steam until the feathers were properly loosened for plucking. Holding the bird firmly with the left hand, the feathers were held with the right thumb and fingers. A strong quick pull would give good results - usually! While plucking, feathers were sorted. The down and smallest feathers would be used in pillows after washing and drying. After all feathers were removed a string noose was placed around the bird's neck. It was then hung from the clothesline to cool, transferred later to the cold room for longer hanging and prevention of molestation from the dogs. The entrails would be removed when the birds were prepared for roasting.

The delicious odors of roasting goose helped dispel recollections of the unpleasant smell of wet feathers; the hot and steamy kitchen; and the endless cleanup of feathers everywhere!

The Drowned Skunk

by Gertrude Burns

Dairymen in the early days didn't have stainless steel tanks to store and cool their fresh milk. It was strained through cloth into tin milk cans, then cooled by setting it in a tank of cold water with the lid on. This night a lid was left off. A curious skunk got a whiff of the creamy smell. He crawled up to get a lick and fell in. No getting out!

The farmer saw a drowned skunk in his milk can the next morning. He proceeded to pull it out thinking he'd ship the milk that day with no one the wiser.

Later, the farmer's wife announced, "I need butter, today, I think four pounds will do."

"Fine, I'll bring it," said the driver for the creamery.

When the creamery opened this special can a skunky smell was noted, and all began to wonder. An order was given by the foreman, "make a special churning from that can and deliver the butter to our farmer friend." It was done, wrapped and delivered.

Mrs. Farmer cut a slice for dinner and noticed the skunky smell. The husband helped himself to bread and butter. It smelled and tasted awful.

The wife didn't know the skunk story. She complained to the creamery. "That butter was made from your milk," was the answer from the foreman.

Husband had to admit what he had done. He learned his lesson: 'Honesty IS the best policy'!



Our Black Walnut Tree

by Hazel Husfloen

Within a few years after buying 22½ acres of stump land in the Northwood area, my husband and I had cleared a corner of it. We had remodeled an old building into a two bedroom home and he had built a new 20 x 70 foot chicken house. Then we decided it was time to do some landscaping around the yard. We had been pleased to learn that most shrubs and trees would grow well in this climate. We planted lilacs, snowballs, caraganas and two hydrangas. But my pride and joy was the young black walnut tree that we planted in just the right spot for shade in our front yard. It was three or four feet tall when we planted it. It grew rapidly and after the season it branched out and became a well shaped tree. The children understood that they should be careful while playing in the yard not to let any harm come to that beautiful little tree.

It was perhaps, the third winter of its life and we awoke one morning and found that a silver thaw was beginning. At first it was very pretty with every twig and blade of grass glistening in the sun. As time went on the ice coat became thicker, causing branches to bend toward the ground. By mid-morning when I looked out the front window, our precious tree not only had its branches bent, but many of them were broken. Then and there after stemming my tears, I declared to the family that I was ready to move to California. The two children protested as they did not wish to leave their school friends. The silver thaws usually end with a chinook wind and this time was no exception. It was necessary to prune the little black walnut tree severely, but I am happy to say that it grew to maturity and was still living when we sold the farm in 1966.

Thanks to the Old Oaken Bucket

by Gertrude Burns

Effie came hurrying into the house just before breakfast. "Archie," she said, "the cream can is gone - the rope is hanging in the well with no can that I can see!"

"That new cream can must be in the bottom of the well, we can forget the cream, but we can't fork out enough money to buy a new cream can," Archie said.

The faithful well on this Colorado farm was supplying an endless amount of cool water for the family and stock. It was also the household refrigerator for butter, milk, and cans of cream - holding at a steady forty-eight degrees. The dairy products were held in place by sturdy ropes tied to the curbing, that allowed them to dangle a few feet inside the well always protected by the sturdy lid.

"Effie, I got an idea, you only weigh 117 pounds, why I could lower you in the water bucket and you can take the garden rake to fish that cream can out. I'll handle you just like you were a bucket of water!"

"I'm willing, I guess, Archie, you know I've always tried to do what you've asked."

Effie took off her shoes, and carefully placed her right foot inside the bucket, then, she straddled the bail, and found room for her left foot. Archie guided the bucket over the rim. Effie started down, her right

hand holding steadfastly to the rope, and in her left hand the garden rake. Down down into the forty-two foot well she went. No curbing inside - just black mud walls. No one knew how much water to expect at the bottom.

Now she had come to the water's edge - no hysteria or panic here. She put the rake hastily into action, no trace of the cream can yet. A little farther, the bucket started to go under water. Then the water started to come into the bucket. Now it was running over, and Effie was still going down. She knew the bucket was only two feet high, so she was really getting down.

"Where is that cream can, anyway," Effie wondered out loud. Down some more. Now the water was up to her waist, and she still can't reach the cream can. She began to feel breathless. "What kind of situation is this anyway?" she said to no one in particular. "This cannot go on forever."

"Archie," she called loudly, "pull me up!"

After a few tense seconds, the answer came back. "I can't. Honest honey, I can't pull you out." Archie felt powerless this time. Effie never meant more to him than she did now. "Hold on, honey," Archie said, I'm tying the rope to the curbing and going for the lariat

rope in the barn. "Are you all right, Effie?"

"Yes, Archie, just get me out of here - I'm depending on you!"

On his return, Archie tied the loop in the lariat and let it down to Effie, after tying it firmly to the curbing of the well. "Put the loop around your body and tighten it good under your arms," Archie yelled.

It didn't take many instructions to get rescue operations working. Effie seemed to know by instinct how to react with the two ropes in the well and her husky husband at the other end! She took the firm hold of the lariat pulling herself up a few inches, thus releasing her weight from the bucket.

Archie gave a strong tug and up she inched. Since it was working, she tried the procedure once again. Archie pulled again and a few more inches were gained. On she came, one pull at a time. Looking up she saw a starry sky, and knew then what was meant when people spoke of seeing stars from the depth of a well.

Now, the daylight, and her beloved husband. "Honey, we've had a close call - I'll never ask you to do something like that again."

"I did the best I could, Archie, at least I got out of there with the rake. I'm going to get my poor cold body in the house before I catch my death."

The first bucket of water drawn after their adventure looked like diluted cream. Archie rigged up a hand pump and began pumping. It wasn't long before he realized he was getting no where. The next move was to get a jack pump and fasten it to the Ford for power. Archie thought Pete Flemming might let him use his pump as well to help him out. Neighbors were indispensable in those days. Pete came with his jack. It wasn't long until things were humming. For three days they pumped creamy water until it ran down all the gullies in sight.

About this time Archie announced to Effie, "I believe I can get that cream can with Pete to help. I think we can fix up a windlass.

A strong rope was coiled around the windlass, with the wooden bucket attached to take Archie down. When all was ready, Timothy Boyer, another neighbor offered his help, too. Archie pulled on his hip boots, adjusted the rope around his waist, picked up the rake, and climbed in the bucket. Tossing a kiss to Effie, he was soon out of sight. Coming to the water's edge, he began to probe with the rake. "Down a little more," he called. His hip boots were filling with water. Frantically he fished for the cream can. With a yelp he called, "I got it - I got the cream can! Get me out of here!"

The windlass began to recoil and there came Archie hanging on to his cream can, all intact, except for a broken bail.

The dependable well continued to cool the cream. It never did go dry even after five years of drought when other wells fed with springs had dried up.

There is a secret.

When the Colorado pioneers got ready to dig a well, they always looked for a red ant hill. Under this spot they would be assured an abundant supply of water within easy digging distance.

Never was Proverbs 6:6 more true.

"Go to the ant thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise."

Panic at the Wheel

by Annabell Monthy

In 1920 an automobile was not in every buggyshed. It had not as yet replaced the surrey with the fringe on the top.

On a mid-summer day in that year, a small boy rushed into the house screaming, "Mama, an automobile is coming on our road!"

A brand new Model T Ford drove into the yard. The driver and Nels held a short conversation. With Nels at the wheel, and the salesman beside him, they started out of the yard as Nels began his first lesson in operating this new fangled mode of transportation. A few hours later, the splendid automobile returned sans the salesman, and the proud new owner at the wheel.

All the family admired the fold down top, the electric head lamps and each took a turn at the crank. There were side curtains for windy or rainy weather. The running boards were a classy feature.

Taking our places on the beautiful leather covered seats, Nels demonstrated his driving abilities and the adjustment of the divided windshield.

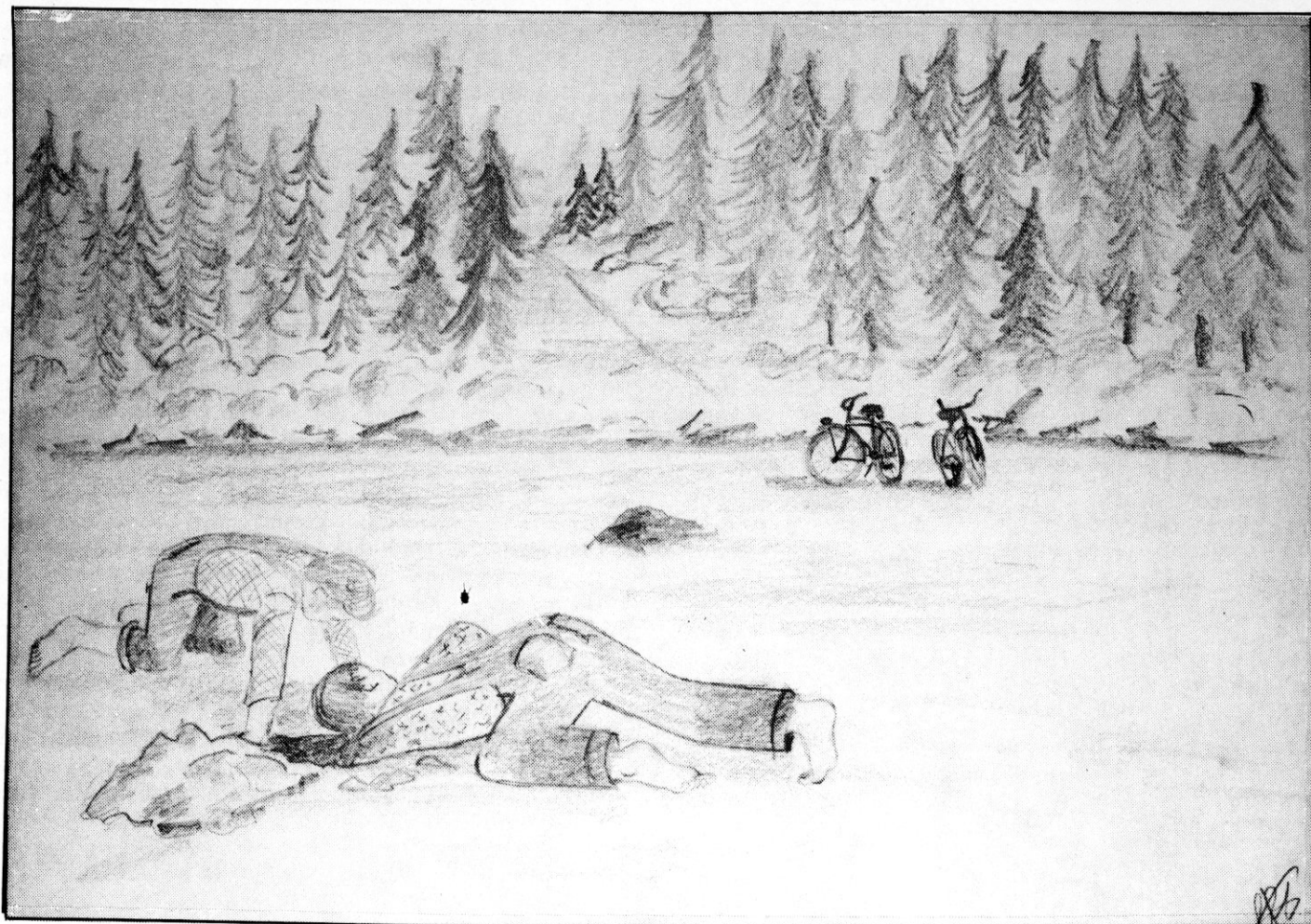
I was so flattered when asked, "Do you want to drive this Ford?" My instant acceptance startled everyone - including myself!

Marie suddenly remembered the bread was ready for the oven. Taking the little girls, she retreated to the safety of her kitchen.

With two little boys in the back seat, I confidently took the driver's seat, and we were on our way! Not content with just a short drive around the big farm, I drove onto the road. Suddenly, I was overwhelmed by the predicament I had created for myself. My only previous driving experience had been when my boyfriend had allowed me to steer his car after he had demonstrated the use of the foot pedals, the gas and spark levers. The narrow rutted road would not allow a turn around, and I did not know how to reverse the vehicle. And the Ford rolled on with a frightened girl gripping the wheel. There was a solution. Just drive around the block. The Iowa roads are laid out in square mile blocks. This resulted in a four mile drive at a very slow pace. Thank the Lord, in 1920, it was possible to drive five miles and not meet another vehicle, be it horsedrawn or an automobile. When the last corner had been safely negotiated and the Larsen place came into view, Nels was waiting and not too patiently for the homecoming of his new Model T Ford.

He asked, "Did you have some trouble?"

Before I could reply, the little boys scrambled from the back seat, loudly proclaiming, "She cried a lot!"



Birch Bay Bikers

by Peter Elenbaas

When we first came to Whatcom County — it was a small world. We knew about the town of Whatcom because once a year father had to go there to pay taxes. And that was a long hard journey. Early in the morning father would start and be home about six or seven at night — but that's the way life was in the early days of the century. In about 1910, we began to hear word of a place called Birch Bay. Like a breeze growing into a wind more and more was said in our area about all that water and beach. Soon it was a common sight to see some groups with a wagon and team and hay in their hayrack take a group of young people to Birch Bay. Of course that happened only once a year!

Such a trip was annually taken by the young people of the Holland Churches. There would be one hayrack from north of Lynden and one hayrack from south of Lynden. A layer of hay about two feet deep would be covered with blankets and was always loaded with young people. I never was on any of the wagons because I don't believe I liked girls. Well, maybe, I only liked to look at them from a distance! Believe it or not I changed my mind about girls later. However, those wagons were loaded with girls and boys, laughter and the clatter of horses hooves. When they arrived at the bay, all had lunch. If

the tide came in some of them went bathing. And that was worth all the distance to see — or so I was told! I don't know if any of you really know what a lady's bathing suit looked like back then. It was a big bag with only the head, hands and feet showing. People took this fashion seriously — no matter, how funny it appeared to small boys!

As I said, I never got to Birch Bay by the church hayrack — but I did get there with my brother Joe. One summer day we were well caught up on our work and asked Father if we could get off the next day to try to find Birch Bay on our bicycles. He gave us permission and told us to try to be home before milking time.

As soon as we could the next morning we started out. We rode first to Lynden and then to the Guide Meridian. From then on we were on roads we knew nothing about. The only thing we knew was to go west. We didn't know any of the names of the roads to Birch Bay. The one we took went west all right, but, oh, what a road! Much of it was a little better than a muddy trail through the forest so muddy that we had to walk in many places. After a long time we finally came to a road that was built along a hill headed our favorite direction — west. From the hill we could look towards the north and look over the trees in the

valley, but our vision remained westward!

Soon we came to a place where we could see two buildings or more. One of them was the Custer store — when we saw that we knew we were on the right track. After leaving there we came to an adjoining road that headed for Birch Bay. I remember where those roads came together very well, for it was at the high point of a very steep hill. I tried to talk him out of it, but Joe insisted on going down that hill on his bike. And down he went very fast when his front wheel hit a rock and over he went. Joe and the bicycle rolled to the bottom of the hill. I ran down and helped separate Joe from his bicycle. Fortunately, the bike was not hurt and Joe only had a pant leg that needed attention. With the aid of some string we fixed up the pant leg and soon were ready to go again.

We were assured that we were headed in the right direction when we were heading down a sharp grade and saw a long expanse of sand connected to water. We were off our bikes in a flash and walked out on that immense expanse of beach — an experience almost beyond our imagination! We remembered the stories of clams by the dozens and the ease to make them palatable. Clam hunting was our next challenge. We walked about on the sand not far from the water and wondered how to find any clams in such a huge area. We noticed that every once in a while when we came close to one of the little holes in the sand a little stream of water would shoot from the hole. That was good enough for us — down we dug! Sure enough

there was a clam. A short time later we had enough for our midday meal. With our clams we returned to where we left the bikes. The only question left was how to prepare the clams? But, that turned out to be easy . . .

Under a tree there were two boulders and an old circular saw that reached both stones. Nearby, were the remains of a fire upon which the old saw had been heated. This was the place we chose to make our clams edible. After gathering some wood, we started the fire blazing and the old saw was getting quite hot. We washed the clams and arranged them on the saw. In a short time we had sizzling hot clams. We took the clams off the saw and opened one of them up, and with the sand brushed off, you know, it looked quite nice. So as soon as it was cool enough to eat, I took one of the clams and did what I thought was the thing to do — bit into it. Instead of clam, I had a mouthful of sand. It was just awful — sand, sand — everywhere in that clam. I don't know how Joe fared, but I haven't had a clam since and don't expect I ever will. We threw everything out and went to the little store at the Bay and bought a couple of candy bars — far more eatable than clams!

Soon we headed home finding the roads much drier than in the morning. We made good time and were in time for our milking chores. All the hayracks in the world and the stories of sand and water were fine to hear, but none of them made me fall in love with Birch Bay — not after those clams!



Bill Ehlers on bull - pulling sisters Mary and Pat.

The Doll in Grandpa's House

by Annabell Monthly

Grandpa Atzen's home seemed a mansion, located on a large corner lot in Maquoketa, Minnesota, bordered with cement sidewalks. He loved to walk along the gently sloping pathways, always keeping the house in sight, fearful of becoming lost in the city.

The porches were intriguing with banisters and steps. There were the back porch, the kitchen porch, the side porch, and the big front porch. One could easily become lost when entering the house from an unfamiliar porch.

The front hall held a long flight of stairs leading to the second floor. The lovely banister with its polished rail afforded a swift slide downward - sometimes ending with a thud against the newell post if we went

too fast. A forbidden pleasure we performed very quietly with no cheers, or tears when hurt.

The backstairway, going up from the kitchen led to a playroom with dolls and toys.

Mama cautioned, "Now be nice to all, don't break anything, don't make any noise and don't fight."

Minnie's newest doll must have been three feet tall, had sleeping eyes, long curls, a pretty dress and shoes. It seemed a good idea to take the doll home with me. Mama caught me sneaking down the stairs with the doll, and objected to that plan, much to my chagrin.

I was five years of age.

★



He went that a'way!

The Blindman

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

Grundy's old dog, Tag, wasn't a bad dog - in fact, we all loved him. He was just one of those dogs that had to make his rounds of the neighbor's garbage every day. Tag had plenty to eat at home, but our rubbish made for variety. Of course, we did not enjoy having our garbage can turned over day after day!

Paw's endurance gave out one morning, so he loaded the shot gun with buckshot - thinking a volley over Tag's head would scare him off. At the edge of our yard was a two-foot high wall with a twenty foot drop beyond. Old Tag, on hearing someone coming, would bolt over this rampart. This morning Paw was waiting for him and when the dog ran, Paw let go with a volley. Both Paw and Tag miscalculated. He shot just as Tag made a flying leap and he went down a dead dog.

Down at the store, a hanger on was old man Applegate. Mr. Applegate had been blind since at the age of twelve he had let a firecracker go off in his face

at a Fourth of July celebration. He was a most astute man. His sense of hearing was extra ordinary. Standing around listening to other men he could tell you how tall a man was and about how heavy and many other things.

On this particular day, he was there when Paw came down to town. It was the day after old Tag was shot. Mr. Grundy also came to the store and he was very angry with Paw. He was waiting outside the store on the porch where old man Applegate was loitering, and when Paw came out Grundy pulled a knife on him. Paw was a quick man, and he met the attempt with a stiff uppercut that sent Mr. Grundy sprawling. He got up, threatening to have Paw arrested for assault and battery. To everyone's surprise Mr. Applegate spoke up, saying, "Joe (that's Paw) if he takes you to court, I'll testify in your behalf. I seen it all." And no one doubted his word.

★



The lilac tree, right, standing sentry at the Burns homestead. At left is the original cabin built by Robert Burns.

As told by the Old Gnarled Lilac Bush

by Gertrude Burns

It is lilac time again in May of 1960. My blossoms are making the whole yard fragrant. I am so happy to be blooming in the same spot where I was planted seventy years ago. Yes, I have grown until I stand eight feet tall and have quite a spread, but I have had a comforting and natural life.

On January 28th, 1956, I did have a sad experience. The dear lady, Serena Burns, who planted me when she was a new bride, passed away at the ripe age of one-hundred years. A reporter from the *Bellingham Herald* came to the farm and took my picture, along with others, and described me as the "Old Gnarled Lilac Bush". I suppose I did look rather scrubby and knotty in the winter, but look at me all purple with bloom, giving fragrance to the whole yard. I have a story to tell!

Robert Burns, who came from Scotland to the Pacific Northwest, settled on a homestead, was married to Serena McElmon, a young lady of Scottish Irish descent. She came from Nova Scotia to live with her brother and family at the Nooksack Crossing. He being, the Reverend B.T. McElmon, missionary pastor to the families on the nearby homesteads.

Serena was very fond of flowers. They were scarce in those days.

Robert said to his new bride, "I know where we

can get a lilac bush, let's walk over to see Mr. Phillips."

I was just a slip growing by my small mother. I didn't even find out where she came from. I was dug up and planted in front of the Burns' new log house.

One day I saw Serena busy digging. Soon she had carved out a flower bed; then, I saw her sowing seeds. Before summer, I had company. Pansy blossoms nodded their heads toward me. Serena found some rose bushes, got them planted, so I was really rejoicing. There was a pink moss rose, a red velvet rose, and a yellow stickery rose.

Robert worked hard cutting trees and digging ditches. More than once I saw him get his boots full of water, while he was working in the ditches. But, he would pull it off - empty it out - and go on with his job. No matter he had rheumatism when he got old.

I saw Robert cut down a big fir tree that measured eight to ten feet across, and burn it little by little. Now I've grown to think that a house could have been built with that lumber. I have seen the cedars burn down leaving hollow stumps. These provided protection from the sun and storms for the fifty head of sheep that roamed the pasture.

One day Robert was cutting some cedar fence rails. An Indian brave and his squaw came walking along. I heard the brave laugh, saying, "kloochman,

kloochman."

"What do you mean by kloochman," asked Robert?

"I mean you cut like a squaw!"

Later Robert cut shingle bolts and hauled them to the mill with his team, Cap and Doc. Cap was a wise old horse and stubborn, too. With my own lilac eyes, I saw him refuse to pull the load. He wouldn't budge an inch. No amount of persuasion or authority could make him tighten the tugs. As a last resort Robert took a few pieces of cedar and built a small fire under Cap. The tugs immediately tightened up making Cap and Doc a pulling team once more. The heavy load of shingle bolts was on the way to the mill.

On Sunday mornings, I would observe Serena, climbing on her pony and settling herself on the side saddle. Robert would mount his horse. Off they'd go to attend Sunday morning services at the Nooksack Crossing Church, later known as the Everson Presbyterian Church. This was a three mile ride - part of it over corduroy road.

Slowly, I saw progress being made on the homestead. I saw new horse drawn carriages passing on the improved roads.

Visitors noticed me. I am always delighted to give my blooms to those who would appreciate them.

I have seen three generations of Burns' work the old homestead acres. The oldest daughter, Gertrude and her husband, Alex Burns, spent forty years on "Bonnie Brae Farm" as Robert named the place. I enjoyed the three sons of Alex and Gertrude play under my branches. Now their youngest son, David and family, are in charge of the dairy farm. I still remember those three small boys playing 'round and 'round me.

Around me they have made a wired in play yard and above is a little girl's playhouse, fixed up as two small girls might imagine. It gives me amusement in the summer time when they are playing around my substantial base.

I don't feel old though, but maybe I am. I heard David and his wife say how much they admired me. I would always stand as a sentinel in their backyard - even if they had to adjust building plans to suit me!

(Author's note: Sad to report, but this mighty historical reporter died of blight shortly after this story was written in 1960.)



Serena Burns in front of Homestead—husband, Robert built so long ago.

The First Winter

by Hazel Husfloen

We arrived in Whatcom County in July of 1922, coming from North Dakota by car with a tent and camping equipment. Our family consisted of my husband and me with our two and a half year old son, Kenneth. We had come west seeking better opportunities for the poultry business that we planned to start. Especially we were looking for a place of cooler summer and milder winters as we knew then, we could get along with less expensive buildings. Two of our former North Dakota neighbors, the Peter Millers and William Prices moved to this area to retire. This is what brought us to look for a small acreage in Whatcom County.

After buying the old Roo millsite at the Northwood corner in September, we worked long hours to convert the old bunkhouse into a two bedroom home. We cleaned the yard of tin cans and bark pieces. Besides this, we filled a shed with wood chunks for our winter fuel.

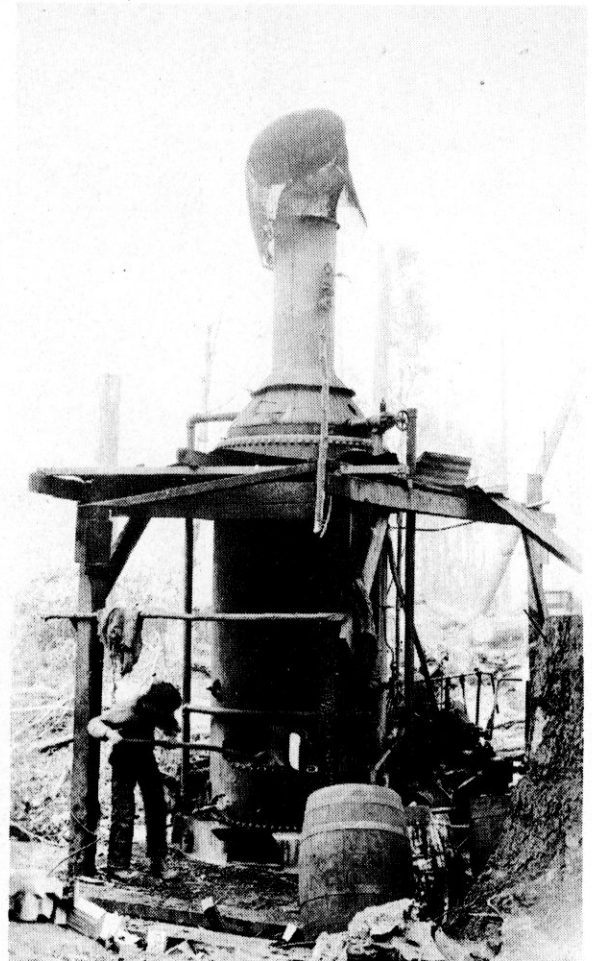
One October day, Clint Brown the road supervisor, stopped in to ask my husband if he would like to work on the road for a few days. He remarked that we could use the money. We knew this, but we were anxious to get the house banked up and a small barn ready before winter weather came. Mr. Brown said, "you can tell that you are from the midwest. Out here we don't need to bank houses." Later our neighbor, Clarence Cavender, came to inspect our improvements, and he, too, laughed at our hasty preparations for winter. We didn't know it then, but we would have the last laugh that year! However everyone told us then, that winters were usually mild and if a storm came, it only lasted two or three days. Finally, they had us convinced.

November was mild and we were quite snug in our little home with the wood heater, a wood burning range, and furniture bought at sales. We had no electricity that first year as it would cost three hundred dollars to hook up to the main line besides the cost of wiring our home. If we waited another year, it would cost less than a hundred dollars. We had no electricity in North Dakota, but used an Aladdin lamp which we brought along. That was a lamp with a large mantle instead of a wick, and it had a white shade. It was a very satisfactory light for reading, sewing, etc. Its fuel was kerosene.

Our water supply was from a pump not far from the back door. We had been able to get a supply of good water by driving a sandpoint about twenty seven feet down. Of course, we kept a pail full on the wash stand in the kitchen.

After such a pleasant fall, we awakened to grey skies and a stiff cold northeaster wind on the morning of December 5. As the day progressed the wind increased, and with the stronger gusts our north living room wall moved as if to blow in. We had weakened it when we put in a large window. Late in the afternoon

when there was no sign of let-up, my husband pulled back the rug, and nailed a cleat to the floor so he could brace a two by four against the wall. We did not have a chimney, just a stovepipe through the ceiling and the heat went up it in spite of keeping the damper closed. We decided to move our bed out into the living room and close the bedroom door. We knew we would have to stoke the fire during the night. We also kept a wood fire in the kitchen range until about eleven that night. We had Kenneth sleep with us, and we put all the blankets we owned on for covers. We slept fitfully because the wind howled, the house shuddered, and, of course, the danger of fire was on our minds.



Donkey engine at work.

In the morning there was ice on the water in the tea kettle and water pail. We could hardly believe such a thing could be when we had kept the kitchen warm so late. That day was no better, so we began to chink up the cracks around the windows and doors with pieces of cloth wedged in with a case knife. Some snow had fallen, but it blew into dirty drifts at once. We had felt cold coming from underneath our bed the night before, so we put some layers of newspaper between the mattress and bottom blanket, and were more comfortable the second night.

The days were long as there were no radios. Traffic was nill, and we did not have a phone to communicate with anyone. We had one cow at the time so my husband made his way to the barn twice a day. While he was dressed for the weather, he carried in huge armloads of wood. Our diet was mostly bread,

potatoes, apples and dairy products.

The third morning there was a knock at our back door. It was neighbor Cavender over to find out how we were getting along. We tried to laugh about how we coped with our various problems. He assured us that the worst was over and that it could be raining by nightfall. That statement sounded almost as ridiculous to us as his prognosis for a mild winter. However, this time he was right. In late afternoon a chinook wind began blowing from the south melting the snow and returning normal temperatures. We were glad to get back to normal after experiencing our first North-easter.

There was another cold spell in February, but it was not as severe. Spring came early and we were happy to be in Whatcom County instead of north Dakota.



Early day Odd Fellows. Smile Everybody!

Save the Cargo!

by Gertrude Burns

Dance over, time to go home, Lonnie Elmore had spent a happy night. He took his demijohn of precious whisky out to the buggy, hitched up Fanny, lit the side lights and with his passengers was homeward bound.

Going across the Ten Mile Creek, the shaky bridge gave way tumbling all into the water. The

buggy light shown on Lonnie's demijohn of whiskey, making a spectacular sight.

Elmore's rescuers got busy helping the passengers out.

"Nevermind the passengers," he called, **SAVE THE CARGO!"**

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The Honey Bee House

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

One morning while doing my housewifely chores, I heard a "swooshing" noise outside the nook window. I immediately thought of a similar noise, made by the neighbor's bossy cow when she came ambling through the yard sniffing at the grass and my flowers. I looked out, but saw nothing.

As I worked around I noticed honey bees gathering on the window above my sink. My husband got a fruit jar and caught eighteen of them, carried them outside, and let them go. Soon the window speckled again - then, we found they were coming through a tiny crack in the wall up near the ceiling and we could hear the swarm in the wall above the pantry.

You see, the "swoosh" I heard earlier was a swarm landing on the eave of the house where they had found a hole for entry.

We have always welcomed honey bees - whence comes our fruit. We decided we would have to kill them. Dad hooked up the sprayer, filled the jar with malathion and sprayed away. This quieted the ones on the inside, but they kept coming in the pantry. Then, I used 'Raid' where they entered and on the window. They died by the dozens day after day, week after week or better.

We were glad to be rid of them - but, very sorry to have done this dastardly slaughter.

Anticipation and Cold Feet

by Annabell Monthy

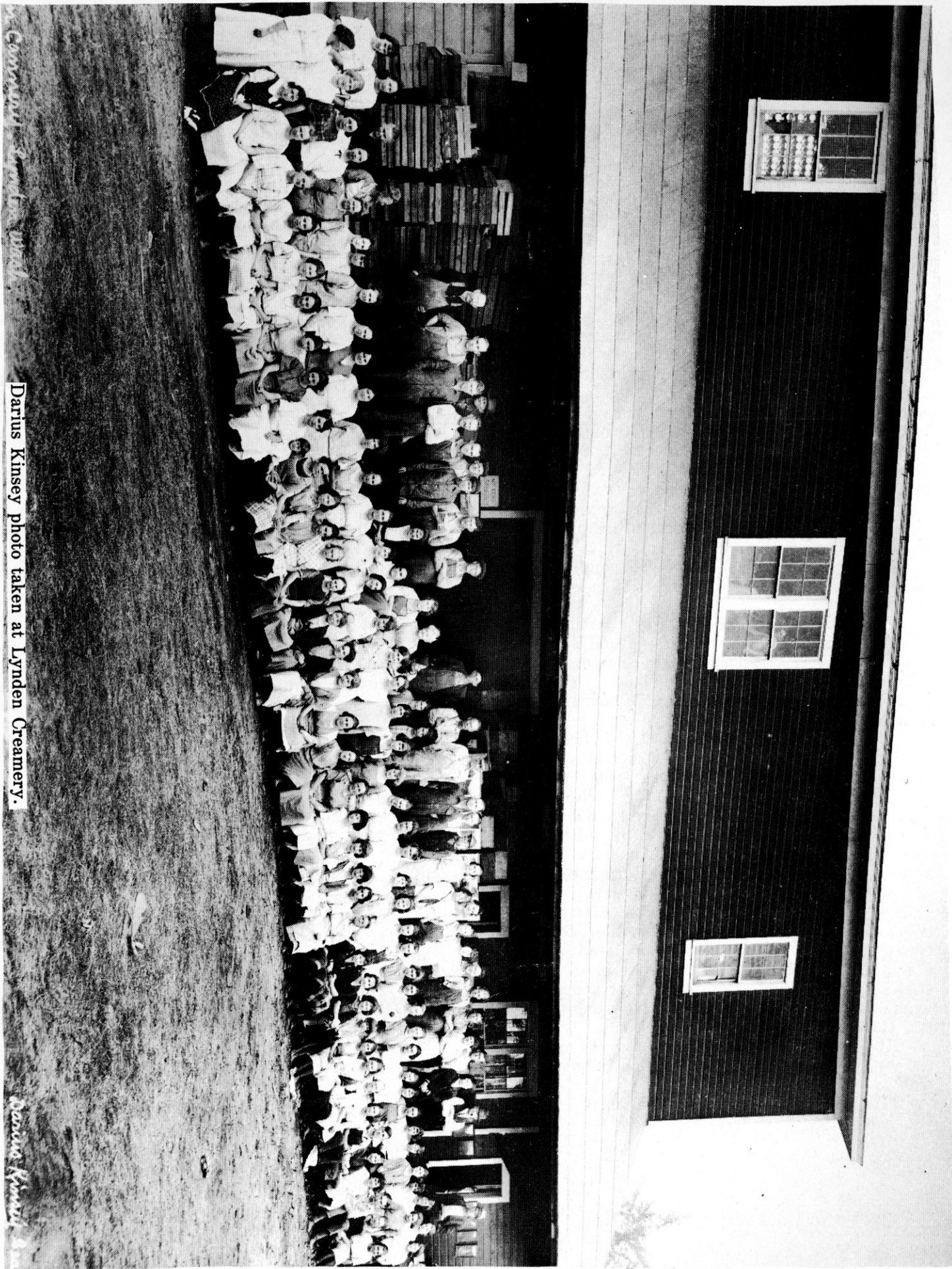
Oh! How I longed to join young folks at skating parties! The stories they told of the fun and exciting experiences! Finally my parents consented. The Bowden's were driving their team and sled, going past our home on the way to the pond. I could go with them. My best friend Dorothy was going also because her older brother would watch us younger girls.

About a dozen young folks in the sled, a cold moonlit night - it was exciting until several of the bigger boys rode the runners and tipped the sled in the road ditch. After brushing off the snow, we climbed into the righted sled. Arriving at the pond, a

bonfire was built. Our faces were toasted, our feet continued chilled.

Wearing our four buckle high overshoes, we tried sliding on the ice. It didn't work out too well. We were loaned some skates while their owners rested beside the fire. I could not stand up on the skates. Gliding across the smooth ice was not as easy as it looked. With wet cold feet and tired muscles and such anticipation the skating party was a bad disappointment. The discomforts of sub-zero weather outdid the 'joy' of skating.

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Darius Kinsey photo taken at Lynden Creamery.

Acres and Acres of Blackberries

by George Hinton

We have talked so much about all the hardships of pioneering, disappointments which do add up to unforgettable memories. The old saying goes that "behind the dark clouds there is a silver lining."

This was true in the Clearbrook area (the old name was Hog's Prairie). The Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad came in 1891, as you all remember. A spur was made from Clearbrook and wound its way north and west crossing the Van Buren Road near the Swedish Church, extending west from there going toward Northwood. Before the line was built, the Jamison Logging Company, felled the trees along the right-of-way. After the logging was completed, the large area cut up by skid roads, was burned over leaving tall snags and lots of underbrush. The following years brought a new kind of crop to the area - wild blackberries. The famous wild blackberry that bears and other animals love to eat and practically live on at the peak of the season. All the settlers came with wooden buckets, tin pans, boxes and lard pails to gather the luscious fruit. They came on horseback, they walked or came in buggies, some in old wagons - but no Fords traversed those skid roads - not in those days!

On this day in summer, Gusty Hinton with her family of four and her latest child, year old Edna, came to pick blackberries. Along with her she brought two of her mill friends - all riding along in the buggy hitched to the old mare. Gusty had left early in order to avoid the hot mid-day sun.

She had driven in on her favorite skid road going a little further this time in order to find a different spot for berry picking. From this spot the pickers would spread out over the area collecting the succulent berry. These berries were the long variety that loved the shady places under the tall ferns and one would keep on going until his pail was full. One lady had to stay behind protecting Edna and the food.

There were no lazy bones in the group. The two gallons of water brought ran out as thirsty throats demanded drink as the sun shone brighter. Gusty told George and Bob to take a gallon pail and go to the shack of Swede Johnson for more water. She took a stick and in the dust of the road drew a description where the Swede lived by going left on one skid road and turning right on two others.

They struck out with thirsty throats and made the proper turns, finding Mr. Johnson sitting under a tree to cool off.

"Hello boys," he said wiping his brow. "Vare are you going unt whose boys are you?"

"We want a drink - we're dry," said Bob holding out the empty pail.

"Vell who are you, vere's you Ma," asked Johnson as he made to rise.

"We're from the Mill. My Dad is Harry Hinton."

"Vell, vell, vell, I know dat goot man. He's a carpenter, he feex me a vindow in my shack. Come on over, you shall have a sip ov de finest vater in de

country."

Mr. Johnson took the old wooden pail, and lowered it in the well, and drew the coldest water ever tasted. He filled the boys' pail.

"Ven you get dry again, come on back, you vas Mr. Hinton's boys and you are vilcome, Goodby."

They started back on the skid roads turning three times and arrived to see the pickers sitting in the shade fanning themselves. The pail of water was all gone in a few minutes, as some had to wet their foreheads and have another drink.

"It's eleven o'clock - let's fill our pails again, then all the things are full," said Gusty. They all struck out in different directions to fill their pails.

George's was about filled, when he heard Gusty call, "Come on in - it's time for dinner!" They all arrived quickly. She had the eats spread on the ground and after the blessing was said, Gusty handed out the portions.

"Just as soon as you're through, please go and get another pail of water, boys," she said pointing at George and Bob. "After dinner we'll pick a little more and then go home."

Soon the boys struck out and found Mr. Johnson sitting in the same spot.

"Vell, vell I know youse would be back. It's a hot day and ve all haf to drink." He filled the pail of water without any asking; the boys thanking him several times. "Ya, ya I haf lots of vater, I vill see you sometime again. Goodbye."

They struck out on the skid roads, George carrying the pail ahead of Bob, as he was anxious to get where it was cool. When he arrived at the group, Bob was not behind him.

"Where is Bob," Gusty asked immediately.

"Behind me," George answered.

"I don't see him," Gusty said. She cupped her hands and gave a trumpet call. She called several times. No answer.

"George, you hurry back and find him." Gusty was excited. "Run quickly," she said, and George got a move on.

He ran back to Mr. Johnson's.

"Vell, vell, dry again, vere is your brodder?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Isn't he here - haven't you seen him?"

"No, I did not. Vell, you bedder go back and tell your folks."

Then George got all excited. He could not run back again. He had to walk and kept calling for his brother all the way back. When he got back to the group, he found that they had been going up and down the skid roads to no avail. Gusty had gathered the things and had hitched up the horse and had the folks get into the buggy.

"Let's hurry home and get help," Gusty said. She could not hurry much without turning the precious berries into juice.

George was sitting in the rear of the rig and

feeling sick and getting worse and worse. 'What if a bear had gotten Bob,' one lady had said. Chills ran up George's back and his mind went wild. Gusty kept putting questions to George, and he had no answers. Bob had always been aggressive towards his brother and George had always tried to get even with Bob - at his cunning ways - but Bob was smaller than his brother, so George was forever holding in those feelings. In his mind, George forgave his brother - if only he could find him. It was a long unforgettable trip - the two miles downhill to the mill.

The worried party drove into the mill yard. All the men were busy working and no one noticed them. They stopped in front of the cook house and asked if the cook had seen Bob.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Anderson. "He came for a slice of bread and butter with sugar all over it - he's over at Sparks' now."

George jumped off the wagon and flew over to the Sparks' house. There was Bob right in front of him.

"Bob!" George screamed his brother's name, and grabbed him tightly. He was all choked up and could not say a word.

"Well, what's the matter with you - I'm all right." Bob pushed George away from him and looked him in the eyes.

George suddenly found his voice. "You were lost, Bob and I'm so glad to see you."

"Lost - nothing! I came home right through the woods." He straightened up his shoulders. "Well, I was scared for a moment, but I went to Harry Grave's place, and he showed me the way home."

They went side by side to the buggy and all were relieved to greet the boy.

Gusty wiped the tears of joy off her sweaty face. "Please don't do that again - you had us all scared! Now let us unload these delicious berries and then we can all enjoy a dish of berries with cream and bread."

They gladly did so - and weren't they delicious!

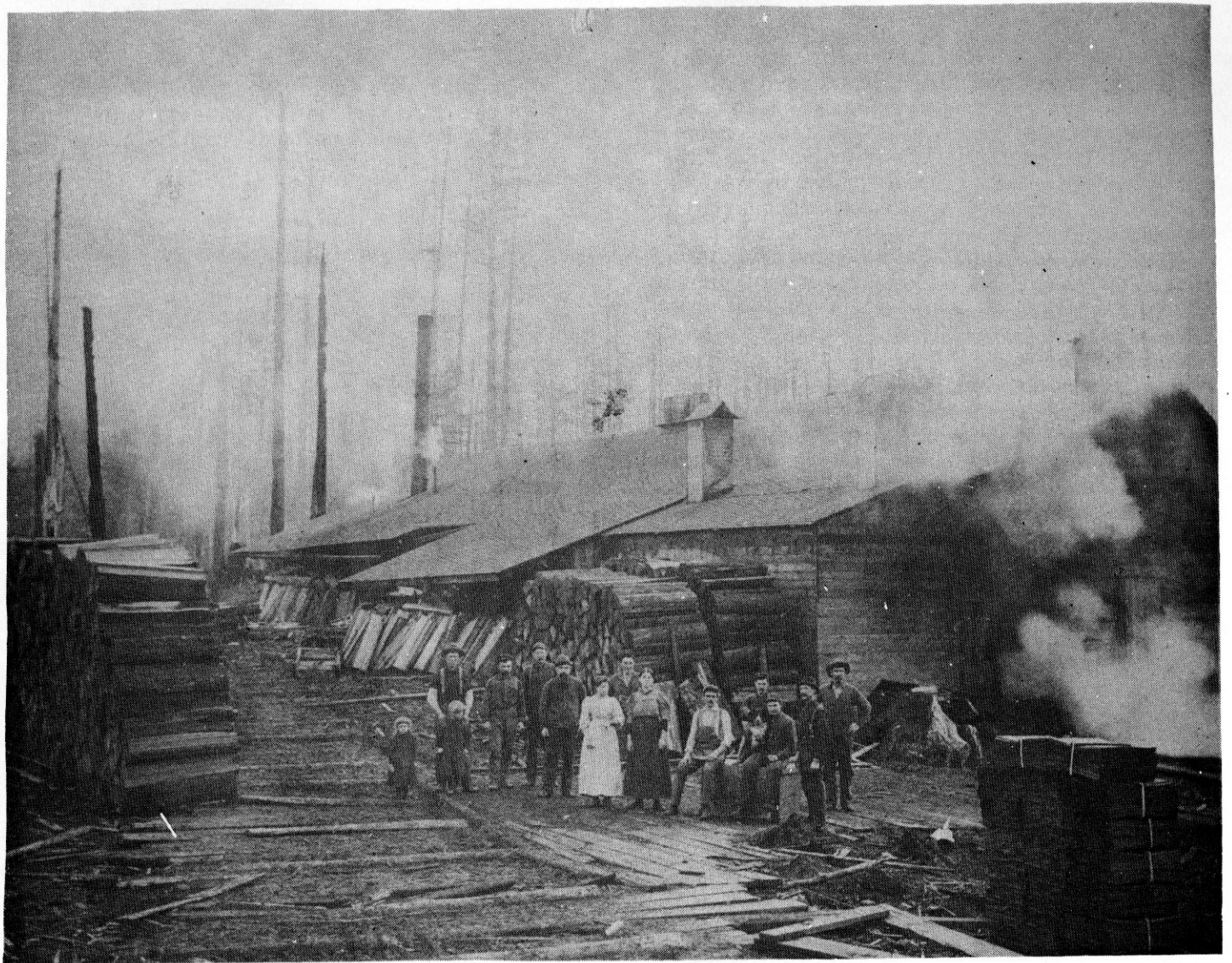
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Harry Hinton and brother-in-law Warren Smith at the new Hinton homesite. 1920's photo.



The Darius Kinsey picture of an old time logging camp.



This picture was taken Nov. 18, 1895. An unidentified shingle mill.

One of the World's Largest

by George Hinton

The Gillis Farm was always a pivot for action in the Van Buren community. The farm was centrally located and had some of the earliest beginnings around. The well known Johnson Creek flowed in front of their place. It caused them to build a substantial bridge (made originally of puncheon) over the creek. This creek and bridge added to the picturesque setting of the farm.

Over to the northwest of the farm was a few acres that had been cleared of its wooded natural growth, but in the extreme northwest part of the area stood the most beautiful growth of forest found anywhere on the farm. This, at the intersection of the Van Buren

and East Badger roads. At this corner in the early 1900's, the Gillis' had built a small cottage for transient workers. Besides this usage of the property, the Gillis' hosted several community brush-arbor celebrations in this most primitive setting of natural beauty. As the community grew the cottage was moved to make way for the larger celebration. The Gillis' began to clear this noted area until there were only a few trees left standing. The family cut their year's supply of stove wood each year out of the wooded corner until there were only four trees - then three - and finally only two left. I remember when these two giants were the topic of conversation for

many years. From my home a quarter mile away we watched the twins year after year in our maturing days. The blue heron loved to perch on its high branches as he flew on its way to new feeding places. The flocks of crows landed, squawked and shrieked at the disrupting farmers who were destroying their choice feeding grounds.

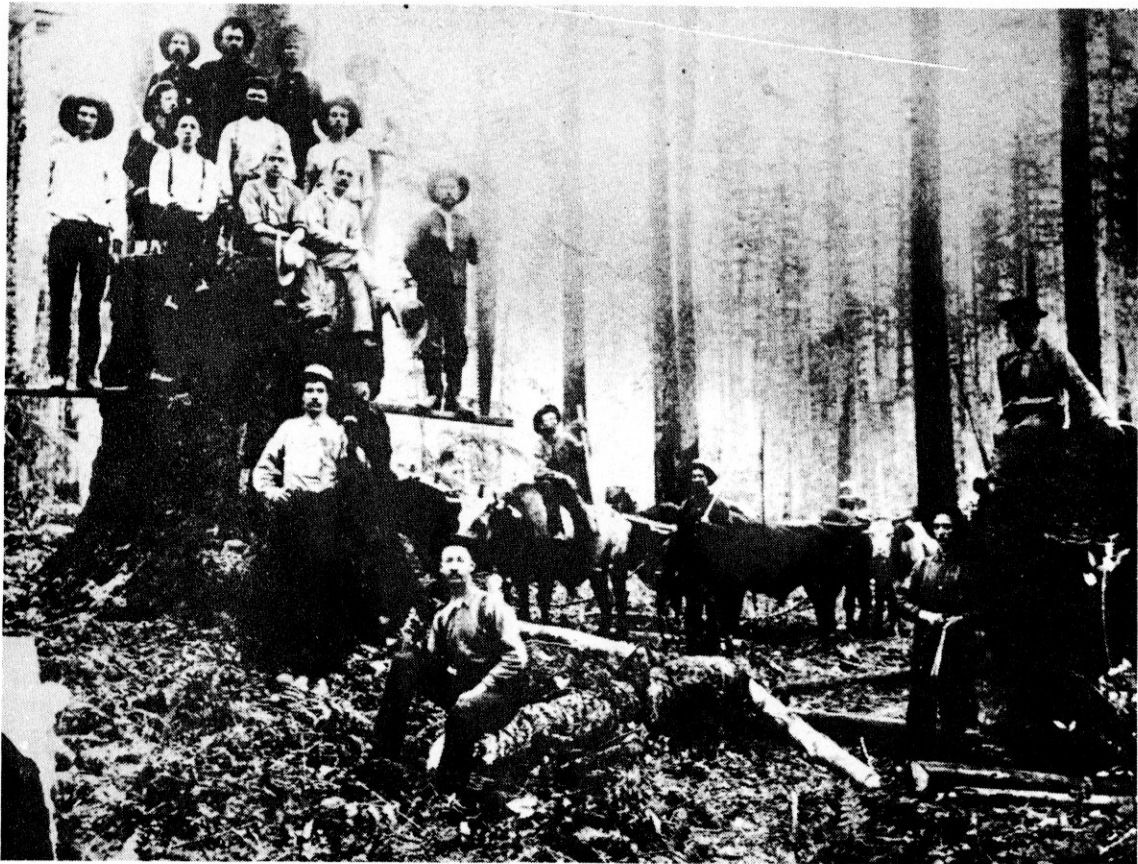
The four seasons of the year were told on these towering giants. In the winter icy storms bowed their boughs so low one could not recognize their former shape. The snow beautified the slumbering two-some. Springtime brought the new growth out and dressed them in the most lovely light green as they waved their branches to correspond with all growth of nature. In summer they seemed to grow and grow, always expanding. In autumn the twins stood out in their solid color against the fall beauty around them.

In the year 1949 the *Bellingham Herald* advertised for a large Christmas tree. The Jaycees had looked at many varieties and sizes. John Gillis was working at the courthouse at the time and suggested that Whatcom County have the largest tree in the United States. He and Beaton talked it over and agreed to give the largest of the twins for the occasion. There were many write-ups in the *Bellingham Herald* about the enormous tree and the undertaking to move

it to town, let alone the felling of the giant without damage to its wintery beauty. How could any vehicle get on the loose soil surrounding the trees? How about the bridge over the Nooksack River, and getting the giant around the corners of the roads and streets?

After many meetings and later elected committee meetings the problems were getting smaller. The equipment needed was being donated. The citizens of the county along with the city of Bellingham were all for the great honor of having such an event. Huge problems became smaller as time came for action. The weather cooperated and a northeast wind blew in freezing temperatures making the ground solid for heavy equipment.

Huge logging trucks, a giant crane, bulldozer, a high rigger and plenty of minor equipment gathered at the Gillis farm. The high-rigger took all the limbs from the companion tree and topped it hanging a large block strung with cable at the top. A choker was placed on the chosen tree. A bulldozer went down by Beaton's house on a small hill, then a large truck was placed under the other side of the tree about an eighth mile in another field. Several men were stationed along as signal men. The tree fallers made the undercut and started the main cut on the same side the tree was to fall. The signal was given to tighten up the cables. In



Shank and Robinson logging mill.

the excitement of the moment, the bulldozer man started the wrong way, the signal men waved their arms violently and everyone gave a loud yell. The signal men lowered their alarm signal and after a spell to quiet their nerves the bulldozer men moved in the proper direction; the truck began to pull and the one-hundred and fifty three foot tree began to quiver. The fallers finished the cut and signaled to proceed. The signal men kept motioning to move slowly - slowly - slowly until the giant was close to the ground. The tree topper had put the choker in the right spot and the tree balanced nicely. The derrick moved up to lift the top of the tree so the boughs under the fir would not drag. To insure this they were bound to the trunk. The boughs on the upper side were allowed to extend upward. Another truck drove under the butt of the tree as the derrick raised it up on the truck. It was a cold day and the men were refreshed by anxious neighbors with hot drinks and sandwiches.

It was late afternoon before the procession moved on the highway. Lineman went ahead to lift wires or cut them as it was necessary. The Ferndale route was taken as the bridge had more room for the enormous tree. The State Highway Patrol had to stop traffic on the East Badger Road at the crossroads to let the parade go along. Most of the spectators had not given up so when the procession did go by, there was much

hand waving and conversation. The truck drivers had hooked up a two-way communication system amongst themselves so things went along smoothly.

There were, however many delays at best, and not until the third day did the procession reach Bellingham. Santa Claus was there to be seated on top of the world's largest Christmas tree as thousands of spectators gathered along the streets to cheer the hard working crew. It took many logging trucks and many guidelines to steady the monster tree, as it looked much larger than it did in its country home. Two cranes lifted it easily as the guide lines directed its raising, and on December 13, 1949, Bellingham proved its boast by working together.

After Bellingham made its early prediction that it would have the largest Christmas tree many cities decided to try and out do Bellingham with hard efforts to do so, telegramming us that they had a tree they thought bigger than ours. After official measurements had been taken all had to send congratulations, coming from Canada, Los Angeles, New York, and Portland. So, the little community once called the village of Van Buren, on the settler's property of Mr. Alexander Gillis (now owned by son, Beaton Gillis) in the County of Whatcom - the most northwesterly county in the United States - in the State of Washington, stood, the world's largest Christmas tree!

The Unpleasant Squeal

by Gertrude Burns

How the young daughter despised hog butchering day! But that's the way it was in the early 1900's. Father got up early that morning making himself as busy as a 'cat on a tin roof.' First he got out the big vat, filled it with water, and set a fire underneath. In those days the pig's carcass had to be scalded, making it possible to scrape off stiff bristles.

The girls understood this but the killing they couldn't take. Up the road they ran when they heard that terrible squealing, as the pig met his Waterloo with a stick from a sharp butcher's knife, leaving it to bleed to death.

Coming back to the house the girls found duties to

perform. Mother was getting dinner for the helpful neighbors.

"Set the table, Stella, you Gertrude, put the chairs around," Mother said.

As Gertrude did as she was told, she kept thinking, "I wouldn't sit on a chair those men sat on." When dinner was over her thoughts went into action by getting red string and tying a piece on each chair the men sat on. The next day Mother ordered the decorations removed.

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The Circuit Rider

by George Hinton

Before the churches were built in northern Whatcom County, the area was a missionary field served by the Catholic Church from British Columbia. Their involvement probably peaked in the 1870's. Later came the protestant missionaries, who came from villages, bringing the Word of God to isolated settlements. These men were called circuit riders.

One such circuit rider was Reverend Franklin. Coming from Ferndale, where he had a small church, he covered trails to Nooksack and Sumas. Like his Catholic predecessors, he brought outside news to the settlers, telling them how other homesteads and villages were progressing. Reverend Franklin would arrive at a settlement on a prearranged date. At Clearbrook, settlers met at the log school house (built in 1887) to hear Reverend Franklin preach. Circuit Franklin was a lovable friendly, aggressive spiritual leader. The lonely settlers gathered in need of inspiration, and this the Reverend provided in the late years of the last century.

Settlers opened their homes to the circuit rider - in Clearbrook, Reverend Franklin stayed at the Kelly house.

Circuit riders brought not only the Bible, but the news, because of that, helped to open up the territory. People were brought together, exchanged stores and struggles, and learned to grow together.

The church Reverend Franklin inspired at Clearbrook was favored through the years with different speakers. The paved roads and cars attracted members to attend other congregations, and the local church lost some of its population. The old circuit rider, Reverend Franklin was still living in Ferndale. He was called to serve the small church in Clearbrook, to which he and his wife commuted from their home in Ferndale. The few old members remembered him from his early ministry, and the younger generation learned to love the old white haired gentleman with the slight palsy in his hand. Mrs. Franklin was everybody's favorite.

Their lives ended suddenly. They had stayed the night with friends in Clearbrook after Sunday services. A cold wintry Monday morning faced them, and against their friend's wishes they started the car journey back to Ferndale. The car slipped on ice, landing in a ditch where they died on impact. Reverend Franklin brought the Word of hope to those whose dreams needed the fortification of God's love. He inspired that love to clear land and build farms. He and his wife were treasured members of any community they blessed.

Now churches predominate Lynden's topography. Eighty years ago, the circuit rider rode in and the settlers gathered. Hope was engendered and the foundation for this community laid.



The closing years of the circuit rider, Rev. Franklin and wife and a Van Buren Sunday School gathering at Lynden City Park around 1928. Standing: Mrs. Gusty Hinton, Mrs. Maud Kirkman, Mr. William Rarick, Mr. Harry Hinton, Rev. Franklin's daughter, Mr. Thiel, Mrs. Margaret Hinton, Mrs. Thiel, Robert Hinton, Rev. Franklin's son-in-law, Mrs. Frost, Mr. Wallace Frost, Mr. Whitney Rarick, Mrs. Rarick, Mrs. John Gray, Mr. John Gray, Mr. Emmitt Hawley, Mrs. Ada Wilcoxson, Mrs. Forthun, Mr. Alfred Lindquist. Kneeling: Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Louise Rarick, Mrs. Lindquist, Mrs. Elizabeth Hinton, Rev. Franklin's granddaughter, Rev. Franklin and wife, Rev. Franklin daughter and son, two other granddaughters, Mr. O. Wilcoxson. In Front: sitting, 3 great grandchildren and Rev. Franklin daughter.

The Day to Burn the Piles

by George Hinton

March 20. The time is eight o'clock. Breakfast over. The northeast wind is whistling around the corner of the family house. Dad pushes back his chair as he wipes some drippings of applesauce off his chin.

"George," he says, "it's a perfect day to burn those log piles - Leo's home today, and the sun is shining - let's get going and fire up! I'll finish the chores and you take the team and the sled and start the fires with the pitchy log we saved to do just that."

George harnessed Clara and Prince and hitched them to the sled and started up the hill where they had spent all winter clearing two acres of stumps and logs. It had been a tough job as some of the logs lay three deep, some of them were rotten and a few had a hard core where pitch had preserved them. These few acres had been slashed a few years ago - burning the brush off quite well. George had saved a few dollars to buy blasting powder in order to blast the tops off the fifteen stumps. They had solid roots which took a lot of smaller blasts.

When Dad and George (Leo had some school business to attend) gathered on the hill they looked at the work that had already been done. Dad had spent days sawing the logs in sizes the team could pull. The sounder logs had been placed on the bottom to make good fuel for starting the fire. The pile had grown as they placed more logs side by side. They used two nice cedars about ten inches through to roll the other logs high on the pile. These logs were first pulled up to about six feet from the growing pile. When the team was ready and the hook attached to the stretchers the signal was given to the driver who took the lines and clucked to the horses - the cable tightened and the log would roll. Sometimes one side would be ahead of the other. On such an occasion Dad would holler, "whoa"! The work stopped as the men with peavies straightened the log so it would arrive in the correct place. Each log had to be taken through the same procedure. This took its time. Some logs would be half way up and break off. When that happened they had to haul the smaller pieces on the pile by hand. Then when the team did not stop quick enough the top logs would go over and would have to be taken through the same route again. By March 20th they had completed making the piles. There were four of them. Each was about eight feet high and fifteen or twenty feet wide and about as long.

So on this day they were to see those piles go up in smoke. It had frosted some during the night, but the sun was warming things up and the wind was just as they had planned. (They had made the piles so either the northeast or southeast wind could drive fire into the piles) George gathered some dry cedar and that pitchy log and started in making the fire. The straw he had brought took off, the cedar caught on and the pitch went to work. He then piled some knots and dried wood on the fire as the wind fanned the blaze. The second pile was down in a hollow and was not as easy to start but more pitchy wood helped it along. By the

time George got to the third pile he was able to help that fire along much better with burning embers from the first pile. He hurried along with the fourth pile and got some fire going on it. The team had been dozing all this time. After firing the last pile George startled the horses into moving. George and Dad began to pick up junk stumps and tree ends replenishing the first fire. The morning was still chilly but the workers finally began to warm up inside.

Amidst the crackling of the fire George heard some chattering and looked to see Dad with his favorite offspring, Warren, hand in hand having a real chat. Warren was in the question stage and Dad was glad to explain. Warren took to the sled and hung on to the peg on the front corners. Hughes, the shepherd dog, finally arrived on the scene. He was a little late as he had to make the rounds insuring his domain was safe.

"How are you doing, George?" asked Dad as he threw a nice chunk on the second pile.

"Oh, Dad, this wind is making our day - look at the first fire I made!"

Both men looked at the first blaze shoot into the morning air. They put sled after sled of wood on the burning piles. The wind had died down some and the warm sun combined with the struggle of freeing tree roots had put them in a sweat. The wind had blown long enough to get the fire well onto burning good.

"How about dinner?" George asked Dad.

"That's right. You getting hungry." Dad said this as he stoked the fire. George knew that Dad was never hungry, so he clucked at the team and started for another load, and another load and another load. Then he sat down so that his stomach would not rub so hard on his backbone. Dad kept busy, and then, George caught on. The old Ford was coming up the field and as he looked he saw heads bobbing and hands waving. From where he sat he caught Dad's eye.

He smiled and said, "Looks like dinner is on its way!"

Leo had left them early on in the morning to attend some school doings and by secret arrangement he was to pick up sister Ida, her three young children, and Mother - they were all to have an outdoor spread. The children all piled out of the car and ran to pick up sticks. Warren joined in their fun as he had grown tired of playing with the fires and had decided more fun could be found with his identically aged niece, Edna, and six year old nephew, Joe. Betty had to stay pretty close to her mother as she was only four. As the children played the adults took some boughs to brush off the sled and then parked it near the best fire. They were below the brow of the hill so the little breeze that blew was fine. Mother had made a lovely beef stew, some sandwiches of homemade bread filled with farm butter and prune jam. Ida had brought a casserole and some jello. Dad said grace in thanks for the many blessings. Mother had granite plates and for the hot chocolate she brought tin cups. Did they eat! There

was no question about color schemes or fancy dishes or table manners until Hughes started to walk on the table. The fire snapped and roared and the smoke turned to dancing heat. The fires were red hot inside and the family relaxed and let them burn.

Mother was telling Ida about the clearing of land with no horse to help the first year her father homesteaded. The dinner made George drowsy and the heat from the fire added to his restfulness. As he dozed off he could hear the happy voices of the children as they played Indian dances with their firebrands. He awakened to see that Leo had brought some hay for the horses. The hard working team ate, unconcerned that they were still hitched up. Bits and pieces of his mother's story were interesting but George cared little for the olden days. He was doing it the better way and would welcome the day the family could afford more machinery.

The afternoon was gorgeous and the family worked hard to get all the rubbish burned while the fire was still hot. All the rotted wood had to be shoveled on the fire from the sled. Mother and Ida

threw sticks on the fire and helped with some large roots. Hughes was tired of fetching for the children and took a nap. About 3:30, Leo took the family home where he would start the evening chores leaving Dad and George to continue. They worked until about five o'clock. They then took the team to water and to the barn. The horses were glad to relax and eat their oats and hay. George and Dad went to the house for their own supper and a short rest for soon it would be milking time.

There were no modern conveniences at that time. Milking was done by hand. It was then run through a strainer into a ten gallon can and placed in a cooling tank outside the stable. In two hours the milking was done as was the feeding of hay to the calves and cows and bedding down of all the livestock for the night. It was growing dusk as the father and his two sons went up to see how the fires were burning. The fires were in great heat and about half burned. The men sat a few minutes to rest but the evening air was cold. Soon they walked slowly to the house.

It was the day to burn the piles.



Ida Hinton Sollinger, far left, on her first job as a waitress. Mr. McDonald and Violinda Rarick join Ida in this November, 1915 photo at the Lynden Hotel.

From England - From Holland, and Sweden Too!

They Came

They Came

Some Family Histories of Whatcom



Mr. and Mrs. M.L. Jackman, back, Effie Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Will Jackman, Oril and Louise, right; Mr. and Mrs. Alva Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Jackman, left.



Martin Luther and Ellen Jackman, golden wedding portrait.

Martin Luther and Ellen Jackman

by Ellen B. Nelson

It was old black Dolly, the mare that pulled the one seated top buggy bringing Martin and Ellen Jackman and their neighbor's small girl, Ellen, to the Pioneer Sunday School. The old horse would sometimes quicken her pace much to the little girl's delight as she said she liked to ride "quick!"

Old Dolly was also the saddle horse that took Papa Jackman several miles daily to the farm. This farm was located west of the Guide Meridian on the Blaine-Sumas Road - later called the Badger Road. This land had been homesteaded before 1870 by Fred Jackman, son of Martin Luther and Ellen Jackman. Fred had left home in Illinois, and gone west to establish his home near Lynden. Fred was settled in a good log cabin when tragedy struck. His charred remains were found among the embers in the home he had been so proud of.

Upon receiving the news of their son's untimely death, the Jackman family immediately moved to Lynden and settled on a ten acre place a mile out of town on the Benson Road. Their two sons, Will and Steven Theodore ("Teed"), took charge of Fred's

homestead. The boys divided the land and began dairy farming. It was to this farm that Dolly almost daily carried her master to spend the day helping the 'boys'.

The elder Jackman's daughter, Grace, married Andrew Smith, a young merchant. Smith became the partner of pioneer businessman, Billy Waples, in 1899. Son Will Jackman married a local girl, Mary Shoemaker. They became parents of Orel Helgarth and Louise Orner. Another daughter Effie Jackman, had married William Kelly and moved west before her parents ventured to Lynden. After Emma Jackman had become Mrs. Arnold she and her husband moved to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Luther Jackman celebrated their golden and sixtieth wedding anniversaries after moving to their home in Lynden. After retiring, their son, Teed, built a house next to his parents.

Fond memories of the Jackman family still linger, and the writer occasionally thinks of old black Dolly and the "quick rides" down the graveled road leading to the Pioneer Methodist Sunday School "away back when" . . .

From the Jackman Album



Left to right: Alva, Clara, Alva Jr., Effie Kelly, Teed, Marie Jackman, Ellen Jackman, Martin L. Jackman, Bill, Mary. Second row: Ruth Oriel and Louise.



Another Jackman gathering.



The Jackman home.

Louis Thom

by Gertrude Burns

Louis Thom, who has spent most of his life in the extreme northwest of Whatcom County, was born in Swansville, Minnesota, on May 8, 1896. His father passed away when Louis was about five years of age, so his recollection of him is faint. He does remember being taken to a Christmas program. Santa Claus was handing out gifts, but Louis was passed by. He didn't think much about Santa!

His mother being a venturesome person, decided to come west, so she, with her family took the Great Northern train in 1902 directly to Bellingham. It was a long tiresome ride for the children, who had been taught to be seen, and not heard. Louis, getting up courage, took a walk up the aisle - the whole length of the coach! Looking cunning in his blue knickerbocker pants and white blouse, a gentleman put out his hand and pulled him on his knee. Reaching in his pocket, the man came up with some candy much to Louis' delight!

Arriving in Bellingham, they decided to come to Lynden by stage coach, which went bumpity-bump over the corduroy road. The road was made of nine foot cut cedar logs laid side by side over the muddy terrain. If a big stump stood in the way it was by-passed and the road continued.

After spending a year or so in the Lynden vicinity the family moved to Vancouver, B.C., where they heard homesteads were available in Alberta. The mother was able to procure one between Innisfail and Rocky Mountain House. It was hard work, especially for mother for she had to hand split logs for the buildings! She also managed to get together cattle, a team, and some equipment to live the life of a pioneer with her family.

Louis, being under school age and not yet big enough to do farm work, was expected to take care of household chores. Mother noticed Louis wasn't

growing as he should. She was so busy the children did not get much attention. Eating an egg filled Louis completely. She was able to consult a doctor who told her to feed him often, which she did, and Louis began to grow. He found himself big enough to bake bread - even tried a cake one time! These were the days of ruffled petticoats. He got the job of ironing them with the old sad iron, which he kept hot by stoking the fire on the wood burning stove. What's more, he had to stand on a box to reach the ironing board.

When Christmas came that year, the family celebrated by cutting a green tree and trimming it with strings of popcorn. Louis received his first Christmas gift, a small wind-up train and a magic lantern. He began to think more of Santa Claus and Christmas!

He grew enough to do outside chores with the team. Still a bit small, someone had to help him harness the horses. On the hayrack, he had to stand, as the seat and foot dump were to far apart to be seated and make it work!

Nine years later in 1911, the family found itself entering Sumas, then coming directly to Lynden. Louis, who had reached sixteen or seventeen years of age began looking for work. He saw a shingle mill built along Fish Trap Creek near Lynden. He went to the owner, William H. Waples, and got a job of hauling shingle bolts from north of Lynden to the mill. He found he was to be the teamster while another man had the care and feeding of the horses. Louis' tasks required quite a bit of brawn as it was he who loaded and unloaded the shingle bolts. A shingle bolt, by the way, was made up of four foot lengths of solid cedar. After Louis and his partner delivered the bolts to the mill, they were converted into shingles by splitting and quartering the bolts, then cutting them into sixteen inch lengths. Another machine sawed them into shingles. From there, skilled personnel, known as shingle weavers formed the shingles into bundles and

were paid by the number they turned out each day.

A big northeaster came up leaving sixteen inches of snow on the ground, putting the shingle business off for some time. Louis picked up a few odd jobs until haying time, having decided not to return to the mill. He found a haying job on a forty acre field on the river bottom south of Lynden - later known as the Hannegan Road. His next job began his career with the Milwaukee Railroad. This was in Sumas.

Soon after this, he met and married a freckle faced young lady named Chloa Henry.

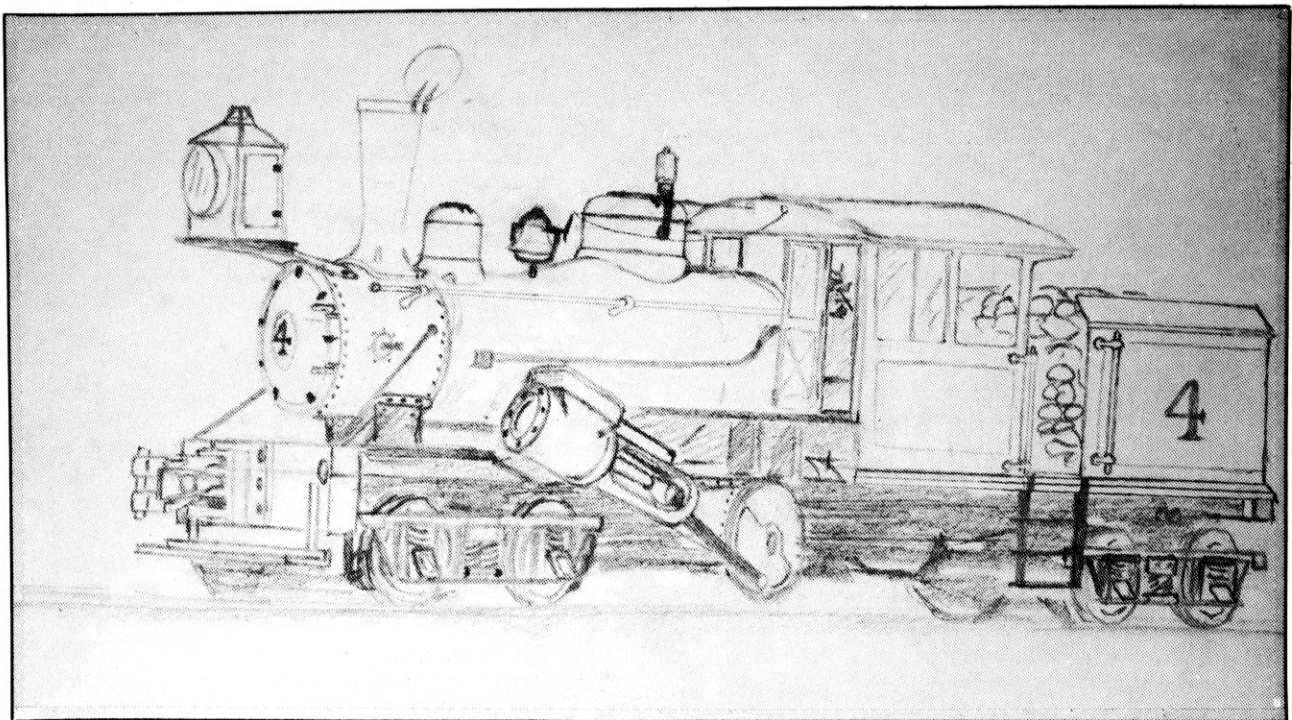
Thirty-four years were spent in working for the railroad. Retirement came. Their four children had homes of their own, so husband and wife had time to pursue their hobbies. One developed when Louis, a nature lover, began to pick up unusual rocks and gems that took his fancy.

The interest grew so great, the Thoms purchased a camper, and spent many the day combing the beaches and hillsides for the precious rocks. Later they bought cutting and polishing equipment to make their findings into jewelry, clocks, tables, and lamps. These grace the homes of their family.

Loving flowers, they bought a greenhouse so they could have winter enjoyment of lovely bloom. Their yard was so artistically arranged, it was no unusual sight to see strangers wandering among the flowers - especially the different dahlias. Flowers seemed to bloom throughout the year - inside and out!

In the late sixties, Louis' companion of over fifty years passed away. Naturally, he was distraught at first thought of finding a new life, but with great strength and forward thinking, he has done just that!

Louis Thom, now lives in an apartment in Lynden still caring for a few well chosen flowers. He enjoys the companionship of senior citizens when he is on travel tours, and delights in active church participation. Quite a man - quite a life!



The Name is Shumway

by Gertrude Burns

Ray Shumway was one of the Hard Scramble pioneers. He was born in Anoka, Minnesota, September 7, 1887. His parents were S.J. Shumway and Maggie Flemming Shumway, formerly of Nova Scotia.

Ray's parents left Minnesota in 1889 coming to Whatcom County, Washington. Their first home was in Blaine where his father, Stuart, engaged in the logging business. Eventually Stuart and Maggie bought the Sam Forse place near the Blankenforth and Robert Burns homesteads. To the pioneers who settled in this area - it would always be Hard Scramble Territory!

There were four other children in the Shumway household besides Ray. They were William, Stella, Minnie and May. They all attended the Roeder School, which had the distinction of being the first edifice built on the Nooksack River Road.

Each of the children found his own niche in life. Ray stayed with the farm. He was a good mischief maker in school - or anywhere he happened to be for that matter. Stella Burns, a neighbor girl, was the object of his teasing. He swore he would cut off her ear, and bashful Stella thought sure he meant it.

In those days the kerosene lamp was the light maker in the house. If a family ran out of kerosene, a child would be sent to borrow some from a neighbor. Gertie and Stella Burns were sent to the Shumways on one such occasion. Along came Ray to cut off Stella's ear with his jackknife. She got behind Mother Shumway's skirts. Mrs. Shumway dutifully scolded her son, but her eyes were twinkling all the while.

Ray's father, Stuart was a great outdoorsman. He walked with his son-in-law, George Elder to eastern Washington, carefully following the trail. Not once did they do this - but twice! The first time they made this journey they brought with them some dry beans. In the high mountains they put a little pot of beans over their camp fire to boil - and nothing happened. The next day they tried to cook the beans again to no avail. They finally found out that high altitudes are not conducive for cooking beans. They had many the laugh over the bean story.

Stuart was a horseman. He kept several well groomed horses in the barn. Wife, Maggie, jested that the horses were better fed than his family.

After attending the normal school in Bellingham for a while, Ray quit to go into the plumbing business with his brother-in-law, Arthur Blythe of Bellingham. Two years later he came back to the farm to help with the dairy business.

In 1910 Ray married Miss Louise Meurer, the daughter of an early settler. They built a two room dwelling near his parents' home. Louise learned to help him milk the thirty-five to forty cows.

Ray heard there were homesteads to be gotten in eastern Washington. The homesteaders were chosen by a lottery system. He went to try his luck, but to no avail.

Neighbors were friendly. A group of the married

set would get together for oyster stew, and Ray could always be counted on to pull some prank. He carried a wind-up mouse in his pocket. In the middle of a game he would set it on the floor. How he laughed when the women-folk jumped up on chairs, pulling their skirts tight 'round their knees.

There was good pheasant hunting in the fall. The city relatives would come out to hunt. Ray was with them one day when they had no luck. They saw Serena Burns' turkey flock roaming around the back field. One of the fellows took a shot and got a turkey. They had guilty consciences, but decided to eat the bird anyway. The ladies had fixed a picnic lunch and with the men prepared to go up towards Acme to have a Sunday outdoor meal. One of the ladies said as they were frying the turkey, "the better the day the better the deed."

Gilbert Blankenforth could speak German, and tried to teach Ray. He would practice on Louise, who also spoke the tongue.

When Ray and Gilbert were boys, Halloween was their favorite holiday. One night they sure fixed Robert Burns! They took apart every buckle on his harness. Then, they took the wheels off the wagon and put them on the buggy - the buggy wheels were hung in the rafters in the hay mow. The milk stand was torn down and the front gate taken down. The next year, Robert was on the alert. He dragged the harness into the kitchen and sat up watching and listening. The pranksters were watching him from a distance, and spied Robert sleeping in his chair. They pulled the wagon out the driveway, starting up the road. Robert awakened, rushed outside and made a big yell, whereby the boys left the wagon and ran.

Ray had a piece of land on the river bottom. Walter Lankhaar lived there and cared for it. It was April Fool's Day, and Louise had an idea to fool her prankster husband.

She said to Ray, 'Walter Lankhaar wants to see you.'

Without benefit of telephone, Ray rode down to Lankhaar's place in the cold rainy night.

"What did you want to see me about?" Ray asked Walter.

"Nothing," Walter replied.

Back Ray rode, knowing that this time the prank was on him!

Ray and Louise's children, Ione, Lois, Howard and Ray grew up. Howard, decided to stay on the farm, and built a good house next to his folks.

Howard and Elaine Shumway have a son, Ladd, who is a popular young man. He is active in high school sports, and raising calves is an activity he finds rewarding.

Louise is happy to live near her family. Ray has passed away and she lives alone. From generation to generation the farm has stayed on the family. The gift of humor surely brought joy to these Hard Scramble pioneers!

★

Smile! Here come the Hawleys!



The R.E. Hawley family, at thier silver wedding, June 1, 1909

Top row,
Ernest,
Pearl,
Everett,
Frank,
Edna,
Ray,.

Center, row,
Lula,
Dave,
Papa,
Mama,
Warren,
Esther,

Kiddies,
Girtrude,
Dirthy,
Vernon,
Lowel,

The Black Prince

by Ellen B. Nelson

As a small child I remember seeing an Indian woman walk hurriedly down the Benson Road toward town, and in answer to my childish, "who dat Mama," Mother answered my several questions.

"That is Mrs. Tennant. Her husband was a preacher in the Methodist Church, but he died several years ago."

John Alexander Tennant was born in Washington County, Arkansas, September 6, 1830, the son of a Methodist minister who had no regular parish charge. As an itinerant circuit rider whose round of appointments carried him over two-hundred miles, this minister must have had an unusual constitution as he lived to be one-hundred and fourteen years. He planned to make a minister out of John also, so, he gave him a liberal education at Cam Hill College. However, son John rebelled at his idea and took up law and civil engineering. He did not practice law after being admitted to the Bar, but he did much surveying and later became one of the most prominent civil engineers on the Pacific coast.

When gold was discovered in California young Tennant made his way there and plunged into the wild life of the gold camps, apparently to stifle his conscience. He never could evade the conviction that someday he would become a minister of the Gospel in answer to his father's fervant prayers.

There is no record that he made any great financial success in California. When he heard of developing conditions in the northwest he traveled north in the early 1850's.

Then came the news of the Fraser River gold rush and many people were traveling, and many were the tents set up around Whatcom and Sehome. A boisterous and convivial life developed here into which Tennant entered. But Tennant's better nature induced him to lend his influence in the cause of law and order, becoming a deputy sheriff to Sheriff Bucey. It was said that these two did a pretty good job of keeping a semblance of law and decency in the tent population around Bellingham Bay.

Mr. Tennant possessed a natural talent for leadership and was elected to the territorial legislature in 1859. He took an active part in proceedings on the floor and in committees where his great stature and swarthy complexion earned him the title of the "Black Prince."

Here he became enamored by a prominent society belle who later gave a deaf ear to his fervant pleadings. This was a severe blow to him and he left the legislature a disappointed and bitter man. He became more retiring and avoided the company of white women.

When later he was made assistant Indian agent to E.C. Fitzhugh at Lummi he was attracted to the Chief's sprightly daughter, Clara, whom he married according to Indian customs in 1859. He also became owner of the land allotted her which equaled his own taken up years before. Clara proved to be an exceptional Indian woman possessing a strong

character demanding respect from her tall headstrong husband.

It was not until 1876 that John and Clara were married again according to paleface custom. At that time they had two sons neither of whom lived to reach manhood.

It was in December 1859 when John and his Clara paddled up the Nooksack to a small lake that would later be known as Tennant's Lake. Here they unloaded their few belongings and called it "hyas chlose illihee," a very good spot for a home. Built here was the first white man's cabin in the Ferndale community east of the river.

The next year a friend of Tennant's, Thomas Wynn and wife Jane, took up an adjoining claim and these four people became the leading influence in the development of the lower Nooksack Valley.

At one time John Tennant was elected county superintendent of schools, being the third one in the county to hold the position. His salary was the magnificent sum of fifty dollars a month with three dollars for every school visited - limit, two a year and two cents for every mile traveled. Earlier the school official was dependent upon fees for his salary. The rate was five dollars for each school visited; two dollars for each teacher's certificate, and no limit for number of schools visited. There is a record that Superintendent W.H. Fonts walked thirty-two miles in one day, visited three schools earning eighteen dollars and twenty cents, but wore out much shoe leather. Shortly after the policy for payment was changed!

Because of the lack of roads and uncertain weather, school was held only four months of summer and fall. During his term in the county office, Mr. Tennant represented the highest scholastic attainment ever obtained by a superintendent. Seeing the need for improvement of schools and teacher certification was a vital concern for Tennant, and it may be, he exhibited a bit of human frailty in calling public attention to the importance of his county office.

In one small school in the Ferndale area, Tennant's son Bayard was a pupil. He was rather mischievous, giving the teacher a great deal of worry as she endeavored to teach the young man that he was in school to learn - not to play. Finally the young teacher called him to the front of the room and placed her veil neatly about his head, making him pose before the school. Seeing that his joke had been turned on him, he became quite mortified. The school laughed uproariously, and who should walk in just then but the culprit's father, the county superintendent of schools, Mr. John Tennant. Deathly silence ensued and when the county officer saw the boy in the veil, denounced the teacher's method in handling the young lad - his son!

Tennant was the first superintendent to call a "Teacher's Institute," which was held in a building on "E" Street near the territorial courthouse in Whatcom (the building still stands).

The Man Called - The Black Prince -



Pioneer Methodist Minister John Tennant poses at right in the 1800's.

The turning point in Tennant's life came in 1878 at a Methodist camp meeting held in Ferndale. The weather was unfavorable so not many whites attended. However, two notable events took place; the marriage of twenty-four Indian couples and the conversion of John Tennant.

At this time he committed his life wholly to God, and testified he was surrendering as the result of the prayers of his pious father. He gave up all his secular interests and devoted all his time and interest in building the Ferndale congregation.

In 1882 he had completed the church building located east of the river. This building was later used as a school, then it was remodeled and used as a church once again. Currently it houses Bethel Temple.

In 1886 the Methodist Conference pronounced his work very successful and he was made the circuit preacher of the San Juans where a revival was held with twenty-four conversions. Tennant also was responsible for the building of a new church there.

Two years later the conference sent him to Lynden, where he built the first church in town - the Methodist Episcopal Church located on the corner of Grover and Fifth Streets. In the tower of this church was a famous bell, calling worshipers to services and Sunday School each week. The bell was tolled for every pioneer whose funeral was held there.

The Reverend Mr. Tennant built a home for himself and wife Clara on what is known as Judson Street.

While pastoring in Lynden, Tennant became very interested in Indian mission work. Once when returning from an Indian village by canoe with Reverend J.W. Dobbs, he almost lost his life when the canoe struck a snag in the river and overturned. He was saved through the heroic efforts of a native crewman although one Indian was lost.

In 1889 Tennant's health began to fail so the next

year's conference placed him on the "supernunary list". He continued partly active among the Nooksack Indians, which he so much enjoyed. He started to build a chapel for them on the Mission Road and by determined effort managed to complete it. Shortly after, he was stricken by a second stroke.

"He still lingers among us," reported the Presiding Elder, at the 1892 conference, "unable to work, but loved of all the Brethern, and joyful in the hope of the Resurrection."

He lingered on into the fall. His massive frame completely incapacitated; he had to be carried on a cot to the meetings at the Lynden Church. He passed away February 12, 1893 - age sixty-three.

It has been said that few, if any other man did more for his fellow man and the upbuilding of Whatcom County then did John Alexander Tennant.

His wife, Clara, was always treated with the dignity she deserved as the daughter to the Chief of the Lummis. John Tennant saw to that. As his wife, she attended each Methodist conference with her husband. Clara continued to live in her home in Lynden after Tennant's death staying there until her own demise at age seventy. About three months before her death she married Jim Yallakamin, known to whites as Indian Jim. Mrs. Yallakamin left an estate worth twelve-thousand dollars; she also left four-thousand dollars cash in her trunk. History does not tell us how this fortune was divided among the various heirs, white and Indian.

Of interest to many is that John Tennant was Ada Pyeatt's great uncle. Tennant was the brother of the late Mrs. Ada Pyeatt Bates of Lynden.

In the northwest corner of the Lynden cemetery is a reddish stone that marks the final resting place of him who had crowded so much living into a comparatively short lifetime.

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Beaton Gillis

by George Hinton

It was a warm day in May, in fact, the beginning of the warm days of spring. I was going to visit a neighbor a short ways down the Badger Road. The traffic was congested as I intended to turn from Van Buren Road so I had to wait a spell. Then my way was clear and I proceeded on my way to find I was quite alone. As I looked down the road I saw Beaton Gillis busy as usual repairing fences. I thought what a nice time to say, hello, so I stopped suddenly alongside the old farmer on the shoulder of the road. A little dust rose up and the startled old timer blurted, "what in the thunder's the matter, you wanta scare the liver out of a guy?"

"I'm sorry Beaton I haven't seen you for so long - just wanted to stop for a minute."

Beaton took off his cap and ran his hand through his bushy grey hair, and wiped the perspiration off his forehead. "Oh it's you, George, you know the traffic

has been so fierce I was really scared. I didn't know an innocent guy like you could scare anyone so bad - how are you anyway?"

We shook hands and had a good laugh.

"Beaton, I've been going to come down and get a story of you and the old farm."

"Well, it'll be short, for I've not much to say," the octogenarian replied as he hung the hammer on the fence and sat down on his gloves. "You know my dad did the most important part of the clearing." And Beaton's story went like this: "Dad's name was Alexander, he and Mom were from Prince Edward Island, Canada."

"Say Beaton, I said, 'let me take these notes down and I'll write them up later.'"

What follows, then, is the final version of the old man's story.

Alexander came to Whatcom in 1887 - coming

Beaton Gillis from Clearbrook



- taken by James Entrikin, from his book, *Whatcom*

over the Nooksack Crossing (now Everson) - purchasing his land from Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren must have arrived and homesteaded around 1880 for he had proved up his claim, built a log cabin that still stands on the farm, dug ditches and put in cedar puncheon. He had also drained part of the sixty-seven acres and planted two acres of hops and built a hop kiln. Alexander became known as a progressive worker and supervisor of affairs for he labored long and hard to clear and improve the land. Having learned the hop business as he worked for Mr. Ezra Meeker, Alexander increased the acreage of hops to twelve acres. According to Mrs. Roth's, *History of Whatcom County*, Alexander moved the hop kiln away from the short hill and built a storehouse in between its present and former location, to give him lots of room to handle the hops. This was in 1892.

He had to hire workers to fire the kiln, and to harvest the crop. There was a great demand for the Puget Sound hops because of the quality due to the climate. Alexander continued the clearing of his land and with the felled cedar, he built fences, fence posts, and hop poles.

Alexander had kept correspondence with a friend from his native Prince Edward Island through the years. In 1890 he drove his team up to New West Minister, where he not only had a reunion with his old friend, Mary Beaton, but he married her as well! The couple came back and lived in the old log cabin adding another room made out of split shakes. Their first child was born in the shack, a lovely girl, Flora, who later married Perry Hatch and is still living. In 1892 he built a substantial house and barn. The two story house was built from lumber gathered at the Gillies Mill in Nooksack. The structure, complete with the fancy trimmings of its time, has stood for eighty-five years and is a well known landmark. The couple's second child, John was born in the new house. John later married Lucile Eker, he passed away in 1974. Beaton Gillis was born in the third spot, his little sister Abbie would be the last of the children. Abbie married Ted Swanson, passing away in 1961.

Beaton Gillis was a veteran of World War I having served twenty-six months in the wagon train. Beaton, received his education at the Clearbrook School, ever since has been employed on the family farm. Everyone

knowing this man has memories of his active life in the community and his untiring devotion to his family. As I visited with him he recalled many happenings: the large barn came from a small out building made of cedar poles and became the mighty structure it is now out of stages in the farm's development. The dairy herd was started by his father - a Jersey herd made even finer by a sire bought at the turn of the century. The hop industry did well until it became necessary to do so much spraying. Beaton said the process of hop harvesting began in late summer with the employment of neighbors and Indians. In Alexander Gillis' day about 1896, the hops were brought into Lynden by bobsled to be loaded on boat to Whatcom and beyond.

After the hops demise, Beaton continued the farming and his dairy herd - shipping only Grade A milk. He and John bought a clearance threshing machine and a steam tractor about wartime. It required two band cutters and had to be hand fed. They moved from ranch to farm helping each farmer with his harvesting with their new equipment. We were always glad to hear the toot of the engine's whistle as they moved on our farm. Of course each farmer supplied the wood to fuel the machine.

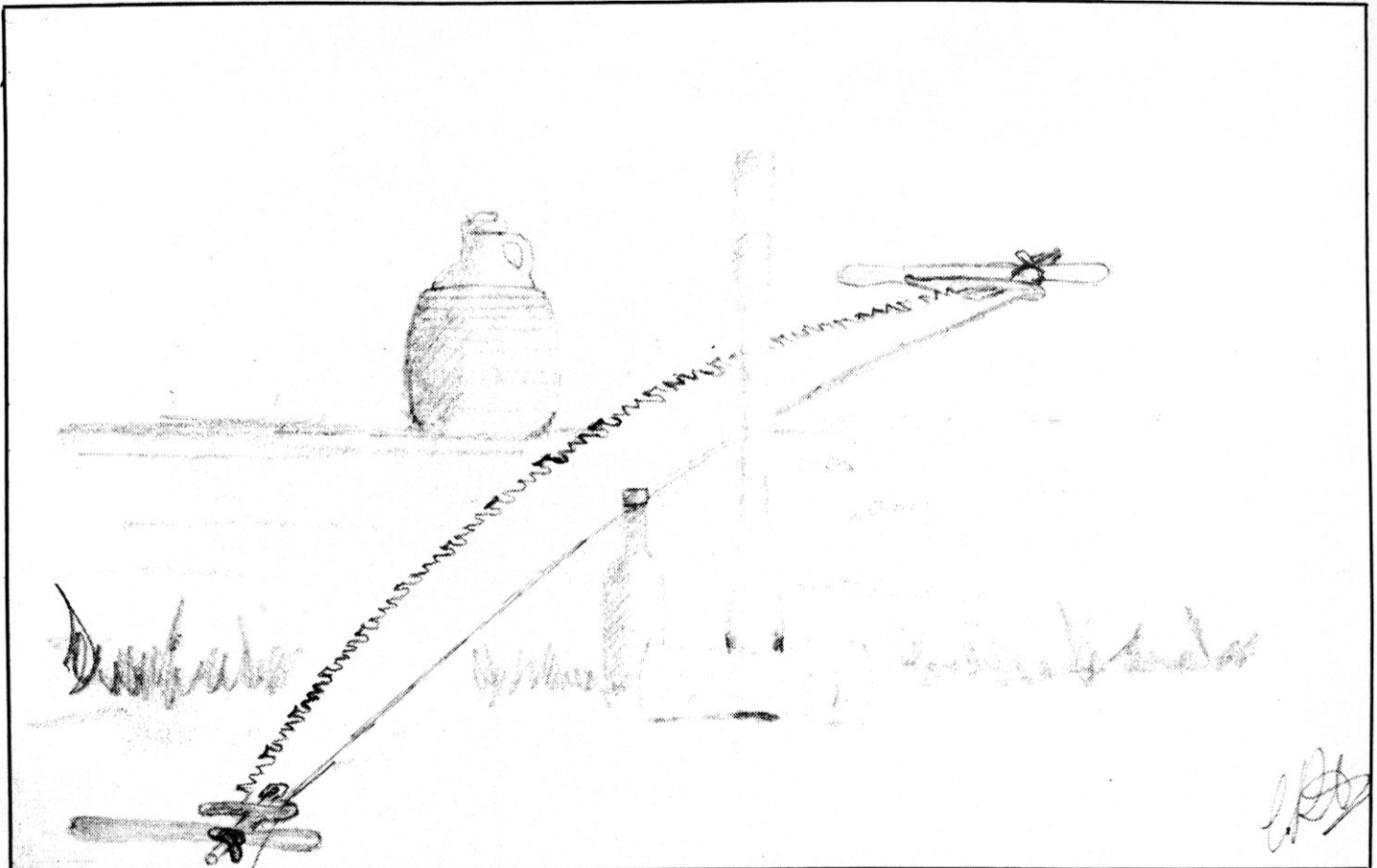
In haying time there was much action as the Gillis

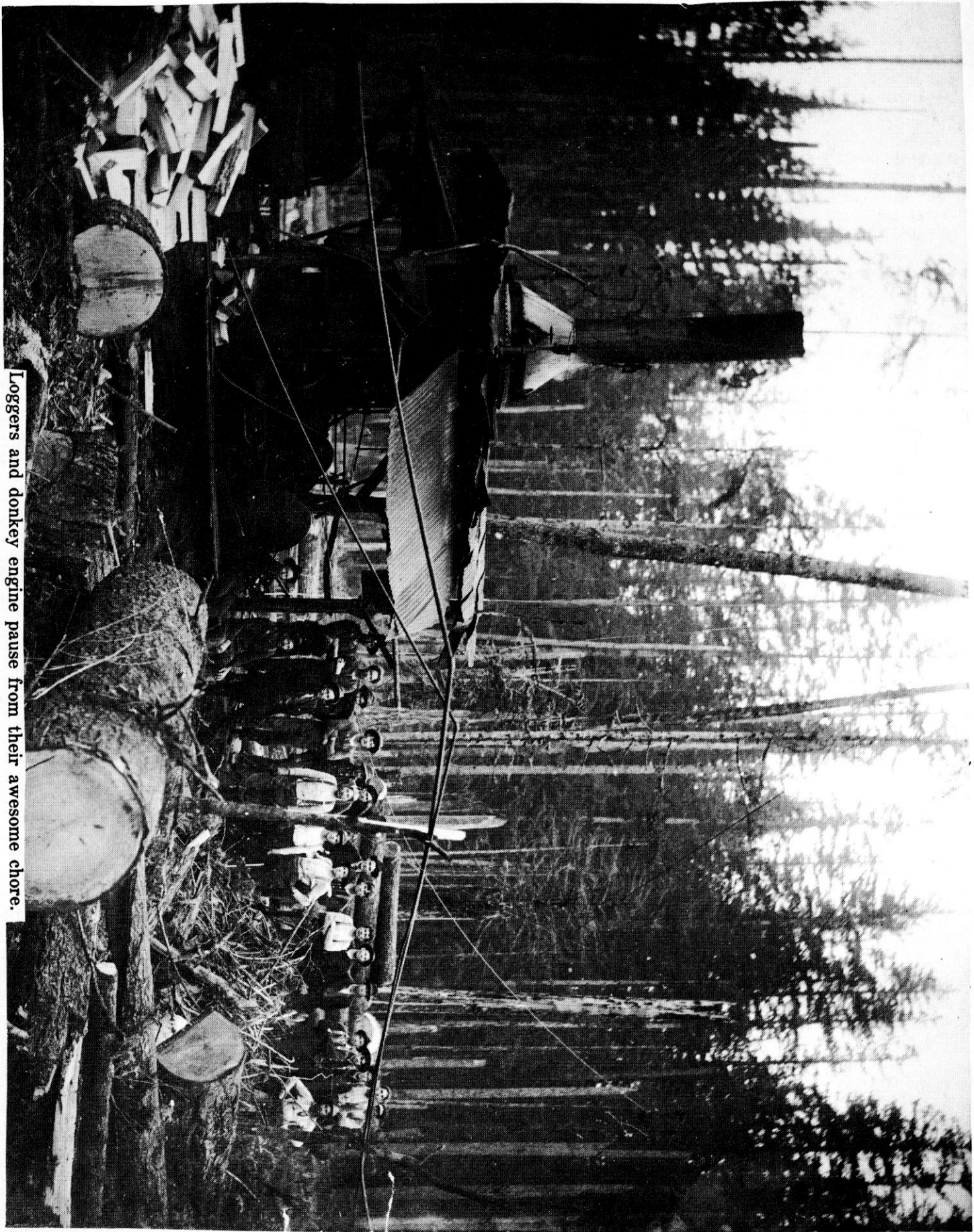
farm produced heavy yields. Beaton would be up early to get the cows tended - then he would be out to the field to manage the curing and shocking of the hay. This was before bailing days and the work was all done by hand, block and tackle used to mow the hay.

As Mr. Gillis became less occupied with the busy farm life, the one thing he always saw to was the calling of the cows. He had a shrill voice, and at 4:30 a.m. exactly he would let down the cow bars and call, "come boss come boss." With that the entire community knew the exact time!

I asked Beaton what his philosophy was for a long life, especially after being alone for a long period. He shook his head again rubbing his hand through his bushy hair, and said, "I don't know what I have done of special note."

I laughed for anyone could see with the history of longevity especially witnessed by his Aunt Sarah Robinson and her sisters spreading their lives all over the century mark, Beaton Gillis has a long way to go. And with his steady perseverance in outdoor labor, his regular periods of rest, his friendliness to all callers and the active memories of a life in motion starting in childhood with sports, anyone could see his life filled with 'special notes'.





Loggers and donkey engine pause from their awesome chore.

The Dorrs of Wiser Lake

by Ellen B. Nelson

Little is known of the German born Herr Weiser, who gave his name to the lake. We can only imagine his soliloquy when he came upon this beautiful spot after following Indian trails from Whatcom. His thoughts must have been like this:

"What a beautiful sight! Fish jumping out of the water - ducks swimming - and magnificent mountains in the background! I have never seen anything like it in my native Deutschland! Here I will build me one fine cabin!"

Build a cabin he did, but what became of him after that, no one seems to know. The lake kept his name, with a slight spelling alteration.

To this scenic area in 1882 came William Henry Dorr and his wife Ida Frost Dorr, with their three children: Winifred, Josephine, and Wesley. Leaving friends and relatives in Nebraska, they were looking forward to the one-hundred acre homestead on Wiser Lake.

The trip from Whatcom was made by canoe to the Nooksack River, landing on the spot where, now, the river bridge ends.

Following the trail, that was often crossed by fallen trees, they finally reached the lake. It was not an easy route as they had to go around one end of the lake to reach their homestead. Here, they planned to clear the land of trees, and cultivate its rich soil. And it was here William Henry and his wife raised their children, and on his farm this pioneering father died in 1921.

When the Dorrs came there were no roads, only trails, that marked their way through the woods. As their home was only a mile from the river, the Dorrs could hear the whistle of the approaching riverboat which brought supplies to the settlers. When they heard the whistle, they quickly hitched up the ox team, "Pat" and "Dandy", and headed for the landing to receive their supplies from the little steamer.

The year after settling at the lake, Mr. Dorr's parents, the Ebenezer Dorrs, arrived. They moved in with Mr. and Mrs. William Henry until they could get into a house of their own.

A school house was soon built for the children of the settlers. Each family had to make a suitable desk for each child sent to the school.

In 1885 another member was added to the William H. Dorr household, in the person of William Earle. Two years later came baby Carl Dorr.

Ebenezer Dorr and his wife were not the last of the Dorr clan to settle at Wiser Lake. His son Warren and wife Maggie with their two small children, followed the family to Lynden. Moving into the deserted cabin built by Herr Weiser, they found living very primitive. For a time they had to sleep on the bare floor until one day the friendly face of one, Will Forbes appeared at the door asking, "can you use a little hay?"

Pioneer Forbes, located across the river, had rowed over with his canoe full of hay, but how he had transported his cargo over the trail to the old Weiser cabin defies imagination.

"That was the greatest blessing I've ever received!" remarked Warren Dorr after Mr. Forbes departed. The hay made sleeping a little more comfortable until better living conditions were acquired.

Eventually, Warren and Maggie had five children. Warren was trying all the while to find a place where he could use his training as a printer. One day when Warren was away on a business trip, his older children coaxed their mother to take them to their grandparents.

"All right, children. Put on your warm coats and caps, and we'll row over to Grandma's," Maggie said.

The children insisted it was too warm for coats, and it was true, a very warm chinook wind was softly blowing, so Maggie loaded the children into the canoe clad in light weight wraps.

The short trip across the lake over, the family was warmly welcomed by the grandparents and Uncle George. Dinner was heartily enjoyed, and the afternoon passed so quickly, and then supper was served.

"Oh well, it only takes a few minutes to get home," thought Maggie, unwilling to curtail the good time grandparents and children were having. When at last the family was homeward bound, they found the gentle chinook had been replaced by a cold northeaster.

"We'll be home in no time at all," Maggie reassured her children.

However, the wind bombarded them in a great fury splashing water into the boat. The water at the edge of the lake was freezing very fast. They were in a storm and in trouble, with no alternative but to try to get to shore. The three older children were huddled together trying to get warm. The fourth of Maggie's children was protected by her long skirt as the child sat at her feet. Maggie clutched the baby tightly in her arms. Through the night hours her cries of help went unheeded. No human ears heard her cries. God must have heard, for He answered Maggie. In the morning light they found that through some miracle they were close enough to the grandparents' home to have their cries for help quickly answered. Uncle George put planks over the frozen edge of the lake to reach the passengers on the canoe. Soon, they were thawed out, and fed, and finally, Maggie was given the chance to rest after a night of sheer terror.

Time did not stand still for pioneering families. There were ready markets for locally produced milk and cream. Lumber and shingle mills, scattered throughout the county, found ready buyers in the immigrants steadily coming to Whatcom County. Roads were improved, especially the Guide Meridian, which changed from a bumpy trail to a straight graveled road allowing Lyndenites access to Bellingham.

In 1902 the Dorrs welcomed new neighbors who located on the north side of the lake. The Constant family had come to the Wiser Lake area by way of

Bothell, after leaving the midwest years before.

In due time a romance bloomed in the Dorr and Constant families. Wesley Dorr married Mary Constant. Mary had been teaching school at Lake Whatcom, which she gave up to help Wesley farm. As farmers the Wesley Dorr's spent many happy and useful years together raising their two sons, Ralph and Bert.

William Earle Dorr and Bessie Constant fell in love, and with the blessing of their families were married in 1909. They settled on a ten acre farm bought from his father, William Henry Dorr, located across the road from the homeplace. Here, Philip and Prisilla were born to Will and Bessie. Times were difficult, and William Earle found it difficult to make enough money to support his family.

The automobile was now coming into prominence. Anyone owning one could haul passengers and freight into Whatcom. Will sold the farm and bought a vehicle to start a "stage line" between Lynden and Whatcom. This was in 1915.

In the year of the 'big snow', 1916, Will and Bessie welcomed their third child named William Henry after the child's grandfather. Robert Constant was born to the Constants the next year.

Will sold his Lynden-Bellingham run in favor of a Bellingham-Blaine run, which he purchased. The family moved to Blaine.

While engaged in this run, Will's father died. His mother asked him to take over the family farm. This Will did. He started raising chickens, and built a large chicken house - but his heart was just not in it. Will began looking for another stage line. He bought a stage line between Ferndale and Bellingham. In 1927 their last child, George Edward, was born. Soon after, Will moved his family to Ferndale. All the children were educated in Ferndale.

When William Earle wished to retire from the stage business, Will, junior, took over. After several years, he sold the business to his brother, Phillip. Later Philip took on the Lynden-Bellingham run, which had been operated by the late Harry Mock.

Philip Dorr, the present operator of the Lynden-Bellingham line has now been on the job for forty-one years - a man worthy of trust and confidence as were his father and brother in years gone by.

When Herr Weiser looked upon the lake that would bear his name, could he imagine what the lives would hold, for those who followed his path? Time was filled with growth as the Dorr family demonstrates.

The Stump House Pioneer

The Henry Blankenforth Story

by Gertrude Burns

Henry Blankenforth was born in Oldenburg, Germany in 1842. At ten years of age he ran away from home, there on making a life for himself. He was taken on a sailing boat where he learned the ways of the sea, which, he found not to be easy. Willing to learn, he was given some tools, and shown how to become a ship's carpenter. He spent eighteen years at this work becoming a skilled craftsman. Later, in an entirely new life he was able to put these talents to good use.

Seven sailing boats sunk from beneath him. Even though his life was spared, his tools were lost on six of the sinkings. Then he made himself a waterproof box. The seventh time a severe storm was about to throw him into the sea. Somehow he found the time to throw his waterproof toolbox filled with tools overboard, and the waves washed it to shore. The ship sunk, but Henry and his tools remained safe. This accident occurred at the mouth of the Columbia River, near Astoria, Oregon. They had been enroute from Astoria to Victoria, British Columbia.

Henry was not satisfied with his life at sea, and so he embarked on an entirely different way of life. He found an Indian man who took him by canoe down the Fraser River to Sumas. The Indian landed him in the

vicinity where the Van Buren Store now stands. From there, he began walking to the Nooksack Crossing, the Indians favorite crossing place.

Henry was looking for land. He met a friendly bachelor by the name of Ritchie, who allowed Henry to stay with him. In later years, this became the Nolte farm. Henry left Ritchie, continuing his search for just the right piece of land. He found a burned out cedar stump. He put a roof on it, living there for two years.

He had the right to file for a homestead. So, when the act became a law he did just that. In the meantime, he took his compass and decided to walk to Phoenix, Arizona. He purchased a piece of property in Arizona before walking back to his stump dwelling.

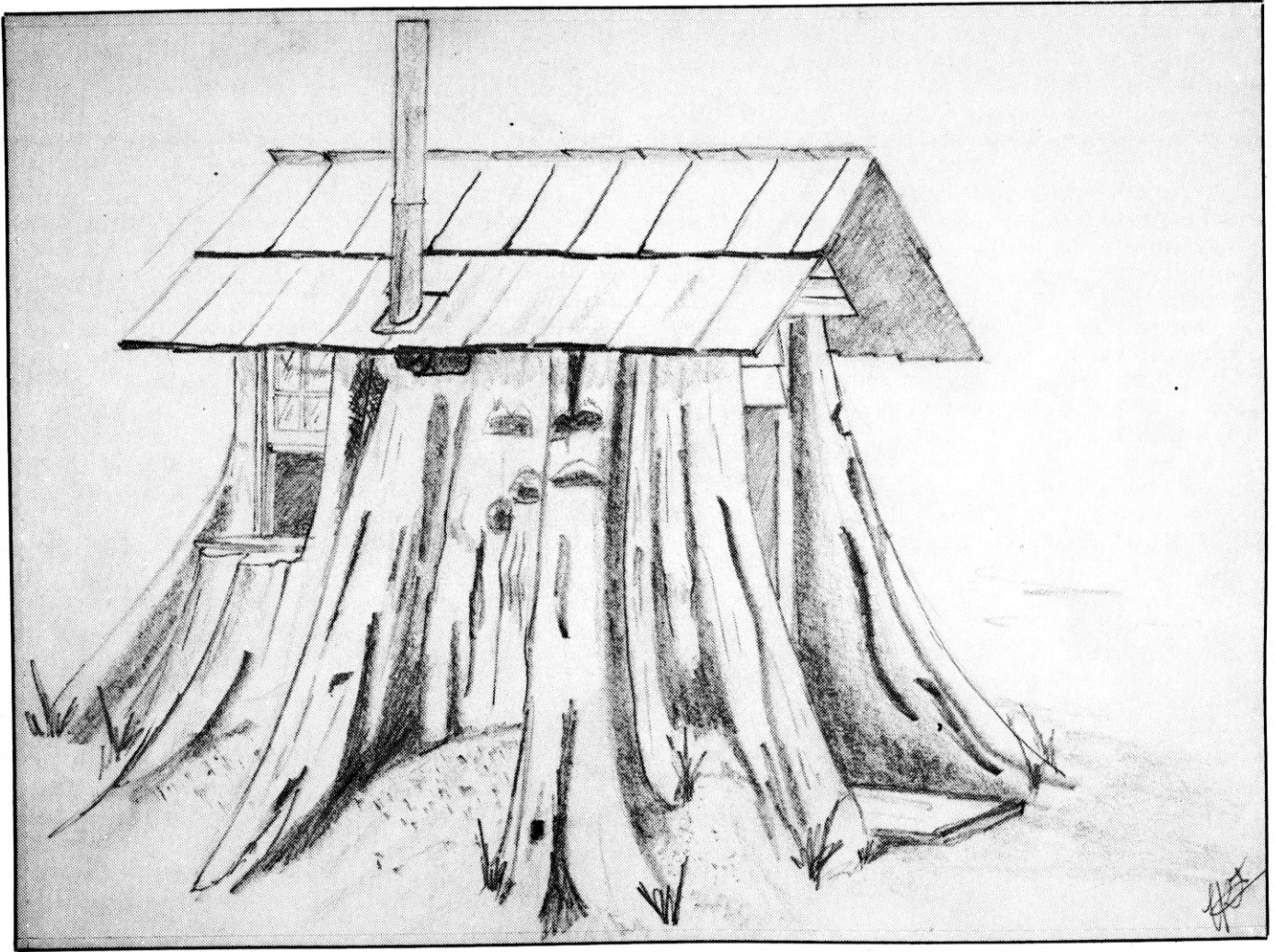
He homesteaded the land on which his stump house stood. Soon, he built a log house setting the logs upright.

In 1883 he was married to Victoria Meyers by the Reverend B.K. McElmon, pastor of the church at the Nooksack Crossing. Two children graced their home, Hannah and Gilbert. Victoria came into the marriage with Henry with three daughters from a former union.

Being the carpenter he was, Henry helped build many of the log houses in the area.

Gilbert and Hannah went to the nearby Roeder

Be It 'ere so Humble . . .



school. It was a mile and a half of wooded road, the children walked each way.

After his father died, and put to rest in the Greenwood Cemetery, Gilbert took over the homestead, building a new barn for his dairy herd. He and his wife Anna Radder worked hard to make the farm succeed, never expecting the tragedy that happened in 1939. One day that year Gilbert was helping a neighbor with his horse-drawn corn binder. His own two horses and the neighbors were pulling it. Something went wrong with the binder. Gilbert was underneath repairing it when the horses took off, dragging Gilbert and hurting him badly. He was rushed to the hospital but lived only a few hours.

His son, Howard was able to take over the dairy business for a few years. At the same time, he finished clearing some stump land, and took out the old orchard - making the property into good crop land. He sold the cows and rented the land to growers.

When Howard was growing up he grew used to seeing the well preserved pieces of old farm equipment, and his grandparents' antiques. It was

natural for him to develop a love of the "old". Now the farm buildings, some of which his grandfather built, are bulging with valuable show pieces to which Howard has been adding through the years.

He belongs to several collector's clubs, which have taken him to many states, and Canadian provinces. One organization he helped start in 1949 has become an international club.

In his machine shed are ten antique cars still in running order. In 1975 Howard took a trip to Mt. Baker in a 1918 Chalmers. He also traveled to Oregon in it. Howard explains he sits up high in the front seat, and the scenery is much better than an ordinary vehicle.

In addition to the cars are antique plows and steam engines. A wagon box that belonged to his grandfather is also in his possession. He also has a cream separator and threshing machines he uses in Lynden's annual threshing bee. There are school desks, the Roeder school bell, a churn and a shiny cook stove to name a few of Howard's collectables.

The barn his grandfather built in 1875 still stands.

Built with wooden pegs for nails, it houses four ancient threshing machines. Beside the barn is a thrifty lilac bush planted by Howard's grandmother.

The row of shiny antique cars are driven often, especially for Sunday visitors who come to the Blankenforth farm to browse through the past.

This section of the community was called Hard Scramble in pioneering times. A nick name that stuck

with the neighbors, among them Barney Collins, William Brooks, and Robert Burns.

Three generations of Blankenforths have lived on the land Henry homesteaded. The carpentry skills he learned at sea and used to build his barn, one can still appreciate today. A rare achievement, but then Henry Blankenforth was a rare pioneer!

★



Tame deer with Dow Pangborn around 1900.

Pangborn Beginnings

by Ellen B. Nelson

Miss Olive Pangborn at age forty, took up a homestead in the Northwood-Clearbrook area, living for a time in a tent, after crossing the Pangborn Lake in a row boat. Her groceries - from the Clearbrook Store, and fruit trees - from the Gill Nursery - were carried on her back.

Not long after settling on her claim her brother, Dow, came, and soon with the help of others, a cabin was built.

The Pangborn home became a mecca to friends and relatives as Dow and Olive bestowed abundant hospitality on them all. People traveling through the county on foot or horseback were given food and shelter in the Pangborn home.

Pangborn Lake, now drained, was long considered a beauty spot, but it also yielded many trout for the pioneer's table. A nearby cranberry marsh supplied berries for holiday meals. The lake at one time became a reserve for wild ducks.

Dow and Olive kept a cow or two and churned the cream into delicious butter which was sold at various logging camps, for at this time logging camps and shingle mills dotted the northwest. It was said that a mill could be found at every lake and water hole. Any cedar that was not strictly first grade was discarded.

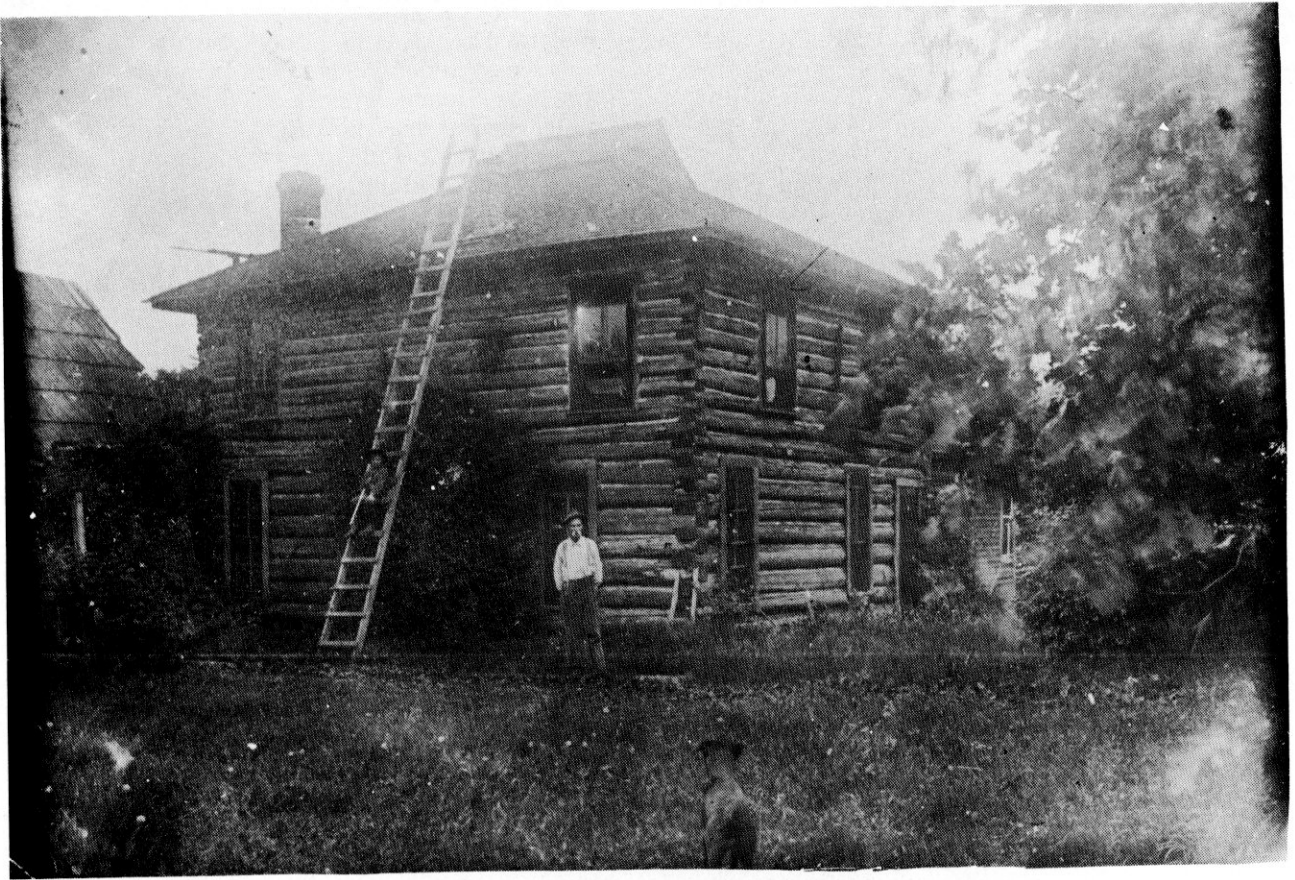
Besides the cows, the Pangborns raised numerous sheep - and each one had a name. Whenever a sheep had twin lambs, the ewe would suckle one and ignore the other, so Olive would bring it into the house to bottle feed it. In the evening, before retiring, she would heat milk, put it into bottles and wrap it in papers to keep it warm for the lamb's inevitable two o'clock feeding.

Chickens provided eggs and meat for the table. Dow could not bring himself to butcher a calf, so the calves were acquired by neighbors or friends.

Lincoln, a border collie, guarded the Pangborn farm. He constantly chased a big yellow rabbit 'round and 'round until the dog was all tired out and needed rest. The rabbit lived to tell many stories on old Lincoln, because the mischievous little critter was never caught!

Bert Pangborn, brother to Olive and Dow, and Mrs. Swim of Lynden, came west from Illinois in 1894. In the same year his wife left for California with their son, Hal, and small daughter Olive. The first child Margaret Emily, was brought to the Pangborn home by Mrs. Ruth Straight, when she came west with her children.

Little Margaret Emily, known as Marjory, had



Pangborn log house



Aunt Olive Pangborn, 1920.

black hair and dark brown eyes. When the train stopped, Marjory had to look about. Mrs. Straight's son saw her smiling at some Indians who were pointing to her and then to each other. After that incident was reported to Mrs. Straight - Marjory was promptly called to the older lady's side, and admonished not to leave again.

Soon after Marjory was settled with Uncle Dow and Aunt Olive, her brother Hal came up from California for a "visit" - which soon became permanent.

Hal was very interested in the sheep, also the horse he named Mars Chon. Striking up a friendship with a certain sea captain, resulted in various types of pigeons being brought to the Pangborn place, so the boy was always "busy".

The younger sister, Olive came once for a visit, but returned to her mother in California.

Marjory eventually married Thomas Tyler, and they moved to a farm nearby. She had a daughter named Hope, and a boy named Thomas Gordon (Thomas died in 1969). Thomas Tyler, Senior, was a real estate broker, with an office in the Sunset

Building in Bellingham. This as not a lucrative business, as many people chose to sell privately avoiding an agent's commission. Their farm was better business. And this farm is still home to Hope Tyler Johnson, a practicing nurse in the local rest home.

Bert Pangborn, Hope's grandfather, was a finished carpenter - an expert in applying the final touches on newly constructed homes. He also served as deputy sheriff to Tom Frazer for years. Bert died in California in 1937.

But in the days when Bert was young, in the lovely two story log house, the Pangborns celebrated Thanksgiving by inviting lonely people to dine with them. The tables were filled in their spacious dining room as Dow read to the seated gathering from the *Bible*, before asking the Lord's blessing.

Christmas was celebrated in much the same manner. A large Christmas tree, magnificent with popcorn and cranberry wreaths, and bits of tinsel salvaged from tea boxes, adorned the large room. An old Russian trapper, who passed through each winter

on his way to the northland, was always a Christmas guest.

The log house no longer stands for it burned long ago. "Uncle Dow" used brush to clean the chimney quite often, apparently in doing so, he loosened some bricks. Consequently a fire was started in the upstairs rooms. The neighbors came from all directions when they saw the smoke billowing from the fine old house, as it truly had been a mecca to so many relatives, friends and strangers, as well. However, the building could not be saved, but many of the belongings were rescued.

As the Pangborns had retired from active farming at that time, they turned toward the town of Lynden. Their last days were spent in a comfortable home just east of the grade school building.

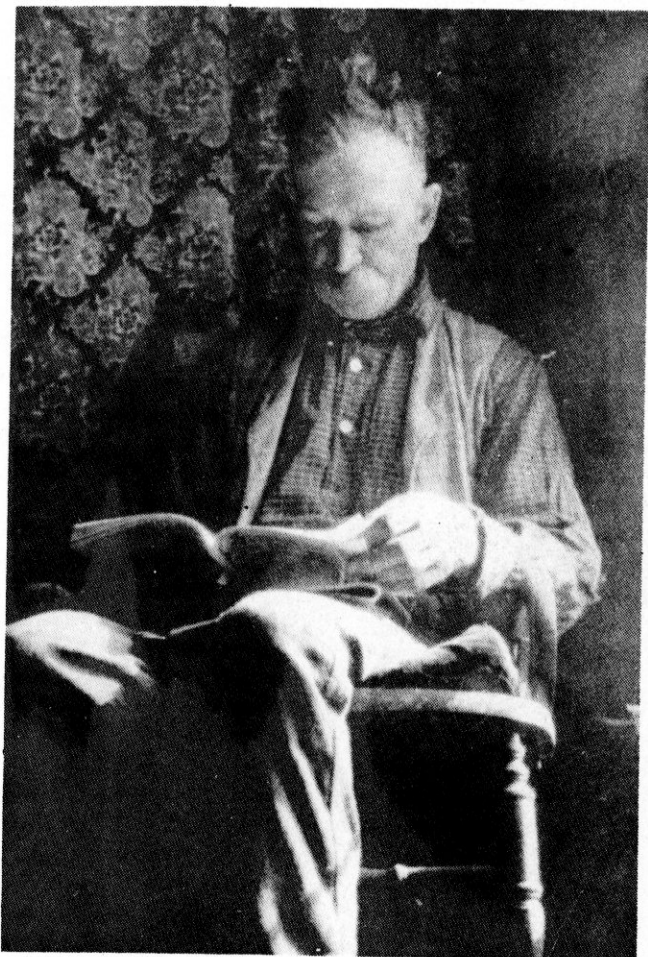
The Pangborns were self-sufficient pioneers who enjoyed the conviviality of early life as they bore its hardships. Their trials and their fun contributed to the growth of Lynden, a growth they could hardly foresee.

★



Front Row: Mary Jane, Margaret Canada Pangborn, Ranson B. Pangborn, Lorenzo "Dow" Pangborn. Back Row: Maria Amanda, Margaret Louise, Olive, Charles Albert.

A Look at the Pangborn Past



Lorenzo "Dow" Pangborn - first Sunday school superintendent of the Methodist Episcopalian Church - taken about 1905.



Olive Pangborn



Marjory with Pangborn sheep.



In 1899, 14 year old Marjory Pangborn writes to her mother in California. Through Marjory's eyes we can see how life was when pioneering was an adventure into today.



Marjory, on her horse Mars Chon.

Pangborn Manor, Winipi Lake, Wash.
January 29th, 1899

Dear Mama and sister Ollie,

We received the package two days ago New Year's Day. The lovely little pin. It's just as pretty as can be, especially the little face inside. I look at the sweet little face a dozen times a day. It's a lovely present. Hal is very much pleased with his ring. He has always wanted one and is forever getting mine on. Now he has a lovely one of his own. He likes it very much.

I received on Christmas an apron, a photograph album, a little blue and yellow cup and the book, "Five Little Peppers Grown-up." Papa gave it to me. He gave "Five Little Peppers Midway" to Hal and "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew" to Cecile. We like them very much. I think they are nearly as nice as Miss Alcott's books. Have you got any of her books? What ones have you got? I've got "Little Men" and "Little Women". I am going to get all of her books if I can. I have read "Jack and Jill". Have you?

I wrote to you about Papa giving a Melocharp for my birthday last summer didn't I? I can play it pretty well now. I have never studied music any at all so I can only play by ear. I don't play chords but I play the air. It sounds pretty nice. Do you take music lessons? Can you play on any musical instrument? Do you ever draw any? I do. I wondered if we were alike in very many things. How tall are you? I am 5 ft. and 9 in. tall. Hal is 5 ft. and 1½ in. tall. Do you like to read? I just love to. I like reading, music and drawing better than anything else in the world except Papa. I just love to ride horseback. But I don't suppose you can ride very much in the city. Can you ride a wheel? I can. Fred Boyer, the boy that stays here, worked at the mill last summer and he got a Lovell Diamond of Cousin Arthur and as he boarded here, his wheel was here of course and he let me learn to ride on it. I can ride pretty well. Fred traded his wheel to Cousin Mat Watson for a fine shotgun, this winter. Fred lets me shoot with the gun, too. I shot a robin last summer with an old Zulu of Cousin Arthur's. I don't suppose you can shoot, can you?

Some friends came up from Seattle holiday week. Rev. Mr. Brown and his wife. Mrs. Brown used to be Libbie Beach. I've no doubt Grandma Haven remembers about her. Well, Mr. Brown brought his fine repeating rifle and lovely little double action revolver. He let Hal and I shoot at a mark with it and I took it and went around in the fields hunting but I didn't kill anything worth eating. I like to hunt quite well. While Mr. Brown was here, Hal and Fred went hunting with him every day. The first day they got a rabbit - and 2 pheasants. That night it snowed and as Mr. Brown is a pretty big man, he weighs 275 pounds, it was rather hard for him to wade through a foot of snow. But he hunted some nevertheless.

We had a fine sleighride while they were here. Went nearly to the mill and back and all around. Oh, by the way, can you skate and swim? I can't do either. I'd like to know how though.

Hal and I have lots of fun sliding on the pond just northwest of the house.

We have just been having a blizzard but a Chinook wind has sent everything flying before it. The ice was fine down on the pond. The boys and girls down at Northwood came over every day to skate slide. It steeled last Saturday night and Ellie Palmer and Norma Chandler came over on Sunday to skate but we couldn't, so Hal got two or three little sleds and as the steel prevented our slipping we could run but the sleds slid finely so we had plenty of fun. We have lots of fun up here, sleighriding, skating, snowballing and every sort of jollification. Don't you wish you were up here awhile? I do. My, but we could have fun, though.

Hal, Aunt Ollie, Fred and I are going down to Lynden Sunday morning bright and early. We were going down last Sunday but there was a funeral so we had to attend that.

When we go down I am going to make a sketch of Mt. Baker and the Sisters. There is a fine view from Aunt Jennie's piazza.

We've got a good many things out here on the ranch. 2 horses, 19 head of cattle, 20 sheep, 4 big pigs and 4 little ones, 11 pigeons, 8 rabbits, about forty chickens, 2 fawns, 2 cats and 1 dog, 2 ducks and 2 geese. Papa bought the geese for us last Christmas.

We are making Papa a wool mattress and comforter. The mattress is to weigh 30 pounds and the comforter 6 lbs. Papa said he would pay us children 30 cents a pound if we would pick and card it for him so you see we'll make quite a bit out of it. It would come to \$10.80. How's that?

The boys, Hal and Fred Boyer, the boy who is working here, are going to make a canoe.

We are clearing some new ground now. I have lots of fun driving the team when they pull out roots and stumps. And then we have perfectly splendid bonfires at night. The boys put fires in old hollow stumps when it gets nearly dark and by the time night creeps over the land the fires are burning finely. We have great fun branding up, too.

We have got about 20 acres in fruit trees, and we are going to put the new cleared land in cherry trees. We've got a splendid Royal Ann cherry tree quite close to the house. We climb out the window onto the woodshed and then into the tree. They are monstrous big cherries and fine and juicy. In summer we have a hammock under it and we reach up and eat cherries off the tree and swing in the hammock and read or anything else. It's great fun. Hal used to climb up and throw cherries down on me. We've lots of other trees. When wild blackberries and raspberries are ripe we enjoy picking them. Along in the spring we get salmonberries along Sandy and Deep Creeks, that run near here.

When summer comes we are going to dig a ditch out a way into the lake so we can go canoe riding easier. It gets rather low around the edges so we can get out easier if we have a good sized ditch.

Oh, you ought to see the lovely flowers we have up here. Wild and tame. The roses can't be surpassed in California nor anything else either.

Oh, I'll have to put a stop to this teller, it's bedtime, I hope that you will forgive me and write to me soon,

Goodby,

Your loving Margie

P.S. It was very nice of Grandmother Haven to remember us all whom she had never seen. What are you going to invest-yours in? I'm going to put my little fortune into sheep, I guess. Write and tell me what you are going to do.

Yours Margie

Gertrude Burns: An Autobiography*

On November 17, 1894, Gertrude was born to Robert and Serena Burns, on the homestead her father had proven up some time previously.

Her first memory is sitting in the highchair in their log house, watching her father open the latch door at one end of the living room. This led to a cellar, where supplies kept cool in the summer and above freezing in the winter. The high chair and occupant were right by the door. In her glee, highchair and baby went sailing down into the cellar. Luckily she was not hurt!

Serena taught her daughter the household chores. One day young Gertrude brought in a big armload of wood. Her mother said that's a lazy man's load. Gertrude couldn't see it that way.

When she was past seven, she started to school, walking one and a half miles through the woods to the Roeder School. Her mother put her in charge of Jennie McMahon, a neighbor girl. One morning a fire was burning on each side of the road, which was obstructed by a fallen log. The terrified girls made it back home. Gertrude was glad nothing bad happened to her small charge. No school that day!

On better days the path to school was full of interesting things. Many squirrels chirped in the woods - the boys insisted on taking aim at them with their slingshots. In the spring, wildflowers would bloom - yellow violets, flowering currants, and trilliums. Devil clubs were numerous, and the sticky bushes were something to be avoided.

The woods were later logged. A skid road was laid across from the school house. The logs were hauled over the greased skids to Nordstrom's Mill a mile or so away. At noon hour the school children were allowed to cross the road and watch the logs being pulled to the mill.

A playground was fixed up around the school house grounds. An outhouse on each corner, one for the boys and one for the girls, was a necessity. Basketball courts were later added - again one for the boys and one for the girls - each playing his or her own rules. Gertrude played a forward. There was competition with nearby schools. The conveyance for teams were hayracks. Team travel only took place in

the daytime.

In winter when snow was on the ground fox and geese was enjoyed. A big wheel was tramped in the snow; a small circle left in the center, with spokes leading to the outside circle. Mr. Fox was left in the inner circle and the geese would run up and tag him if they could. If he caught a goose - the goose became the fox. After playing the game the children would return to their schoolroom very wet. Teacher became very busy hanging up the wet clothes to dry out before school was out.

The children enjoyed lots of tag games and hop scotching. Other games included last couple out, pump pump pull away, drop the handkerchief, ante over, and more, too numerous to name, plus the new game of marbles!

Blackboards played an important role in learning. They had to be washed at day's end and the erasers had to be pounded together to get rid of all the chalk. Small children started with a slate and slate pencil to write their spelling and arithmetic.

Classes were called to the front to sit on a long recitation bench for their lessons. One time Gertrude remembers when Ralph Roberts was teaching and she was standing to read her assignment. She came to a word she didn't know. Usually the teacher filled in, but this time he didn't. Gertrude stood all alone waiting for help. But none came. Finally embarrassed to the bare bone Gertrude sat down, never to forget the teacher or that day.

Each room had an ante-room where coats were hung and dinner pails left. These were the old lard pails that farm mothers had left over. On some occasions a choice morsel would be removed from an unguarded pail. On days like that someone would come away a little fuller, while another would be just a little emptier.

To raise money and also for a fun time for all, a basket-social would be planned for a special evening. The ladies and big girls made a prettily decorated basket lunch. These were auctioned off to the highest

*This was written previous to Gertrude's marriage to Louis Thom which took place December 11, 1976.

male bidder. The lunch held the name of the girl and it was the buyer's job to find the owner and share the contents with her.

Gertrude had no brothers, but she did have three sisters. Stella was the second daughter to Robert and Serena: Alice, the third, and Ruth, the fourth. When they were old enough they had to learn to help around the cow barn doing assorted chores along with big sister Gertrude. School mornings kept all four girls on the run. The milk separator was turned by hand. Cream came out of one spout and milk the other. The cream brought in the checks and the skim milk was fed to the calves and pigs. If the girls ran part of the way to school they would make it there by the last bell, but it was always a struggle!

Cars were just appearing on the scene. The first one the girls saw was on the way home from a picnic in Ferndale. The horses were frightened at the small horseless monster.

Gertrude had the job of caring for the chicken family. In the spring a few hens would get interested in setting on a nest full of eggs, and three weeks later would enter into the world a flock of baby chicks. Gertrude always found it interesting watching the mother hen scratch for bugs. Finding one she had a certain call to the chicks and they all came running for her. If perchance a crow or hawk swooped down for a

baby chick the hen made a danger call. The chicks, again would come running to mother for protection. When night came the mother hen would go to the small chicken coup, spread her wings and feathers, and the young would gather under her.

The girls grew up, and began going their own ways. Gertrude decided to take a business course at the Bellingham Normal School. She got along fine, but at the end of the semester a young man by the name of Alex M. Burns talked her into spending her life with him. They were married April 15, 1919, and went to Seattle to live. Quite a change for a country girl!

When their first child Robert Alexander was just a few weeks old, Robert, Gertrude's father, feeling the rigors of a hard life, asked Alex and Gertrude if they would consider taking over the ranch he had made from a homestead. They consented, thus began a new venture that entailed much work, relieving Robert and Serena of their heavy responsibilities.

Cars were coming into their own. The first car Gertrude and Alex purchased was a Model T. Ford. Later they bought a Model A. Ford. Cars kept improving and they went along with the trend!

Two more sons were born: James Munro and David Wallace.

After retiring from active farming, Gertrude and



Robert and Serena Burns - Hard Scramble homesteaders.

Alex felt like doing some traveling. They took two ocean trips to the British Isles and also toured the mainland of Europe. Later, they spent their winters in Arizona, coming back to the farm in spring.

Alex passed away on June 16, 1963.

Gertrude occupies the small house on the farm. She has done some traveling on her own. In

September 1968 she toured the Holy Land.

Her church affiliation is with the Assembly of God Church, and is one of her interests. She also enjoys the senior centers at both Lynden and Everson, taking several planned trips with friends.

A life marked with hard work and happy pursuits continues for Gertrude Burns!

Land of our Own

by Peter Elenbaas

After the close of the Civil War in 1865, there had to be readjustments in every level of society. The army was demobilized and thousands of men who had been on active duty, suddenly found themselves free from army life. Many of them turned their faces to the west. They had heard of fertile territories where any man could settle on a piece of land by building an adobe house of sod or if they were rich, then a shanty. Thousands moved west, and the states and territories rapidly were settled. In a short time the only thing that kept them from going farther west was the Pacific Ocean!

Now, this news did not stay in one place. The news that you could get a farm for a small filing fee spread not only in the States but also went across the Atlantic bringing thousands of settlers from Europe, where it was impossible to ever own a piece of land. The news spread into the Netherlands and from the province of Zeeland, the James Elenbaas family — Father, Mother, four sons, three daughters — prepared to make the trip to a new and faraway land. They came by boat to New York. The voyage was exceedingly rough, and the service was poor. They suffered terribly; they were sick and crowded.

The year was 1893.

When they came to New York the Elenbaas' were strangers in a strange land. They had heard of a town named Zeeland, and I suppose they thought that there might be some people who also came from the Zeeland, Holland. When they arrived in that Michigan village they found two families who were their cousins from the old country.

They now were in the country of which they had heard so much. But it was very hard getting a start. There was nothing left of their money when they arrived in Michigan.

Father found a house to live in and worked at any job he could get. In 1893 the economy was beginning to slow up, jobs were hard to find — there was not much work. The furniture factories in the town were not operating — it was an impossible time. Then, in the year 1894 an event occurred that was important to me. I was born on August 24, 1894. And we were

yet to own land.

In the year 1898 the United States was in deep depression. Almost every business failed or closed down. In those days there was no welfare, and every family had to row their own canoe. Our family was particularly hard hit. Father had an accident and had part of his foot amputated, as a result. He had no job. I was told later that at one time Mother was crying because there was nothing left to eat, and no place to get anything. She was left with nothing to do but pray, and leave it in the Lord's hands. In the morning, there was a sack of potatoes on the porch that someone had left during the night. That must have been the turning point. I never forgot that sack of potatoes, and it was still a long pull before things were normal again.

It must have been sometime later that the news came about the wealth of land in the far west. The climate was much milder, and for Mother, this was important. She was tubercular, and the Michigan climate was not good for her. The excitement mounted as we learned that the railroad had gone as far as Bellingham where we had heard Dutch families had settled in Lynden, Oak Harbor, and around Seattle. The rates were cheap to the west coast, evidently to invite people to come and see. Father and Mr. Albert Haneman lived a short distance from each other, and together decided to come out west and look over the situation. Father and Mr. Haneman visited Hollanders in Everett, Whidbey Island, and Lynden. Lynden appealed to them the most. I will never forget the homecoming of my father. It was in the late summer that he returned and I was playing with some neighbor children when I saw my father walking down the street carrying some big satchels and boxes. I ran as fast as I could to meet him. But the best was yet to come! When Father got to the house and everybody had greeted him, he began telling us about the wonderful country the west was, we could hardly believe him. But when he opened the satchels and boxes, he made believers out of all of us, for they were filled with great big apples and pears. I tasted my first Washington apple that day, and like magic was ready to go to that new and wonderful place. Indeed, we all

were ready!

It didn't take us long to prepare for the long journey to Lynden. We did not own our house, so we could leave it as soon as possible. I suppose our furniture helped to finance our trip. All I know for sure is we had a small trunk, a few boxes and bags, and the clothes we wore.

I can still remember some of the journey on the railroad. It was winter and very cold as the train crossed the prairie. The railroad had special cars for people who were going to the far west. There was a little stove at one end of the car on which Mother could cook a little food, and from which we kept warm. The trip seemed endless. Long days and nights followed by morning after morning of mountains, forests, and more prairies. Finally we came to the west coast. It was warmer and more beautiful, and at last we arrived in Whatcom where we would journey to Lynden. Unbeknownst to me we arrived at Lynden by wagon taking a long day to ride over a corduroy road covered with a few inches of dirt.

There were some hotels in Lynden, but we had no money, so we had to find another refuge. Through people Father had met on his first trip out here, we heard of a few abandoned stores east of the now Hannegan Road, and in one of these we were able to stay until Father built a house on land of our own out in the country.

Our road was not easy, but was filled with the adventure of knowing that man can prosper with his own land!

Part II

The date was January 1, 1901, and the James Elenbaas family was introduced to its first north-easter. There was snow, but we were surrounded by so much forest that the wind didn't bother us very much. I was not allowed to go out of the abandoned store that had become our first refuge in Lynden. We had become used to cold weather winters in Michigan, but we still put on all the clothes to keep warm for this was not an ordinary winter. I remember the snow stayed on the ground for some time. I remember towards spring a younger brother and I walked to what is now Grover Street and suddenly the road went winding around great fir trees. It was beautiful, but we did not dare go very far out of fear of being lost — and there were all those stories of cougars loose in these woods.

Once I was talking with my brother Joe about this time in our lives. He asked me if I remembered how we had our meals, and I said, "very dimly — tell me."

He said, "Mother would cook a big kettle of rice or oatmeal and put it in the middle of the makeshift table and after the blessing all of us would take a spoon and eat out of the kettle." I asked him why, and Joe said, "because we did not own any plates or dishes."

Father bought a fifty-two acre farm two and a half miles south of Lynden on what was later called the Van Dyk Road. The Greenwood School was about three quarters of a mile away. The farm had no buildings, but did have a beginning of an orchard that someone had planted and abandoned. During the winter of 1901, when the weather was not too bad, Father and the older boys began building a house so

we could all be there in the spring.

We moved out to the farm as soon as the house could be used. Although it was far from finished it was better shelter than the cold store building. We children were excited about having a home once again, and Father was anxious to get a garden started as soon as possible. The orchard was all grown over with brush and grass, but some trees had survived including some very promising cherry trees. It was very hard getting our garden started in the orchard. We did not have a horse and the only thing to do was to dig up the earth with a spade. As it slowly was spaded, raked, and planted we waited to see if we would get a harvest in this new land.

Our farm was a long strip of land with high land along the Van Dyk Road stretching into the river bottom. About half way down there was a creek that had been cleaned out and straightened out by the county. It was called the County Ditch. Soon after we moved some of the boys went as far as the ditch coming back all excited with a report that the ditch was full of salmon. We all went to the ditch, and what an excitement! All we had was a pitchfork, but we managed to catch a few. Because often we had to do without, Mother always was worrying about our food supply. Her immediate response to our catch was to salt it down for storage in porcelain jars. That response came before we realized how fortunate we were to live in such a bountiful place as Washington State. Where else do great fish coming twenty miles away from the ocean swim all that way to the backyard of a poor hungry family? And alas, the work that went into salting down the fish in the porcelain jars went for nothing; we soon found that any time we wanted fish all we had to do was to go to the creek for a fresh supply. The salted down salmon was buried the next spring!

When the season became warmer we frequently saw rabbits around the garden. We tried to catch or trap them but never did succeed in doing so. This did not stop us from wanting one for a pet. Then someone said that a man, several miles south of us, was selling some rabbits on his farm. We went to Father with the news. We told him we could build a rabbit pen against an angle of the house and woodshed, and then we would be able to see the rabbit through the kitchen window. Our plans were fine with him, except that he had no time to help us with our project. We told him we could fix up the rabbit pen ourselves. We cleaned up the area raking it out nice and clean. We then proceeded to work on the two sides of the hutch. We got a few posts and placed them solidly in the ground. We found some planks and nailed them to the posts. From a cedar log we split some pickets about four feet long, nailing them to the stringers. Finally we succeeded in finishing our rabbit pen, and we two proud little boys were ready to buy our rabbit. We didn't know exactly where the man with the rabbits lived, but we thought we could find his farm. We started out in the morning, and soon found our trek to be tiring and painful. The roads were graveled and hurt our bare feet. If we walked in the gravel we had to be wary of stubbed toes, and if we walked on the side of the road we were in the danger of stepping on thistles. We were pretty tired when we finally found the rabbit man's farm. We asked the farmer if he had

rabbits for sale. He took us to his rabbit pen where he had a young rabbit about half grown for sale. He told us that rabbit would cost us twenty-five cents. That was a blow to us because all the money we had was fifteen cents which meant all our hard work on the pen plus the long hot walk was for nothing. I guess the man saw our dilemma because he let us have the rabbit and a sack to carry it in besides. Were we glad! We thanked the man and started back home. We were so pleased and excited that the way back home did not seem long. Every once in awhile we would open the bag and look at the wonderful little rabbit. We were glad to get home, hungry, but with our mission accomplished. We placed the rabbit in the pen, and spent the afternoon finding nice clumps of fresh grass. With each handful of grass we returned to the cage to check out our new pet. We could not stay away from the pen. I think that little rabbit had enough grass for a month! Finally we were sent to bed, the day had turned to night and we couldn't see the rabbit anymore anyway. We must have been very tired for we stumbled into bed and fell fast asleep.

The following morning when we awakened, we hurried downstairs and around to the pen we had made. We looked over the fence and our little rabbit

was gone. After we had gone to bed the little rabbit had gone to the fence and simply dug a hole under it!

We never again tried to raise rabbits. That day we took down our nice little fence that had taken so much time and energy to build. Our sister planted flowers and a few shrubs where our pen had been, turning that corner into a place of beauty.

I finally realized it was wrong of me to put one of God's creatures in captivity.

The pain of this experience was diminished when later that first summer Father was able to buy an old cow. What an excitement! We children picked up grass and brought it to her. For some time that cow had it made, that is, until the thrill of feeding her wore off, and she had to find grass for herself!

Father had always been a good gardener, and at the end of our first summer we were able to sell quite a lot of produce to the Waples Department Store. We had no horse in those days and all the produce we sold was hand carried to the buyers. In those years, there were a lot of logging camps and shingle mills scattered through the woods. Father started a route to bring groceries to these various camps by hand cart.

At the end of the summer, we had shared in the bounty of the land — land of our own!

Remember Charley Philo?



Philo home, 1908.

The Long Long Trail

by Ellen B. Nelson

This trail began in Virginia in 1861 when a tall slender medical student pondered the serious question: should I enlist now? Should I wait until I finish my medical training? He thought of the thrill of serving with the great Robert E. Lee, and he thought of Great-Grandfather's commitment as he signed the Declaration of Independence pledging his "life, liberty and sacred honor." With a burst of patriotism and dedication to the Confederate cause, Thomas J. Nelson signed his name, also. He knew he would have made his great-grandfather proud.

Two years later the young Thomas was seriously wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg. When able to travel, he was sent to the Louisiana Medical College where he graduated in due time.

In 1867 he married Miss Leona Jackson (formerly of North Carolina). The marriage took place in Little Rock, Arkansas.

The next move was to Missouri where several children were born. But the family really did not settle down until they moved to South Dakota. Here Dr. Nelson had a practice that consumed most of his time. The older Nelson boys could ride the range and manage farm work. They also had fine saddles and buggy horses they could drive to the various "singing schools" and literary programs put on by the young people of Platte, South Dakota. In the meanwhile Dr. Nelson's horse was hurriedly bringing him to the outskirts where on occasion he would deliver a baby, mend a broken leg or simply soothe a worried brow.

The winds that had once brought moisture to the Nelson farmlands turned in time to either dry winds or no winds at all. A drought had come to Platte. Because

of this, the Nelsons moved to Phillipsburg, Kansas — where they lived for eight years. Here a devastating cyclone leveled their home nearly killing the oldest son, Robert E. The fast and efficient work of his father saved the boy's life.

1909 and the big fair in Seattle, Washington, brought the doctor out west to look for new horizons. Again, he found a home for his family, this time it was Lynden, Washington. All personal property and cattle was shipped by train to the McPherson farm on the North Prairie and Double Ditch Roads.

Not much time went by before the Nelsons realized that most of the inhabitants of Platte, South Dakota, had migrated to Lynden at the turn of the century. Wherever the Nelsons went they met their old neighbors the Pilons; the Boerhaves; the Zylstras; Dykstrahuis; Nieveens; and the Polinders — who hailed in from Phillipsburg, Kansas. And I was to meet Dr. Nelson at this time as well. When we met, I had no way of knowing I was fated to marry his son, Robert.

The old McPherson farm was under the management of the youngest Nelson son, Joseph Edward. He was helped in his duties by his older brothers, who also purchased farms of their own on the Benson Road.

The end of the long long trail was nearly completed for one Dr. Thomas J. Nelson. The trail that had begun in Virginia in 1861 ended on December 29, 1915 when he quietly slipped from his family. His journey was not quite finished yet, as the remains were sent to Phillipsburg, Kansas to rest beside his wife, Leona who had preceded him in death at Phillipsburg in 1904. Truly, it was a long long trail!

Times Remembered

The Art Crabtree Story

by George Hinton

Arthur Crabtree was born in Whatcom County, as were all his brothers and sisters — Laura Crabtree Cole, Harry, May Crabtree Estabrook, adopted siblings Henry and Katherine, and two who died in early childhood. Sons and daughters of B. C. and Mary Handy Crabtree, who were married in Minnesota.

B.C. came west in 1889 with his bride, Mary Handy of Minnesota. They had been married the previous year. They traveled with his parents, George and June Filmore Crabtree of Illinois.

They came to Lynden by way of Sehome. B.C. was twenty-five at the time and followed the family with a load of cattle. It took B.C. from nine in the morning until ten in the evening to drive the cattle from Sehome to their new home in Lynden. They arrived in the midst of Lynden's growing pains, for these were the early years. And if a man wanted to make it, he had to

show it. Perhaps this is why the very day after the Crabtrees arrived, B.C. was out hauling sawdust for Mr. Judson. B.C. had brought his own team with him, and with his horses he intended to make his way.

That first year, he had no shelter for his horses. A large log with a covering of fir branches provided a makeshift shed. In the winter, B.C. built a wall to guard the team against the wind connecting the log to the wall was a roof made of rough cedar. Where this makeshift shed once stood is the present site of Fisher Primary School.

Eventually, B.C. bought twenty acres, and his farm still stands today. This was where Arthur Crabtree was raised. Art traveled alongside his father as they drove the team over the muddy trails of Lynden hauling lumber, gravel and freight. Young Arthur was tanned and robust soon giving up the

name Arthur for his school yard nickname, Art, which still follows him today.

He remembers the days of school with doubleseats, one water pail and dipper, one teacher, and one room filled with many grades — and all those recitations! Art distinctly remembers the day Joe Elenbaas came to his school from Greenwood. Joe walked straight up to the teacher and asked where he should sit. The teacher replied he could have his choice. Joe looked around the room for a time, and came directly to the seat by Art. The boys got acquainted, and with a glint of mischief in his eye Art reflected, "it didn't take me long to find out Joe was smart!"

Art described his teacher, Miss Warner, to be sincere in helping those having a hard time in their studies. She would tell a student to slide over, and she would explain until the student understood. She was so well liked that the boys never gave any trouble or cause for embarrassment. Art was on the receiving end of the help Miss Warner gave. Art said, "I was very fond of school and did love to play with the youngsters, but when I got old enough to drive team, which I also loved to do — Dad would keep me out of school a little at a time, and I would get behind. I would go to school and get more and more behind. I knocked at the door one day, and Miss Warner was giving exams. She gave me special assistance and told me to return in a few days for an individual examination." And that was how Art finished his eight grade education.

The summer after eighth grade occurred shortly after the turn of the century. Art had been involved in many chores about the farm. His father worked early and late clearing his acreage and hauling loads for others. For Art and his friend Claud Slade the time went fast. Neither of the boys had been very successful in school, but both had enjoyed the experience. That summer they decided they would like to go to Wilson's Business College in Bellingham. By fall, with the memories of what school had been, and with their parents' approval, they set out for Bellingham. They met the school's president, Mr. Wilson, and he helped them select a course of study. The boys obtained a room in his home for the school term. The school was entirely different from the warmth and fun of Miss Warner's grade schoolroom. The accommodations in the Wilson house were not that good either. At night an old billy goat would rub his horns against an outside wall. Claud didn't like that at all. Finally they complained to the teacher, who, much to their relief, let them move to a rooming house in town. With the aid of two borrowed wheel barrows, the young boys pushed their belongings down the boarded sidewalk away from that infernal billy goat! Of Wilson's Business College, Art said, "We stuck it out until spring, then Dad let me come home (Claud came home as well). Two country boys trying to adapt to town ways with handicaps in learning, well, sooner or later, it just had to end!"

One of Art's early jobs was as part of a road crew. There was no powerful machinery in those days. The first earth movers were the plain slip scrapers drawn by a team. The scraper had two handles. The handles were attached to the rear of the metal extending backwards far enough for a man to lift the scraper while being pulled by the team. The front of the metal

was "U" shaped with two large hooks on either side. The hooks reached to the double tree to which the horses were attached. As the team moved forward, the handle lifted slightly and the scraper began to fill. When it was full the handles were lowered and the team pulled the load to the designated dumping site. Besides dynamite, this was about the extent of the machinery used on the job Art worked for Herman Penn. The right of way for the road was through the Klocke Mill and the work was hard.

One day, Art was sent to town to get some more blasting powder. He had the good fortune to run into Mr. Bill Waples. Mr. Waples told him about a donkey engine that rented for ten dollars a day — Mr. Kilchup, its engineer, was paid three dollars daily. They could use it for pulling stumps.

A donkey engine was actually a steam engine connected to a hand hewn sled. On the front of it were hundreds of yards of cable wound around a large drum. The cable was attached to a solid stump, and when the cable mechanically wound its way to the drum the stump was pulled and moved to a piling site.

With the help of the donkey engine, the road work progressed much quicker. By about 1905 the Blaine-Sumas Road was graveled and ready for traffic. Today it is called the East Badger Road.

Art recalls a bad storm in 1908. Ike Elenbaas was manager of the creamery and wanted a large amount of the ice brought from the storm. Art and his companions hauled the ice from Trott's Slough located just south of the present Lynden Rest Home. Three teams were sharp shod and kept on the trot. At this pace they would not slip as much. The men sawed the ice into large chunks and loaded it on bobsleds. At the creamery, they had a large hole into which the ice was shoveled and covered with sawdust. In this fashion ice was kept for summertime use.

In these years, Art hauled cream regularly for the creamery. The cream was picked up after it had been pasteurized in the evening. After picking up the cream, Art would haul it home. In the morning he would take it to Custer, and from there it would be shipped to J. P. Yagin in Seattle. The rest of the day, Art said, "I had to myself!"

Art's drayage and hauling business adventures took place a short time before he met the woman who would be his wife. Before that he hauled gravel from Mathison's Store southward in the fall of 1910. With the help of his friend Clarence Compton, Art hauled cord wood from Marietta to Bellingham. The young men cut the wood themselves, and still made two hauls a day.

One day Art and his cousin, Clarence, had dates with two girls north of Lynden. They had reached their respective homes only to find the girls had more important engagements. The disappointed youths went on their way back home. The horse was trotting along the rough road when another rig approached them. As Clarence was driving, Art took time to survey the two girls in the buggy. One of the girls caught Art's eye and gave him a very sweet smile. Art noticed that smile. In a moment the girls had passed them.

"Who were those girls," asked Art.

"I don't know who they are," answered Clarence who clearly was not interested in finding out.

The cousins parted for the evening. In the morning, Art went to his job at the Richey and Shelto Lumber Company, where he loaded wagons with lumber making one trip, himself, to Lynden each day.

Richey asked Art if he would like to help him with the threshing of his field of grain north of Lynden. As Art didn't need the money he told him he would pass on the offer. Afterwards, he got to thinking about that girl with the smile. He had seen her in the vicinity of Richey's field. What if she should come to the threshing bee? That smile was just too fetching to pass up meeting its owner. The next time he saw Richey, Art told him he would be glad to help out. Richey said that Art could take supper with a family by the name of Stapp, after the threshing. So all was set.

As youthful Art was pitching bundles at the machine, Richey asked him to fill the water wagon at the ditch. Art didn't want the job of pumping water by hand, but he took it. He was pumping away, whistling to himself, when the girl with the smile came along after serving coffee to the threshing crew.

"I have no coffee for you," she said, turning the remaining cup upside down as proof.

Art jumped off the wagon coming towards her, saying, "well, bums don't need coffee!"

Their eyes met for an instant, and Art said, "where have you been all my life?"

The girl blushed. "I've been here since 1900," was all she could manage to say. Then she was off with more orders for coffee.

Art was truly bewildered. Perhaps this was why he asked two young boys who passed him at that moment, "how old's your sister?"

The Stapp boys repeated the funny question to their mother. They didn't even have a sister.

Art collected his wits and returned to work, but he couldn't help wondering about that girl with such a nice smile.

The crew worked late into the afternoon, and needed Art to tote water for them, making him slightly late for supper at the Stapps. Arriving at the house to wash up, Art encountered Mrs. Stapp, as she opened the door to throw some dishwater out.

Spying Art she said, "Oh you're the man who asked my boys who their sister was!" And oh, did she laugh! "Looking at the pretty girls, heh?" she continued, "well first you'd better go and look in the looking glass."

Mrs. Stapp went back in the house, and Art was now in a hurry to get cleaned up! Looking at himself in the mirror he had to laugh at what a mess he was. The wash basin had to be filled more than once to get all the dust off his face. He combed the chaff from his hair, and soon he looked quite human.

As Art joined the Stapp family, the two boys met him and laughed. "There's that man, Mama, the one who said we had a sister!"

Art blushed as he sat down to supper, but no one noticed. His embarrassment didn't stop him from having a good supper after the hard day's work he put in.

Afterwards, Mr. Stapp asked Art if he would walk a neighbor's horse back to him before departing for the evening. Coming back from delivering the horse, Art saw a lantern approaching him. He suspicioned who it was — and he was right, the girls were returning from the threshing. Art hastened towards them, and asked if he might carry their heavy lantern. The girls consented and Art walked with them. When they reached the girls' gate, with the lantern's help, Art read the name on the mailbox — VERDUIN.

He said, "Now I know where you live, I'll see you again. Well goodnight. Oh, by the way, I'm Art Crabtree."

"Yes, I have heard of you," Jennie Verduin said.



An early threshing bee - date and farm unidentified

"Good or bad?"

I don't know . . ." Jennie said.

The threesome parted, but this was just the beginning of the courtship between Art and Jennie. They attended community gatherings and could always be seen at church together. The courting was simplified by the love that had been there since their first meeting. It was no surprise when Art asked Jennie to marry him.

The smiling girl answered, "You'll have to ask my father and mother." The smile melted into soft laughter.

"Oh, yes. That'll be easy," Art said.

It didn't turn out to be that easy. He did try to pluck up enough courage, but just when his courage was up — somebody was always around. And so it went. Finally one night as the entire Verduin family sat around the dinner table conversing, Jennie took matters into her own hands. She maneuvered her parents and Art into the other room. Finally Art and Jennie were alone with her parents. Jennie held the door knob and turned to her chagrined Art.

"Go ahead," Jennie said.

Art did just that, and won Jennie's hand with unanimous approval.

Art Crabtree and Jennie Verduin were married March 13, 1913, in Jennie's home. They stayed one night in each parent's home before moving into a garage on the Art Crabtree farm, the same farm he owns today. Jennie's homelike ways made the rude surroundings very comfortable and cozy.

The proud husband worked hard to make things go. He bought five cows and built a small barn. But times were hard, and his skill as a herdsman was new. Art figured he could do better by going back to work he knew. With faith that Jennie could manage the farm, Art began hauling for Heaton Lumber Company. Jennie did well with the farm, having her brother milk the cows for a small fee.

Throughout the years, the Crabtrees lived on three separate locations, on the same property. Two sons, Archie and John, were born in the garage. While building their new home, they moved across the road to temporary quarters, and this was where Colby was born. The new house was finished in 1917. Daughters Genevieve and Minnie Marie, and sons, Gerald and Gene were born there.

Art also continued to haul milk for the Lynden Dairy. After the Whatcom County Dairyman's Association formed, Art delivered the first load of "association" milk to the Darigold plant in ten gallon cans.

Art remembers an incident which gave proof of the loyalty to the association. "People," he said, "had victory bonds then. Some of the farmers turned in their victory bonds for dairy bonds for security."

An injury to his knee prevented Art from hauling milk for five years, but he continued to work on his farm. By this time he had added thirty more cows to the five he had began with. Farm life was busy.

Art remembers the time he bought a black colt. "I was warned not to touch this one with any switch or even snap the lines. One late morning the horse made a lunge at me and I made a quick dash to the barn. Glancing back, I saw that it was coming — and

furiously, too. I made for the hay mow, which was about four feet high, and thought the critter would stop. But she was a rarin', so I made for the loft ladder. She was right behind me, when I beat it up the ladder. Well, I was safe and rested easily, thinking the animal would give up and go back outside. Well, a half hour went by and I was getting tired of resting. The horse stuck right there. After twelve o'clock, Jennie came to find me. She slowly opened the door and called for me. I told her where I was and when she asked why, I pointed to the colt. When she saw the horse, she slammed the barn door and made for the house. The incident roused the horse's attention and it walked away from its post. I was safe, but you guessed right. I advertised that horse in the paper and got a buyer, who was willing to take her despite her past!"

Arthur Crabtree was one member of the three man Whatcom County Machinery Rationing Board. He served with Hjalmar Manson of Deming and the late Ralph Duxberry of Ferndale. He also chaired the Ferndale Committee — Triple "A", the original soil conservation organization.

The progression of Lynden amazes Art. He remembers timber on both sides of the Guide Meridian, and recalls mill sites where not a trace now exists. There is no resemblance of the past in the present. The timber is gone. The roads now are paved and straight. They weren't always.

"The first mode of transportation," Art said, "was the river, then the skid roads which turned into muddy roads. They were right behind graveled and then the plank roads. The low wagons with the small eight wheels called eight-wheelers started me in hauling. The railroad came, later trucking was available, and now — air freight." Chuckling, Art said, "and I've seen it all!"

Art started farming with a disc, plow, harrow, and a team of horses. Now he has two tractors, a potato combine, a grain combine, a roto-beater and duster. Progress — bought with hard work.

Farming appeals to his boys, and Art believes they got that from their Grandfather B.C. Crabtree.

Art has always been a steady worker through the bad times as well as the good. With love and devotion, he raised his children, and built his business. And like the man said, "I've seen it all!"



Ye Olde Benson Road Circa 1900

by Ellen B. Nelson

Beginning at the south end of the Benson Road looking east, I see in my mind's eye the home of the Carr Baily family, consisting of the parents and six children. The youngest, Nettie was my age, however, Nettie and an older brother passed away when very young. The house has long since disappeared, and has been replaced by the modern home of the Joe E. Cramer family.

Across the road was the first substantial split log house built in Lynden. The ones built earlier were called cabins; the settlers hoping to replace them later by planed lumber dwellings. This log house was built in 1882 by William H. Slade. A native of England, he had come to Michigan as a young boy. Later he married a young woman of French descent, Elizabeth Desa. They decided to take a homestead in the northwest and on the Benson Road, William took up one-hundred and sixty acres. This fine warm log house was ready for occupancy when Mr. Slade sent for wife, Elizabeth, and their three sons, Harvey, Henry and Fred. Here the sons grew to manhood, and here, in this house were there many pioneer parties often lasting until the wee hours of the morning.

After Mr. Slade died, his widow married a Mr. Thomas. They built a new house of planed lumber a few hundred yards from the log house. One of the many charms of this house was the glass panel surrounded by cut glass inset in the front door. Mr. Thomas died, and the twice married mother, moved into Lynden. There, she met and married a Mr. Bach, and this is where she spent her remaining days.

A short distance north of the Slade Thomas dwellings was the fine home of Captain James O'Neil. A log cabin stood by having been the O'Neil's first home. The cabin had also served as a schoolhouse for the very few children of the first pioneers. Mrs. O'Neil had been their teacher. Among her pupils was her son Robbie and daughter Jessie.

When Robbie married, he and his family lived opposite the family home on the west side of the Benson Road. Robbie was the first teacher in the little log school house located on back of Fishtrap Creek on Main Street. Later, he served as Lynden's postmaster, until he retired, and moved to California.

Now, we go a quarter of a mile north, and find Martin Luther and his wife Ellen Jackman situated on a ten acre parcel purchased from Jim O'Neil. On the land they built a house, barn, and a fine milk and storage room. This place was later purchased by the W. H. Elders from Iowa. The elderly Jackmans moved into town.

Again traveling north we find my family home. My father, J.J. Booman began farming after he purchased ten acres from Captain Jim O'Neil in 1889. He built a house and barn before sending for his betrothed, Miss Marie Lind. They were married in 1891.

The adjoining ten acre plot was occupied by Henry and Violinda Smith who hailed from 'way back

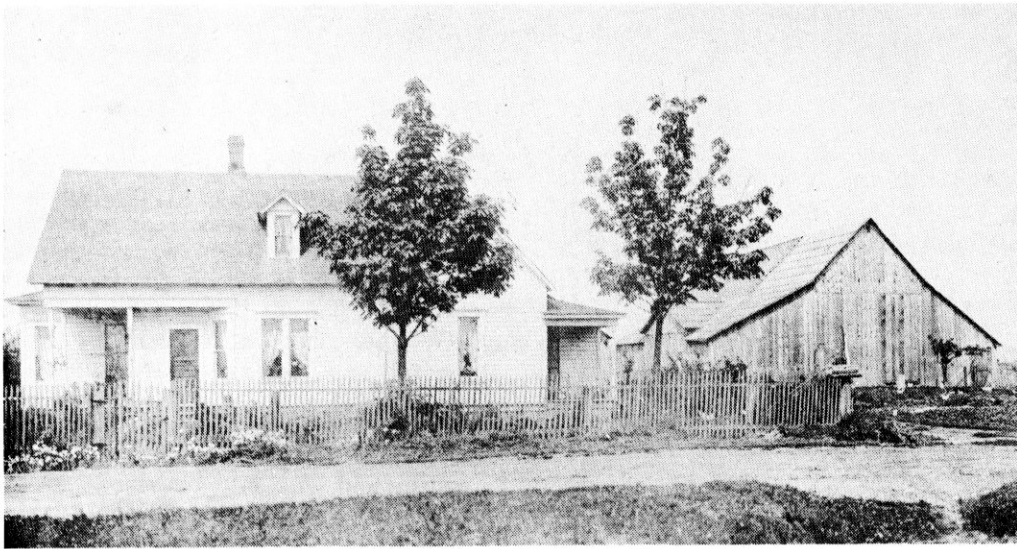
in Illinois'. This kind and godly couple were an asset to the young community. They built a small house with four rooms, a barn and a sod root cellar. They also set out a number of fruit trees and currant bushes — red, white, and black varieties. In the course of time the Boomans bought the ten acre track from the Smiths. When the cherries were ripe each year, my mother invited neighboring children and mothers to a cherry party.

Per Bentzen and his wife Johanna Strand Bentzen lived north of the old Smith place. The twelve room house had the only basement in the neighborhood. They called the house the "nya husset", standing for new house, their old roomy cabin was not far away. The cabin was called "gamla huset", which is the Swedish equivalent for old house. The only reminder that it was ever there is a grove of poplars which grow in its place.

Further north near the corner of the Blaine-Sumas Road stood a large well built log house dressed in a coat of rustic siding. A large barn and other out buildings signaled that this was a prosperous farm. A. N. Shagren owned the farm. He had come from Eslof Sweden in 1871, and had become the owner of one hundred and sixty acres of this rich farmland. After becoming an American citizen, he returned to Sweden to marry Hanna Erickson. They returned to America and their farm on the Benson Road. A few years later, the Shagrens adopted young Henry Klocke, at the insistence of his terminally ill mother, Mrs. August Klocke, Senior. When young Henry Shagren grew to manhood, he became a road supervisor and then, a county commissioner. He built a fine home on his father's property on the Badger Road (Blaine-Sumas), where he farmed for years. The old Shagrens finally sold their farm to the Nels Jacobsons and moved to town. Mrs. Shagren passed away at age seventy-eight. Henry moved his father in with his family, where he lived until he died nine years later.

As we again travel northward on the Benson Road we see woods on either side of the road. After the woods we see on the right one-hundred-sixty acres of peat land owned by Per Bentzen and across the road is the home of Andrew (Anders) Benson. His farm buildings also show he is a hard working and progressive farmer.

Now we have come to the North Prairie Road, and to the south half of the Marcey homestead. This parcel had been purchased by "Grandpa Rolefo" and son Henry Bartelds. They came from Platte, South Dakota where the drought years had been severe. Like other Holland born families there, they, too, pulled up stakes to seek homes in the Pacific Northwest. The Bartelds had spent eighteen years in Platte taking up a homestead on pre-emption land near the town. When they came to the northwest, they spent their first year in Oak Harbor, but their sites were set on Lynden. Chartering a stern wheeler they proceeded to



The Booman home on the Benson Road.

load their cargo in preparation for their journey to Lynden. Their cargo included fifteen cows, two calves, four horses, four pigs, a mongrel dog named Mose, and a canary. When loading, the calves jumped ship. They thrashed madly about, finally swimming to shore. Everybody and beast loaded, the Bartelds were on their way when another crisis happened. The bottom of the canary cage dropped out and Mr. Canary took off to view his surroundings, much to the consternation of the three Bartelds girls, Jessie, Grace and Annie. The Captain took the cage into his stateroom and left the door open, telling the girls their little friend would soon be back. Sure enough, the bird returned to the cage as soon as darkness began. But, dog Mose, disappeared, never to return to Master Rudolph Bartelds. The family arrived at their new home on the Benson, to prove the land up and prosper.

Just a half mile north of the Bartelds came the good doctor, Thomas Nelson, with his three sons and two daughters. Also from Platte, they settled on the Frank MacPherson place. Later two Nelson brothers, Tom and Robert, bought the north half of the Marcey claim. Rudolph Bartelds remembers how "Grandpa" would rush up to open the big gate on the Prairie Road whenever he would see Dr. Nelson flying down the road in his buggy, enroute to a patient.

Next was the P.A. Clarke place. When the Clarkes purchased the place it already had a huge barn built by a Mr. Cudworth. The Clouds had owned the land before the Clarkes. On it the Clarkes built a house for their family of four children.

The last pioneer home on the Benson Road was one owned by the Bert Linseths, immigrants from Norway. When the Linseths made a pleasure trip to their native land twelve years later, they brought back Miss Helga Helgeson. Helga married Andrew Benson, becoming a resident of the Benson Road as well.

Certainly, there are no more homesteads on the Benson Road, but in my mind's eye, I see that land how it was, and now I am doubly lucky, for I can see what it has become.

Ed O'Neil's Claim

by Hazel Husfloen

It is difficult to envision the land at the corner of Lynden's West Main Street and the Guide Meridian being covered with timber so dense that to see daylight one had to look straight up. That is the way it was when Ed O'Neil homesteaded 160 acres there in 1874, being the first to locate west of Lynden. He had come from Iowa because his brother James who had settled here a year earlier recommended the opportunities in Washington Territory.

Their parents were Francis and Rose O'Neil who had lived in Wisconsin where Ed was born August 16, 1853. His mother died when he was twenty months old. Later the family moved to Iowa and it was there Ed attended school about three months each year. His father had been born in Ireland and reared in Scotland. The family was of Catholic faith but quit the Church because of tensions. Francis O'Neil remarried and remained in Iowa until his death.

Ed O'Neil arrived in Washington in the spring of 1874, stopping in Olympia to work for a short time. He came to Sehome on the steamer J B Libby. He set out on foot on a trail to Lummi and along the Nooksack River to Lynden. Families residing in the Lynden area when he arrived were those of James O'Neil, Enoch Hawley, Watson Smith and Holden Judson. There were several bachelors in the vicinity also. Ed worked in logging camps and sawmills for about eight years after he had filed on his homestead. He returned to the land from time to time so he was able to prove up on it and get a clear title. He had built a log cabin back in the woods and cleared away the trees near it.

During his first years in Lynden Ed O'Neil had to go to Whatcom (Bellingham) for supplies. It was a

round-about tiring trip whether he followed the trail to the crossing near Everson and then the Telegraph Road or by small river canoe to the mouth of the Nooksack and by larger canoe to Bellingham Bay. Another route possible was by trail to Ferndale and by canoe the rest of the way. It was a great help when Mrs. Hawley opened a small store in the Lynden settlement.

When Ed returned to the farm to make his livelihood he needed a helpmate. On August 22, 1883, he married Mrs. Mary (Walker) Lewis. She had come to the United States from Canada where her Scottish born father owned land. She lived in the Haynie area with her brother James L. Walker who had homesteaded there. During her first year she did not see another white woman. By her first marriage she had two daughters, Annie born in 1873 and Mary Jane born in 1876. Mary Jane died at age 14.

When Ed and Mary's first-born Eddie was a baby disaster struck. The weather had been dry for some time. One day when Ed was helping a neighbor put up hay a forest fire swept from the northeast. His wife's mother lived with them at that time. Mrs. O'Neil saw the fire and urged her mother to hurry to the green timber in the swamp. She thought perhaps she could get a few things together to take out. The wind was blowing and spewed the firebrands far ahead. She picked up baby Eddie and ran for the swamp. By that time neighbors were coming to see if they could help; they managed to drive three cows out. The pigs, chickens and all of the buildings were consumed by the fire. The struggling pioneers had nothing left but the land. It was another blow for the O'Neils when they realized the few hundred dollars they had in cash in a trunk was also burned. Some of it belonged to Mrs. Walker. Part of it was in gold and silver coins. It is said some of the molten metal was recovered.

The bridge across the Fishtrap Creek was burned and a new one had to be built before the O'Neils could get to the Robin mill to get lumber for new buildings. The house that Ed built then still stands on the remaining twenty acres. Through the years he sold parts of the homestead to B.C. Crabtree, Mr. Maltby and Mr. Smith.

Loren, the youngest child, remains on the home place. He remembers when wild animals were numerous near their home. He delights in telling about a bear stealing meat after the butchering was done. A two-legged thief was caught meat stealing also. He recalls the rutted and muddy streets and roads before they were surfaced. Paving of Main Street near their home was done in 1919 and along the Guide Meridian in 1937.

Children born to Ed and Mary Jane O'Neil were Edward, Jr. 1884, Agnes 1885, Alice 1886, Grace 1888, Maggie 1890, Allie 1894, Etta 1896, and Loren 1899.

Grace remained in the old home with Loren until about a year ago when it became necessary for her to move to the Lynden Christian Rest Home. Many relatives and friends attended a 90th birthday party given there by family members on August 19, 1978. She is alert and enjoys company but has limited use of her legs.

Going back in time, Grace played in the dirt with

the Slade children using sticks for horses. She recalls being frightened the first day of school and how Lettie Rittenberg came to her rescue and showed her where to go. Miss Grace Goodell was her first teacher. They had no rubbers to wear during the rainy season. She often walked to school with Laura Crabtree. Before leaving for school it was her chore to feed the turkeys, ducks and geese.

Grace's father often sold the poultry they raised in New Westminster because of higher prices. He worked on the road with his team for \$2.50 a day. Eddie, as a young lad, was paid one dollar a day.

When there were extra men to cook for Mrs. O'Neil would send Grace with 50c to buy meat at the butchershop and there was always enough to go around. The first stove they had Ed had packed in on his back. Later they bought a range with a reservoir. How much easier some of the tasks were! Among other things it provided hot water for the baths that were taken in the wash tub.

Pioneer life was not always serious. There were good old "hoe downs" at some of the homes including the O'Neils. Will Lauckhart and Ned O'Neil were the fiddlers. Ned was the oldest son of James O'Neil.

One time a young boy named Gil Cox ran away from his home in British Columbia because his father was mean to him. He floated on a log down the Fraser River and was rescued by some local Indians. They let him stay at their village. He would come to the O'Neil place to get milk. They felt sorry for him and invited him to stay in their home. One day his father came looking for him. He hid under the hay and the O'Neils sneaked food to him until his father left two or three days later.

When Grace was eighteen, Will Galbraith suggested she go to work in the telephone office. She thought it would be too hard to learn, but Mrs. John Tremaine helped her for a time. She would go to work at six a.m. The office was located where the Elenbaas Building now stands, but was moved to Fifth Street soon after Grace was employed. She was an operator there until her retirement in 1956.

Grace raised her sister, Etta's boy from the time he was four and a half years old. Etta and her small child, William, came home a few years after her marriage. She was seriously ill and died.

William J. O'Neil was the third generation to live on the Ed O'Neil homestead. His family encouraged him to get a good education. After fulfilling their wishes William began his professional career at Western Washington College as registrar, ending it twenty-eight years later as vice provost. During his tenure, the institution's name changed to Western Washington University.

William wed Luanis Taylor, a native of Lynden. They became parents of daughters Meredith, now Mrs. William Shuler of the Seattle area and Erin, Mrs. Donald Moe of Skagit County.

Golf became William's hobby and at present he is president of the Bellingham Golf and Country Club. His inherited Irish wit comes out in his story telling, according to friends.

Luanis and William are proud of their four grandchildren, Wesley and Ryan Shuler and Luke and Brita Moe. Having recently retired William is looking

forward to more time to spend with them. I am sure they will hear many tales of their great-great grandfather Ed O'Neil and how he spent his last 67 years in

the Lynden community proving up his homestead and providing a heritage for his children and their heirs.

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German Born Settlers

by Ellen B. Nelson

Vague rumors concerning the "Dutchmen of the Swamps" — so called in the early days — have reached our sensitive ears, and trying to find the origin of the term, we wonder if the old timers were confused in their thinking and possibly meant the hardy German people who bravely attacked the heavily timbered swampy land south of Lynden.

One thing is for certain, that a large number of these hard working German born people came from various states to Lynden. They had heard about the cheap land and mild climate and decided to try life in the Pacific Northwest. Some families had lived in Seattle struggling at any work to keep their families fed, others had come from nearby Whatcom (Bellingham).

One group of Germans bought land and formed what was later called the Roeder School District. Some of these families were: the Gosch, Nattier, Brokaw, Krenz, Heun, Schott, Buenz, and Halderman.

Riverside residents included the Theels, Michel, Krause, Blankforth, Meuser, and Fullner families. Albert Theel donated the land for the Riverside school building.

Carl Frederick Fullner married Miss Louise Pehl in Prussia. Carl's brother who had emigrated earlier to the United States, sent them the fare so they came to Nebraska. In Prussia Carl had served the Prussian Calvary, the Hussars.

In Nebraska on a large farm on the Oden River, Carl became a flour miller. He became convinced that there was no chance for advancement, so he turned his thoughts towards Stanton, Nebraska, where other Germans had settled before. The electrical storms were bad in Nebraska, and like other German families the Fullners heard about the northwest. Another move was planned.

In Whatcom, Carl found work as a mason tender, working in the mason quarry on the southside. This stone was used in building the "G" Street court house, recently torn down.

The next move for the Fullners was toward Lynden, where they purchased forty acres on the south bank of the Nooksack River. Two and one-half acres of their property was acquired in a short time by the Nooksack River without compensation. They lost their barn to the Nooksack as well, but their cattle was saved. Their house was soon moved out of harm's way.

Carl supplied his family with river trout and salmon with the aid of a homemade gill net and rowboat. When fishing restrictions were made on the white man prohibiting gill nets this changed. "Indian Louie" became the owner of the gill net and went

fishing in his own dugout canoe.

In late summer the humped back salmon would run, and the Fullners would drive the gravel wagon into a shallow place in the Nooksack and load the wagon to capacity with the fish. Some were eaten, but fish made marvelous fertilizer as well.

There was a time when hops were grown in the vicinity. The Canadian Indians would come to harvest the crop. They would camp on a salmon bar, pick hops and dry salmon in the sun.

At one time it was noised about that a gold strike had been made up north. Carl and his friend, Paul Roell, were determined to find some of it. That trip ended when the men ran out of food and had to return starved with clothing badly torn.

In the course of time, the Fullners had cleared their land, raised a family, and made a large addition to their house, and were very proud to be citizens of the United States of America. Their eighteen cows brought in a monthly income. Three hogs were raised annually to furnish bacon, hams and sausage. The land produced hay, potatoes, mangels, corn, kale, and oats — up to one-hundred-twenty-five bushels an acre.

Carl and Louise celebrated fifty years of marriage. The oldest daughter, Emily, gave them a quadruple silver plated tea set, which is now a family heirloom. The Fullners retired from farming in 1925, and moved to Everson.

Another group of German born people formed the Greenwood District, and some names were: Oltman, Wagner, and Muenschner.

One of the early settlers was Chris Bochringer, who had come from Germany to Ohio when a lad of seventeen. He had met and married a Kentucky girl before coming to the northwest in 1881. The first stopping place here was Seattle. Chris worked and Katie cared for a growing family consisting of Carrie, Bertha, Bill, and Charlie.

The family had applied and was granted a homestead of one-hundred-sixty acres of swamp and high land on the Hannegan and Van Dyk Roads about two miles south of Lynden. A one room house had to do for a time. Soon Chris built a house of split cedar logs, split cedar shakes for the roof, three rooms downstairs, and two rooms upstairs. The house had three large porches and two good sized ponds.

Daughter Christie Boehringer (Mrs. Charles Wagner) was told her father walked from town with a sack of flour on his back and a bag of groceries in his arms. This man would go to Seattle to work for a brewery making wooden barrels. He came home once a month. He came to Whatcom by boat, and then walked the rest of the distance. He was often

accompanied by Martin Burk who homesteaded near Blaine.

In the early days, Indian neighbors would often bring fish and wild game to the homes of the struggling settlers. An Indian mother and daughter would come to the Boehringsers, stay the night and after breakfast in the morning would be on their way to the cranberry marshes not far away. When they filled as many sacks as they could carry they returned to the Boehringsers where they again would stay the night, giving a gift of berries to their hostess.

The farm grew. The Boehringsers had a few cows and chickens. They churned butter, and would drive to Happy Valley to deliver produce. Often, it took until 2 a.m. to get home. Bricks were heated to keep feet warm on the way to Happy Valley; lanterns hung at night for the evening journey home not only for visibility but to ward off preying animals as well.

One New Year's Eve when the weather was

extremely cold, the couple was unable to complete their trip home from a gala evening. They stayed overnight in a shack at the corner of the Pole and Hannegan Roads. The horses were brought into the house as well. When morning came they were able to make their way slowly home through the deep snow.

Whenever there was building going on in the community, friends and neighbors would come to give assistance. Thus a pole barn could be built in double quick time or a house shingled with speed.

Eventually the Boehringsers built their dream house. It still is standing, facing the Hannegan Road. Later, the home was occupied by the Osgood family.

Lest we not forget that people from all nations worked hard to clear the land and till the soil. Labored long to insure a future for their children. Certainly, the German born settlers have exhibited these qualities in the finest sense!

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Noah!

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

Noah Marshall Forester — born in 1851; died in 1938. A man to remember! My paternal grandfather. Little is known about his forebears. We do know he was born into a farm family in Tennessee near the Mason-Dixon Line. The date was October 2nd.

During the Civil War this section of the country was harassed by both the northern and southern troops as the war seesawed back and forth. After the war came tragedy, when the so-called 'carpetbaggers' came from the north to these parts. They looted the small farms of all valuables and resorted to mayhem if they did not get what they were after. At the Forrester farm they could not find any valuables, so, before the eyes of Noah, his two small brothers, Tom and Caleb, and baby sister, Molly, these men took out their guns and shot both their mother and father to death.

There were no relatives nearby to take the children in, so the neighbors parceled the small brood of orphans out amongst themselves.

Noah was taken in by a family named Green. He learned to love them as his own parents; working and learning to be a good farmer. He grew in stature until he was six-feet-two inches tall. His light brown hair accented his blue eyes. Eyes that reflected his good humor and ready wit. A thin, truly handsome lad ready to conquer the world. The Green's frugality had worn off on Noah, and this mein followed him throughout his life away from the Greens. In later years he thought it foolish to waste a dime on Dutch Cleanser, when good soap was to be had at home. Noah had learned his lesson well.

As a young vital youth, Noah left the Greens and Tennessee and headed for Arkansas. There, he met a large family headed up by a widower who had come from North Carolina. The family stayed

long enough in Arkansas, for Noah to become enamored by the family's oldest daughter, Sally. When her father decided to move on to Missouri, Noah rode along. Sally was fourteen and mother pro tem to the household of seven children. At fifteen she had tutored her younger sister to take over the household, so she and Noah could be wed. Tall and lean, Noah took petite Sally for his bride.

After their marriage, they were baptized by immersion in the local river, becoming members of the Methodist Church. Noah was devout in his religious beliefs until his death.

Being thrifty, Noah had saved enough money to start farming on a pre-empted piece of land near Thayer, Missouri.

Noah loved Sally, and next best he loved the soil — he was truly a dirt farmer. He also had learned carpentry, to work with metal and was a fair smithy as well. Many of these talents were innate. His many skills came in handy to make a little cash for those extra things that wares from the farm alone would not provide.

The farm was practically self-sustaining for him, Sally and their seven children. Noah planted corn to feed the animals and for cornmeal; sugarcane for molasses; cotton for clothes; pigs for meat and lard; cows for milk and butter; chickens and geese for eggs and feathers; sheep for wool and meat; sweet potatoes and a variety of vegetables; and finally, tobacco for Noah's use and as a cash crop. The farm provided the necessities for the growing family, while Noah's special talents added the extra touch.

At times Noah was a harsh taskmaster. His eldest son resented having to plow fields and perform other farm duties at the age of six. The boy, Henry, did not get much schooling but went long enough to memorize

The McGuffy Reader from cover to cover.

When his wife's health began to fail (probably due to hard work) and some children married and moved west, Noah decided it was time for them to make a move. They settled in Lane County, Oregon at the turn of the century. In a small town there, he became the chief carpenter. Before leaving, Noah had built a church, a department store, a bank, as well as many dwellings. One house was for Sally, him and their eight year old daughter.

In 1912, after the sorrow of losing their eldest daughter, the Foresters decided to follow their second daughter's move to British Columbia. In British Columbia, Noah bought a ten acre farm with a four room house and barn. The house was a delight! It was made of cedar throughout. The siding was handmade split shingles from the surrounding forest. It had a six-foot handmade picket fence all around the yard and all important garden spot.

By having a garden spot, Noah made sure Sally would set her usually fine table. He loved simple, natural foods. Come spring Grandma Sally picked greens from the garden or field (dandelions, wild mustard, sorrel grass, nettles, lambs quarters, milk weed, slick dock, and new rhubarb leaves). Mixtures of these leaves were delicious boiled with bacon or salt pork. Grandpa started supper with a great plate of these greens, then he would have his fried salt pork or pork chops, boiled potatoes, biscuits left from breakfast, and huge cups of coffee, ending with dried apple pie or canned fruit. Sunday dinner usually meant chicken, either fried or stewed with dumplings. In the summer when the garden lent lettuce and green onions, Noah delighted in them chopped together topped with vinegar, salt and pepper. No sugar or homemade dressing for him! He declared it was just too sweet!

Noah not only considered a garden a necessity, but also a cow. He always had to have a cow for milk and butter. One year they raised a beautiful little part Jersey heifer. She was born on the Fourth of July, so they named her Julie. Julie was bred and delivered. When it came time to milk her, Noah would sit on one side of her and Sally on the other — making short work of that chore — much to the delight of the neighbors!

Back of the house, Noah built a root cellar. Constructed of double walls filled inbetween with sawdust; it was like a box within a box. Inside were shelves for canned fruit, and bins for vegetables. One very cold winter Noah became afraid that his cellar was not going to keep out the frost, so he built a fire out of fir bark in a can putting it in the cellar for heat. this worked fine, except for the acrid odor which crept into things like the crock of butter stored for winter use.

After living five years in British Columbia, the Foresters optioned to make another move — back to the United States. They arrived in Sumas, Washington, where Noah bought another small farm. Here he had a garden and a cow. The site of the farm was the old American Mill, and their new house had once been the mill's cookhouse. It had four rooms and was surrounded by a picket fence. The soil was very rich, and Sally had reserved some garden space for flowers. But Noah had other plans for the area, and proceeded

to start his early garden. Sally had quite a time getting enough room for her flowers.

Noah was very gentle to Sally, who only weighed ninety pounds — but he could also be demanding. He arose very early each morning, and Sally couldn't miss that he was up. He'd be rootin' and tootin' around. He would build a roaring fire in the wood range, and as soon as the oven was hot enough, Sally was expected to be up and making baking powder or baking soda biscuits each and every morning. With this he would have a dish of oatmeal followed by eggs and coffee.

Noah had great rapport with his three sons. He was not a drinking man but on occasion he would take a "sniff" with them. And he loved to have company for supper. After the blessing he'd say, "Help yourselves, folks, and anything else you want, just ask, we've got it downstairs in a thimble!" That was just the beginning of the conversation for Noah, and after the meal he would sit chewing plug tobacco and talk about politics, that is democrat politics, for that was the only kind he cared to discuss.

His grandchildren loved to visit. Sitting in his rocking chair he would take the youngest on his foot and 'dance' him up and down, singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy" or "Johnny Get Your Gun". One time in Oregon, when he painted his house white, he left a black can of paint used for trim sitting for a moment, while he put the white paint away. On his return, I in my three year old wisdom, had taken a brush full of black paint and made a nice splotchy design on the new white paint. He scolded me severely, but when the tears flowed, he kissed me gently. The grandchildren loved him dearly, I know I did.

Noah and Sally lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary. A family dinner was given at the home of their daughter, Annie Johnson. The children gave their mother a wedding ring, something Sally had always wanted. Noah received a gold watch chain, and was proud of his gift!

Noah's health began to fail. The couple sold their farm and moved near Annie's house in Sumas where they would be closer to the couple's beloved church, and where shopping was more accessible.

Tragedy hit when the Sumas Bank failed in 1929. Noah was paid off ten cents on each of his hard earned dollars.

In the year they would have celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, 1938, Noah Marshall Forrester passed away. He was eighty-seven. He left Sally, six children, twenty-five grandchildren, and a host of friends to mourn him.

Noah! My paternal grandfather. A man to remember!

Milton Weidkamp

- His Beginnings

by Lillie Mae Knudsen

Milton Weidkamp's grandparents came to Whatcom County from Illinois in 1883. Henry was German, and Magdelina was Bohemian. They homesteaded on



Top Row: Left, Milton Weidkamp, Angus Young, William Kirkpatrick, Henry Jansen, Guy Smith, Robert Mann, Kenneth Pixley, Herman Felkey. Seated: Charlie Philo, fire chief, Willard "Chauncey" Weidkamp, Sylvan Weidkamp, Henry Brouwer and Abe Bauman.

what was later called the Weidkamp Road. Henry died at a very young age, but his wife continued to live on the homestead, with the aid of her children. Milton's father, Theodore, was the eldest child. Born in Nashville, Illinois, he was followed in birth by Henry, Frank, Barney, Edward and Pauline.

Three years after the Weidkamps arrived, the McPhail family became their neighbors. They had traveled over Chuckanut Drive by covered wagon to reach the eighty acres they hoped to prove up. The fourteen year old McPhail girl, Minnie, was a petite auburn haired miss. Theodore Weidkamp, who was tall and angular, fell in love with her, and two years after they arrived in the county, the McPhails consented, and Minnie and Theodore were married. An excellent cook, Minnie canned and baked. Her sewing was as neat as her house. Theodore and Minnie had nine children — all of them boys — two of whom died in infancy. They lived in the log house in which Minnie had come as a bride until 1930. With four boys left at home, they built a new frame house. The house was wired for electricity although none was available for it at that time. Later when it did arrive, the family found they had saved themselves time and energy with the foresight they had used. After the power was hooked up to their farm, Theodore bought Minnie a new range and a hot water tank. She was delighted!

On the farm one day, a doe and her fawn were found. The doe was dead, but her fawn lived. Minnie bottle fed the fawn, and the young deer thought for a

long while she was his mother, following her everywhere she went. Months passed and the fawn grew into a deer. For his safety from hunters, they tied him to a tree. Trying to free himself from his constraints, the deer hung himself. The family mourned his loss.

A celebration the Weidkamps enjoyed was Hay Day. Hay Day traditionally was the Fourth of July. On that day, neighbors gathered, going from farm to farm putting up the hay. The women brought the makings for pot luck dinners. When the children were not taking water to the men in the field, they played.

In the Delta area where the Weidkamps lived, was the Hoffman Hall standing on the corner of West Badger and Weidkamp Roads. This was a community gathering place where good times were had by all. There were picnics complete with homemade ice cream and melon in the summer, and dances in the winter. Basket socials and cake walks were also held in the hall, much to the delight of young Milton Weidkamp.

One evening when dancing was in full swing at the Hoffman Hall, a terrible thunder storm hit, the likes of which has not happened since. Although it did not hit the hall, it followed the Badger to Berthusen's Park — slivering every telephone pole in the area.

During the depression the dancers went to Haynie, Delta, Northwood and Hawley Halls to dance. Twenty-five cents was the charge to pay for the orchestra and refreshments. The ladies each brought

their own snacks. After they had danced until two in the morning, if the crowd was still enthusiastic, a hat was passed. From the money gathered, they paid the orchestra for an extra hour of dancing music. One of the area's favorite groups was the Boerhave Sisters Orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Weidkamp enjoyed company and their table was a gathering place with good food and great fun! One time, Minnie passed limburger cheese around delighting in the surprised reactions of her guests.

Theodore passed away at a ripe old age. Some years later, Minnie followed her husband in death, dying at the Lynden Christian Rest Home.

Milton and his brothers married and went into the working world. Harold married Sena Verduin and lived on a farm on the Bender Road. He had a six horse hitch of Percherons and an oxen team that won statewide fame. Chauncey and Ann Weidkamp lived in Lynden where he worked as a mechanic in his own shop. Ervin married May Knudsen and worked for Darigold. Vernon is a farmer. His wife's name is Lois, and he also worked for Western Farmers. Ira and Lillian Weidkamp settled in Alaska, where Ira worked in a strip mining operation, driving a coal truck. Mr. and Mrs. Beryl Weidkamp live in Lynden, where he was employed by the Propane Company.

Theodore Milton Weidkamp married Nellie Ecker. Nellie had arrived in Whatcom County with her family in 1907 from a journey commencing from Baldwin, Wisconsin. Milton was better known as "Spud" (a childhood nickname derived from his love of potatoes), and like his father was the eldest child. He was born in 1899 in the log house with Grandma McPhail attending. At age six, he began helping his father with farm chores. At seven, Milton brought in the cows and milked them as well.

Milton attended the Delta School and for eight years was never absent or tardy. He was an excellent speller. Spelling bees were a diversion in those days, and schools competed in then much the same way they do with sports today. As the oldest in his family, he started a thirty-five year run of Weidkamps attending the Delta School!

At school the boys cut alders, and built a large playhouse. This they especially enjoyed during the rainy winter months. And Theodore Milton "Spud" Weidkamp loved baseball! He played at every

opportunity, carrying over into his adult life.

At seventeen or eighteen he became a tree faller, and also worked a buckler, making shingle bolts for George Neighart and Ray Slade. Later, he worked at the Axlund's Mill.

In 1920 he began doing road work for a Mr. Jeffers and Mr. Eder. He worked as a piledriver, engineer and truck driver throughout Whatcom County on a seasonal basis.

When Milton became enamored of Nellie Ecker, and wanted to marry her, he thought he better get a full time job. In 1923 he went to Billy Waples, the Lynden Department Store proprietor, and was given a steady job as a truck driver, enabling the grateful couple to marry. He remained there until his retirement forty-one years later.

Milton was civic minded, joining the volunteer fire department. To this he belonged for thirty-eight years, twenty-nine of which were spent as its secretary. Upon leaving the department, Milton was given a citation and given a small pension.

Milton and Nellie are members of the Methodist Church. When the church was new, no one seemed to know where the bell in its tower came. It was rung not only on Sunday, but to signal the firemen, whenever a fire occurred. The bell found a new home in the Bethel Christian Reformed Church, and is also retired from active duty at the fire department.

Milton is a member of Delta Grange where he served as treasurer for seven years. He is also a member of the Masonic Lodge.

Milton and Nellie are the parents of twins — Kenneth and Kathleen. He is employed by Pacific Power and Light. She is married to Dr. Peterson, who is an assistant dean at the University of Puget Sound. Milton and Nellie are proud of their six grandchildren.

The couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1973, and have now lived in their Grover Street home over fifty years. This house is unique, as it is one of the oldest dwellings in Lynden. Built by Charles Roo, it was put on the tax rolls in 1895.

Now that Milton has retired, he gardens, fishes, does a lot of visiting, and attends church and lodge faithfully.

Theodore Milton Weidkamp has filled his niche very well, indeed!

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J.J. Booman Story

by Ellen B. Nelson

In the Land of The Midnight Sun, where slums and ghettos reportedly do not exist, some eighty years ago, considerable class distinction did still prevail. There were royalty and nobility, who were land owners. And on the other side were renters and laborers. Wages were very low as in most countries at that time.

However, America, held out her arms to strong

and willing young people, saying, "I will give you homesteads — come prove up — prosper, and make America great."

In the southern part of Sweden, near the beautiful city of Lund, and near an historic convent located on lovely Ringsjo (Ring Lake) stands a substantial house where my father, Johan, was born to Jons and Elna Persson. According to Swedish tradition, Johan's last



Maria Lind, 1882.

name was Jonson (son of Jons). However, after finding so many Jonsons in the Lynden community, Johan changed his name to Booman. For it was in the small town of Boo, Sweden that Johan was born. The last of five children, and the only boy, he had the option, according to Swedish law, to rent his parent's farm from the state, after their tenure.

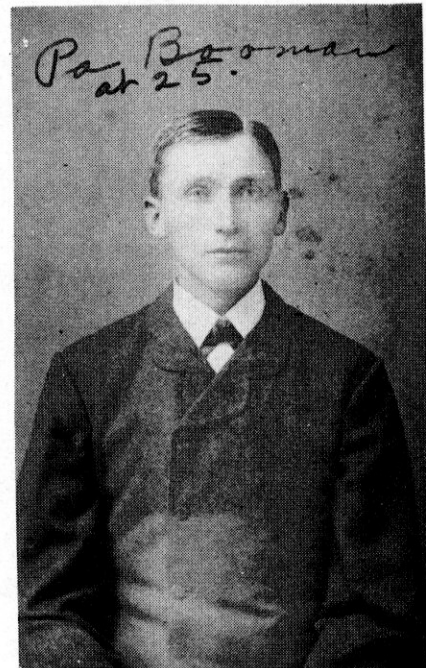
Jons Persson was a quick wit and able speaker, and was much sought as master of ceremonies at various occasions. He was also the village "John Alden" in his youth having proposed to the lovely Elna on behalf of two bashful young swains. Elna, much like the Priscilla of literary fame, said within herself, "If you had proposed for yourself, Jons, well . . .", but, of course she would never speak out loud! Well, the third time Jons came it was on his own behalf. Then, Elna married him, and became my grandmother!

When his parents passed away, young Johan longed for a place where he could be a landowner.

As two neighbor boys, the Benson brothers, had gone to Lynden, Washington, U.S.A., the young man wondered why he should not venture out as well. Why shouldn't he own considerable land and become well fixed as the Bensons had? His one consideration was his fiancée, Miss Maria Lind. Would she follow him to America after he had acquired a home over there? This same Miss Maria was a busy dressmaker caring for two minor children, sister Mina, twelve, and brother Nels, nine, and a frail older sister. Did she consent? Yes!

Her fiancée, J.J. Booman arrived in Lynden early in April, 1889. Seeing fruit trees in bloom in the Seattle area, Johan felt sure he had made no mistake in leaving Sweden.

All homestead grants had been taken up around Lynden. He decided he did not want to settle far from town. There was a ten acre tract for sale near one of the Benson boys, by Captain Jim O'Neil. The price was five hundred dollars, and because business was booming Captain O'Neil would be glad to sell more to



J.J. Booman, before coming to the U.S.A.

the green Swede. J.J. (Johan) had to save some cash for a home and a barn, so, he'd have to wait to get more land. When not working for his neighbor, J.J. worked on the road or wherever he could, to earn a dollar or less.

Maria and her charges arrived in two years. Maria became the wife of J.J. Booman and her frail sister Anna married Nels Nelson.

When the depression of '93 came land decreased in value. The Boomans then bought another ten acre tract across the road for two-hundred-fifty dollars and the adjoining ten acres to their farm for three-hundred fifty dollars, paying the installments in accumulated fifty cent pieces, so to speak!

When there was no work for strong and willing young men, there was always work for women. Thus, mother, Maria, trudged down to town to earn a dollar a day. She had to leave little Ellen in Papa's care. When he went to work in the field which was now cleared and producing crops, he had to take his wee daughter along.

One one such occasion, she screamed as she saw a huge multicolored caterpillar on her dress. Father came running to the rescue. He snatched the varmit from her dress exclaiming, "din drummel (you rascal)!" What a hero her father was that day!

When Ellen was nearing five years of age she longed for a brother and sister just like Maudie O'Neil had. Every day she prayed for this in her private chapel under the front room table. In due time, brother Albert was born. He was quite a cry baby at first so little Ellen would sit in the big rocking chair, legs straight out, carefully holding the squirming young one, and singing "composed at the moment" folk songs, much to mother's amusement.

By this time several cows composed the dairy herd. Chickens were in the hen house, and a yoke of sturdy oxen did the farm work instead of old "Dadee" horse.



Community Sunday School picnic, 1901. Ellen Nelson is standing in front row, far right.

poiled into the lumber wagon bound for the John Storey farm south of town where the oxen were traded for horses. The team was rather unevenly matched, as one was an old dappled gray horse and the other a young skiddish bay. Both were named Prince. Mother said that would never do. The old dignified one must retain his name, and the young bay would be Pelle — named the same as a team in Sweden where her father was supervisor on the large estate that supported the Lutheran pastor.

However, when old Prince died, the young Prince was given back his rightful name, and became a teammate of Nels Nelson's bay mare, Polly. In later years after the passing of horse Polly, Prince became lame. Father brought him to the veterinarian, Arie Rusco, to see if he could help. Well, he could disconnect a nerve, so he would have no pain, but the horse would always be lame. That was enough for Pa Booman, no lame horse should be on his place. The children and Mother all raised their voices over that! Shoot our pet horse! Albert said he would hide the horse and doctor him up — which he did — rubbing turpentine on the sore leg. He then turned Prince loose in the ten acre meadow across the road. Such whinnying and snorting the children never heard as Prince licked his sore leg and galloped the length of the ten and returned to lick again and race again. The outcome was that Prince did get cured, living for many more years as their buggy horse and pet.

When Albert was just over five years old, a sweet girl was born in the Booman household, and they named her Almeda. At that time Pa Booman thought the house was getting a little crowded so a large addition was added, ultimately making the Booman house a ten room dwelling. An extension was also built on the barn and farming was in full swing. No "working out" anymore!

One time when Ellen, now a young lady, was driving to town with a small cousin beside her, and a box of produce behind, she saw a Model T. Ford approaching down the middle of the road. Just in time to avert a tragedy, Ellen saw there was no driver in the car, and that the driver was running behind his car as fast as his aging legs could carry him. Quickly she turned the still skiddish bay to the left, thankful that there was no deep ditch on that side of the road. The Ford? It turned right suddenly, bumped into the O'Neil's fence and died.

At this time two more tens, all cleared, with several cherry trees were added to the Booman farm. In later years Mrs. Booman invited the neighborhood young fry to eat their fill of ripe cherries and afterwards they would come to the house where their mothers had congregated for coffee.

At the turn of the century, more people began coming into the Lynden area, and when someone asked, "Who was that person — I haven't seen him before?" Another would answer, "He must be a Dutchman, for he is smoking!" Heretofore, the settlers mostly of Yankee and Scandanavian descent did not reveal their bad habits to the public. The Dutch made good farmers and helped to make the Lynden area a prosperous place — and, they didn't all smoke!

When the Boomans purchased land on the Depot Road, part of it was an oat crop and the remainder in pasture. In the pasture, Albert herded the family

cattle daily before going to school. It happened that he made a pet out of a bull calf so that he could ride him. He called him, "Bulliphant". This creature would always wait for Albert behind the herd and carry him patiently to the pasture. The neighbor came to tell the rest of the Boomans as well as he could between fits of laughter that Albert had mounted his "Steed" and then opened his umbrella, sitting there like a little prince. Came the time when the grain was in shocks, this "Steed" delighted in bunting one shock after another with a course "ba" each time. Enough is enough! After that Bulliphant had to stay at home.

Mother Booman raised many chickens as well as ducks and geese. She also had a great patch of strawberries. One day every summer, equipped with a fresh fowl and baskets of strawberries, she had a memorable dinner for some notable elderly guests. Phoebe Judson, the 'Mother of Lynden', her daughter, Annie Ebbey, Mrs. La Clair, Mrs. Beatty, and Ada Pyeatt Bates, along with several others were invited. Mrs. W. H. Elder, who was much younger, came to entertain them until dinner was ready.

As Ellen grew older she remembered how as a child she begged to ride with Pa to Bellingham when he had a load of dressed hogs or geese to deliver. What a thrill for the little girl to walk on the streets of the city! One time when Ellen got her way she and her father were walking beside the spring wagon in Bellingham. The wagon was loaded with a fine new glass door for Uncle Nels. Father stopped to push the door forward to make it steadier. However, something apparently touched Prince's tail for off he took. That road, if you could dignify it as such, was a windy chug-holed path. Booman's big concern was for the glass door, and he ran after the horse. Apparently Prince didn't think it was too much fun going by himself and after a time came back as did his owner looking for little Ellen. In the meantime, Ellen had been taken in the hands of a nice lady who gave her a buggy ride along with her own child — a lass, the same age as Ellen. They lived in a house where a huge tin elephant advertised the "Red Front Store." The house is still there but, sadly the metal elephant is gone.

So time marches on. The three Booman children graduated from Lynden High School and later received "Life" diplomas for teaching from the normal. Ellen had a Model T. that she drove over the same road she once had with her Pa and Prince. In 1922 she took the automobile to Seattle to see Albert graduate from the University of Washington. The rate of speed — 25 m ph.

In the course of time the farm that made J.J. Booman a land owner so long ago, was sold to the three children and the parents moved into town.

In 1941 the Boomans celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with much pleasure. In Lynden Maria Booman passed away in 1947 at the age of eighty. J.J. Booman spent the last seven years of his life in the house he had built. Daughter Ellen Booman Nelson and her husband had moved to the family home just prior to Pa Booman's move "back home." And there he passed away, almost ninety-six years of age — his mind clear to the last.

If there is any question about the 'American Dream' — he proved it can be realized with hard work and his own land.



Hax Haxton

Hax

by George Hinton

For eighteen years Hax Haxton served Whatcom County as county commissioner. A big man known for his gentleness, he encouraged constructive county growth. During his stay in office he welcomed Mobil Oil to Whatcom County, and under his auspices Intalco also became a neighbor. In 1966 Hax decided to retire. He was eighty-four, and the time was right.

Hax always had good timing — from his boyhood on when his inner clock ticked, he listened. Perhaps he inherited that second ear from his father and mother. Emery and Mary Haxton had immigrated from Germany to Worthington, Indiana, where they worked a fair sized farm. His grandparents lived a short distance away on a larger acreage. In his early life, Estill "Hax" Haxton, learned to care for his grandparent's cattle, drive a four horse combine, and had

spent days cultivating corn. But his love was the town. In grade school, he was permitted to leave school an hour early so he could attend the lighting of the street lamps. Hax grew into a well built energetic youth, kind and thoughtful, inquisitive and venturesome. And, he wanted to work in town — his inner clock already at work. The businessmen could see the possibility in him too. Working in the stores was pie for Hax. His first job was janitoring a men's store. He enjoyed meeting the customers, and when Hax had a chance he would wait on them. His next job was clerking. The time was right, and the move permanently made away from farm life.

Gary, Indiana, became Haxton's second home. His father had helped him buy interest in a retail store

where Hax clerked, and as Hax remembers, "I was in business. This was a high class Hart Shaffner and Marz outfit carrying overcoats, suits, stetsons, and special materials." As the time to buy was correct, so was the time to sell. A few short years later, Hax sold his first business, and wondered what was lying ahead out west for him and his lovely bride. He had married Grace on the banks of the Wabash in 1907 at the age of twenty-five.

Hax and his wife had prepared for their new adventure. He had sent job inquiries to several stores in the northwest area leaving his address with the Western Union. Entering Bellingham on October 15, 1909, Hax and Grace departed the train that had taken them so far away from home. Ten days later he received a telegram that a retail store in Everett needed a good salesman for the months of November and December with room and board provided. Hax went to work. The store owner had made quite a bit of money in the saloon and real estate business. So when Hax returned to Bellingham, it was not surprising that this enterprising young man thought that an advertisement indicating a saloon and hotel for sale was quite interesting. The only problem was that this establishment was in Glacier, and where Glacier was remained a major mystery. The old B.B. and B.C. Railroad helped Hax out. They told him if he wanted to get to Glacier, the railroad could take him as far as Maple Falls, but from then on he was on his own since the bridge washed out entering Glacier. He did just that, returning on his five dollar round-trip fare the next day. Hax wanted Grace to see what he had in mind before finalizing any deal. He brought her up to Glacier where they stayed a week. They purchased the businesses just as Haxton's instincts told him they should do. And when the time was right, they sold the hotel, leaving Hax and Grace free to go in a new direction.

The direction was the railroad. The superintendent for the B.B. and B.C. Railroad asked Hax if he would take the job of baggageman. At the salary of ninety dollars a month, he became the baggageman — charging a flat rate of twenty-five cents for anything stowed, hauled or handled. As we might expect, Hax soon advanced to brakeman. When the train sold out to the Milwaukee, Grace Haxton became the ticket agent in Glacier. She held that job until the railroad closed the station.

Seeing the huge beautiful evergreens that lit up northwest Christmases gave Hax an idea. Most folks in the east did not have Christmas trees, so he thought about rectifying that situation by doing something nobody else had thought of doing. He took a crate full of three foot and six foot tree samples and with a railroad pass to Cincinnati left Glacier to sell some Christmas trees. A carload went to Cincinnati and another carload went to Bloomington, Illinois. Hax ruminates if those families realized how far away their Christmas trees came. Who else but Hax would see a need, and figure a way out to fill it? Years sailed by and when Hax retired he was a conductor.

When the Haxtons retired they took up residence in Bellingham, and Mrs. Haxton again, was offered the job as ticket agent in Everson. She accepted the position, retaining it until the station was closed. She was offered a like post at Sumas, but, according to

Hax, "she had enough of ticketing!"

Haxton's inner clock did not stop simply because he retired. His energy and interest in new plans abounded. Happy or sad, some things we cannot plan. Grace Haxton died in April of 1943. Without any children, Hax was alone in his grief. Perhaps, he thought he would never have someone to share the every day routine of living again. If such a thought occurred, he was soon found out to be wrong. Her name was Almeda, and she like Hax had been widowed. She and her son were left alone. December 31, 1944, the couple was wed, and they have been sharing and loving ever since.

After retiring from the railroad, Hax opened a service station on old Highway 99. After persistent leg ailments he gave the station up.

Relying on that inner clock, Hax made his next move. He soon was operating another service station in Ferndale where a bridge was sited by the railroad. The former owner had sold out in fear of the railroad's plans. But Hax and his partner Mel Hogan were not afraid. They even made an addition on to the building where they sold seasonal fruit from Wenatchee. When they were notified that the bridge would be built, they sold the store and station.

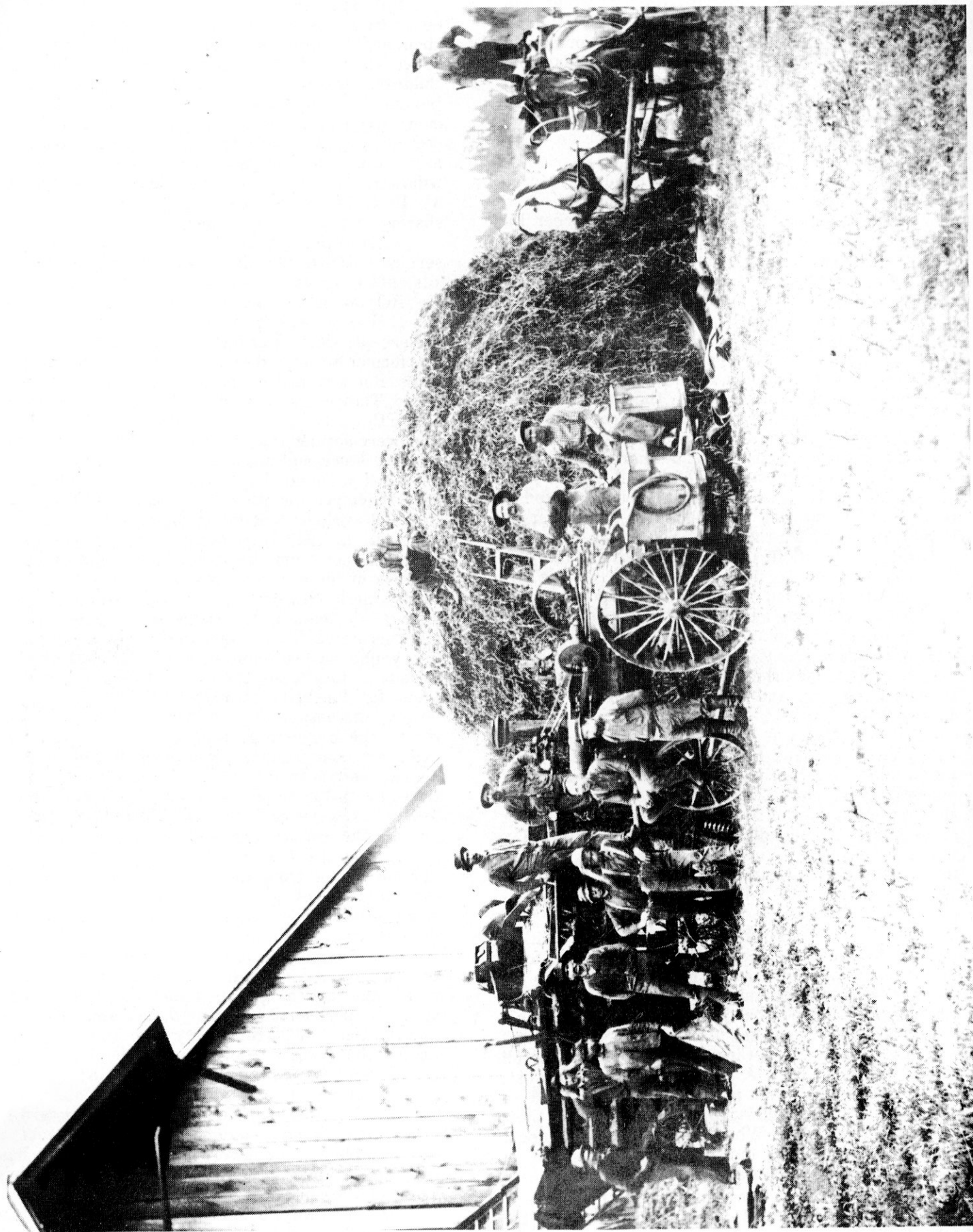
"If it were not for Charlie King, I would never, never have run for office," Hax said. Mel Hogan and Hax had worked for King on construction projects in the past. In 1948 King wanted to run for county commissioner from the third district but could not because of his commitment to a four year term as county clerk. Hax was also affiliated with the third district democrats, his connection formed shortly after his arrival in the northwest. One day a group of five young businessmen gathered in front of Hax's Ferndale station. At their invitation Haxton joined them for luncheon at Fisherman's Cove. After a lengthy discussion, the five decided this: Hax would run on the democratic ticket for the seat of county commissioner from the third district while another man at the luncheon agreed to run on the republican ticket for the same position in the upcoming election. The votes were cast and tallied, and Hax Haxton became the county commissioner.

During his first term in office, Hax and the commissioners from the first and second districts estimated the cost of a bridge at Lummi Island. Voted down because of expense, Hax reflects, "think what the operation of the ferry has been all these years."

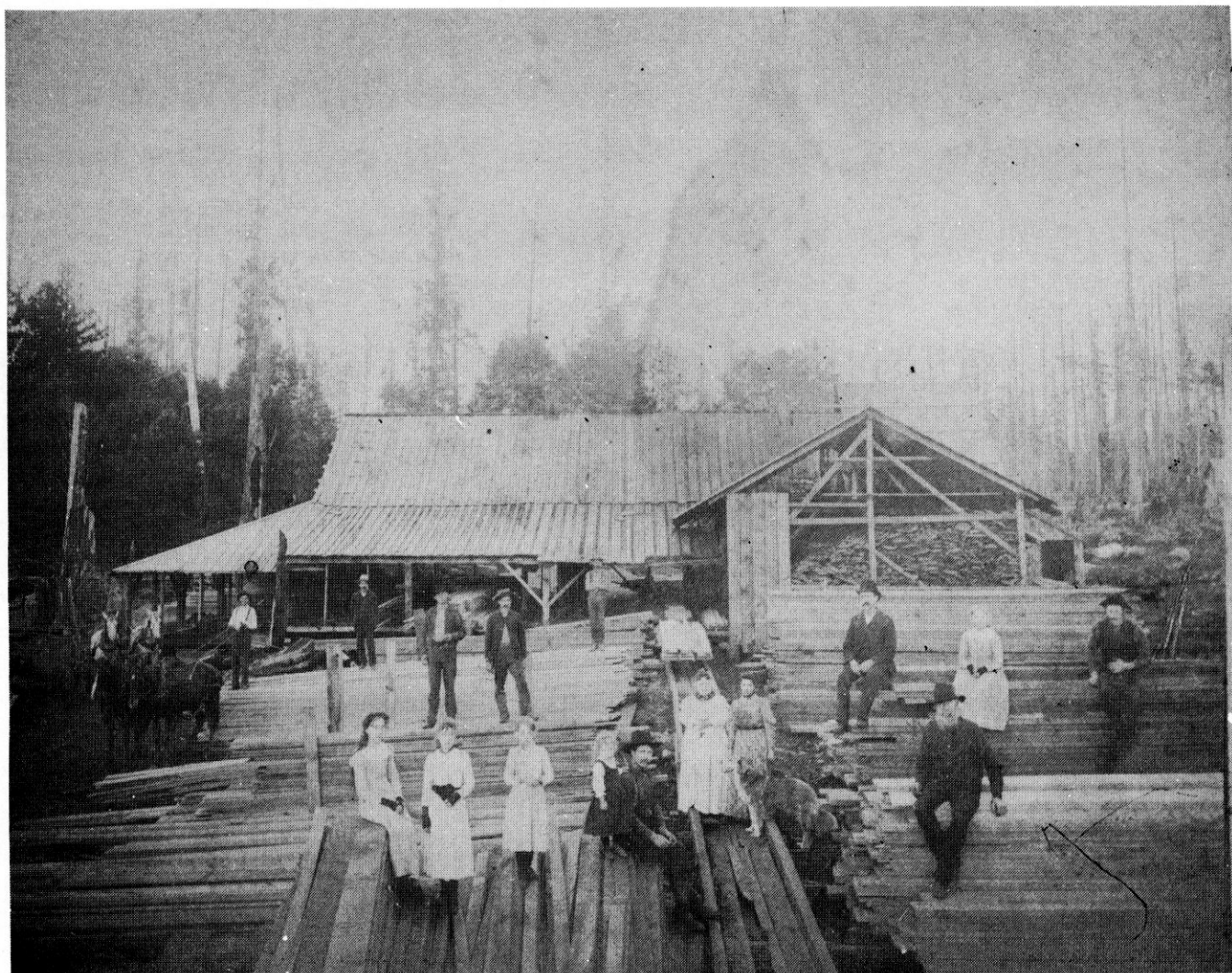
After helping Whatcom County usher in Mobil and Intalco and receiving accolades from many — what's the one thing Hax wishes the county would have provided for its citizenry? Hax always thought that the state should run a ferry from Lummi Island to Point Roberts daily. "Our citizens should not have to be bothered with the customs," Hax declared.

Hax Haxton resides at the Shuksan Convalescent Center. In August, he is looking forward to celebrating birthday number 96. He was recently given a diploma as an honored democrat. He also has a guest book showing the many fine citizens who have given him a call.

Hax has always listened to that inner clock. Every project he entered, he made good. And now the time is right for us to thank you, Hax Haxton, for serving our county well.



Eye Witness to Yesterday



A shingle mill in Whatcom County.

Opposite page: Threshing day. Standing left Oliver Currier, Adolph Klocke, Pete Dykstra, J.J. Booman, William Visser, Art Jacobson, Ben Stremmer, John Strand. On machine August Klocke, Fritz ———, Lou Philo, George Vinup. On stack George Basenhart. On wagon Herb Day.



Lynden School, 1891.



Lynden School, 1893.



This photo is the classes of 6th and 7th grades taken at the Clearbrook School in 1922. Twelve years after the school was constructed. It will be interesting to find out how many grandmothers are here, grandfathers, etc. Back row: Emma Rasmussen, Sten Loreen, Ralph Walmer, Jim Vander Yacht, George Alvord, Teacher, William Olson, Ben Alvord, Ethel West, Nellie Matson, Myrtle Kirkman. Center Row: Effie Ehlers, Edna Swanson, Minnie Kirkman, Alma Matson, Olga Matson, Alice Vander Yacht, Bessie Alvord, Dorthy Larson, Mable Swanson, Ethel Ehlers, Ruth Holmquist. Bottom Row: Leo Hinton, Merwin Wilcoxson, Dean Hotell, Henry Rasmussen, Leslie Alvord and Gwen Parrot. One that was absent was Gordon Tyler.

Per Bentzen's Dream — His Trials and Tragedies

by *Ellen B. Nelson*

"Father, I think I know what you will say, but, more than anything, I believe my life belongs in America," said young Per to his father, Bengt Person.

"But Per, boy, think what you will be giving up — you have a better job than anyone your age, and . . ."

"I know that, but I'm not talking about a job — I'm talking about land. In America I can own land in my own name. I don't have to rent it from the gentry. We have no choice here — but in America there is choice!"

Well, Per Bentzen made good on his promise to his father and came to Utsilady, Washington, in 1872 where he met a young lady whom he soon married. With his parents-in-law and his bride Per came to Lynden soon afterward. They made their way to Lynden by way of the Nooksack Crossing at Everson. From there they walked to Lynden and a new life. Their new home was located on pre-emption land about a mile and a half north of that small town on what was later called the Benson Road. They lived in a large lot cabin already there for about twenty years.

To Per and Ellen Bentzen were born, Eada in 1876, William (fondly nicknamed Neham) in 1877, and Nootin, born in 1879. When these children were still very young, their mother contracted consumption, passing away in 1880 at the age of thirty-two. Ellen Bentzen was the first Lyndenite buried in the first burial site on Main Street. Her remains were later moved to the present cemetery at Front and Guide Meridian.

The maternal grandparents helped care for the small Bentzens until the arrival of Miss Johanna Strand from Sweden. She came to marry Per and mother the three little ones. The grandparents then moved back to their home in Utsilady.

Three children were born to Johanna and Per. Selma J. was born in 1882 and died a year later. Then in March of 1884 another daughter arrived and was also named Selma. Carulus was born in 1886. He was known as Carl and nicknamed Lulu.

During these years the one-hundred-sixty acre farm was cleared and became a prosperous dairying and grain producing business. The children were growing up and worked alongside their parents making Per's dream come true for himself and his children.

Neham became a skilled wood worker and was responsible for making numerous fancy brackets for the elegant new home. It was while he was perched near the top of the house that he saw a wildcat jump out of the woods and snatch up one of Mrs. J.J. Booman's chickens who had wandered out to the big ditch for a drink. The cat eluded the gunmen who went after him, but, at least he didn't get any more of Ma Booman's chickens.

Shortly after the completion of the twelve room house, William (Neham) was stricken with consumption and died in 1893. He was sixteen.

The new house contained a large 'ballroom' on the second floor. A dumb-waiter hoisted the refreshments from the pantry downstairs to the merry-makers upstairs. From the upstairs hall a stairway led to a large attic room. I was intrigued to think that a flag could be hoisted from the attic and seen for miles around because of the height of the building. Selma showed me the attic and also took me to the mysterious old house — "gambla huset." The first Bentzen home stood under the poplar trees a hundred yards or more north of the "nya huset." In the old house were children's books that I have never forgotten. Especially the one that had pictures of big green tree frogs singing from songbooks.

In 1896 tragedy struck again, and again in the form of consumption. This time it took the life of pretty twenty-year-old, Eada. Too young to recall Eada as a person, I do recall tip-toeing about very quietly while my mother was making a white shroud for Eada. I knew she was lying in a coffin in the parlor. Impressed upon me also was the pall of sadness in the usually jolly home.

Four years later, Nootin died at age twenty-one. Consumption was lethal for that family. Sometime before he died he had helped my father in the harvest but he was so hoarse he could barely speak. With Nootin all of Per Bentzen's first family had passed to their reward.

The two remaining children, Selma and Carl, attended Lynden schools — specifically the four room building erected in 1892. It now houses the present grade school. Tragedy seemed to know no end for the Bentzen family. Carl, (Lulu), died in 1902 at age

sixteen.

Now there was only the very blonde blue-eyed Selma left. Her parents wished to shelter her in all possible ways. They decided to take her on a trip to Sweden. The Bentzens stayed there for an entire year.

Upon returning, they were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Johanson and son, Paul, from Copenhagen, Denmark. John Strand, his mother and three children — Einar, Emmy, and Francisca Strand of Sweden also came with the Bentzens. These newcomers to the northwest were soon absorbed in the work-a-day world, except for Paul and Francisco, who still had school to attend.

Young Selma, having a sensitive nature, had often been humiliated when the 'English' kids called her a Swede intimating that she was inferior. However, her trip to Sweden and Denmark convinced her that her heritage was in no way inferior!

On returning they passed through England by train to the port of Liverpool. Through the train

windows they saw the ragged street waifs and squalid living quarters along the tracks. The high twelve roomed house of Benson Road seemed grander than ever upon Selma's return.

Selma married Edward Swanson — a handsome young merchant. They moved to Ferndale where they began a grocery store, living there until they received their final summons.

After retiring from the dairy farm, Selma's parents moved from the farm on Benson Road to Ferndale where they lived until their passing.

The grand old house on the Benson Road has since been owned by several different families. The present owners are the Herman Heusinkvelds, Jr. They chose to raze the Bentzen Family dwelling replacing it with a modern comfortable home. That fine beautiful home of Per Bentzen is now just a memory. However a clump of poplar trees still marks the spot where the first log cabin stood for so long — as if loathe to erase the memories of Per Bentzen's dream — his trials and tragedies.

The Andrew Benson Story

by Ellen B. Nelson

Nine years after Per Bentzen left for America, his brother Andrew, got a strong urge to join him. Both boys were sons of Bengt Persson of Munkarp, Sweden. Bengt could not have been too pleased at the prospect of losing another son to America, but could not deny them the dream of land — a dream that never could be fulfilled in Sweden. Unlike America, the best a man could expect is to work someone else's land in return for some of the harvest. And although Per's letters were filled with hardships they were also filled with tales of his many acres — acres he owned — and the many advantages of being a citizen of Lynden, Washington, U.S.A.

Andrew declared to his family that his future like his brother's belonged in America, and preparations were made for him to leave. Accompanying Andrew to Lynden was a Miss Johanna Strand, who was to be married to brother Per. Per's young wife, thirty-two years of age, recently had passed away leaving a heart broken husband and three small children. Johanna would try to fill this gap left in their lives.

Andrew and Johanna arrived. Soon after Johanna and Per Bentzen were married and Andrew got a taste of what he had traveled so far for — land!

The year 1881 found Andrew proving up on his one-hundred-sixty acres and building a five room house and small barn. The trees on the farm were plentiful, and the soil beneath was level and productive. A few single men in the area were hired to clear the land for small wages. The deal also included Andrew's home cooked meals. Often, Andrew

entertained them after supper by playing Swedish melodies on his concertina.

A few young ladies would come now and then to pioneer Lynden, but they were usually engaged to a settler before coming. The only bright spot for lonely bachelors like Andrew was that they generally brought sisters to accompany them on their trip west. In 1896 romance finally came into Andrew's life. In that year a Norwegian couple living near the Canadian border returned from a visit to Norway with a lovely young woman named Helena Helegeson. By the time June, 1897, rolled around, Andrew had taken Miss Helegeson for his wife in a ceremony performed in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in New Westminster, British Columbia. The Lindseths stood up for them.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride departed on train bound for Fargo, North Dakota, where she was to visit her sister and family, the Salthammers, before becoming involved in farm life.

When friends and family heard of Andrew's wedding they immediately decided on a charivari. Imagine their chagrin when Andrew alone came to the door! He had consented to Helena's solitary "honeymoon" to North Dakota, as he was unable to leave his cattle for so long a time.

After a short visit Helena returned to Lynden to take up her role as a prosperous farmer's wife. Fondly called Helen, she was welcomed in the social circles of the pioneer community. And prosperous was the correct word to use in describing Andrew Benson in 1897. In that year he had many acres of land under



Andrew Benson

cultivation, plus a good sized herd housed in a comfortable barn. The milk was made into cheese at the Marcy Cheese Factory a mile or so north of his farm. (The factory was purchased many years later by Robert E. Nelson to be used as his garage.)

As the Bensons went along the house was

enlarged, bigger barns were erected, pig pens and chicken houses constructed and many more acres were put under cultivation. A sizable fruit orchard and berry bushes provided canned fruit and jams and jellies for winter meals. Canned beef, smoked pork, and garden vegetables were also stored for the winter.

Then in 1899 a fair haired blue eyed baby boy was welcomed into the Benson home. Arvid Roy was his name. Another son, Herbin followed a couple of years later. Finally curly haired Edwin was added to make the family complete.

The farm grew to need two extra men working full time and a girl to help with house work. A beautiful sorrel buggy horse, Fleet Foot Fanny, made the trips into town for groceries, and on occasions to visit distant friends. Fanny's trips lessened in 1915, when the Bensons began traveling down the Benson Road in a brand new five passenger Ford. No one ever knew Fanny's reaction to this turn of events!

After many years the pioneer farm was turned over to the oldest son, Arvid, his wife, Viola, and their three sons. Andrew and Helen Benson, with their youngest son, Edwin, moved across the road in a smaller house which they occupied for years.

Andrew passed away in May, 1947, at age ninety. Helen followed in death about three years later, and son, Edwin, died soon after that.

Since that time Arvid Roy passed away and with him his oldest son. The farm home is still occupied by Arvid's widow. However, the land is rented out, and the barns are empty as if silently protesting the march of time. Harking back to the days when a young Swede named Andrew, decided he would go to America where he would be the farmer who hired men, instead of being hired.

Clearbrook Pioneers

by George Hinton

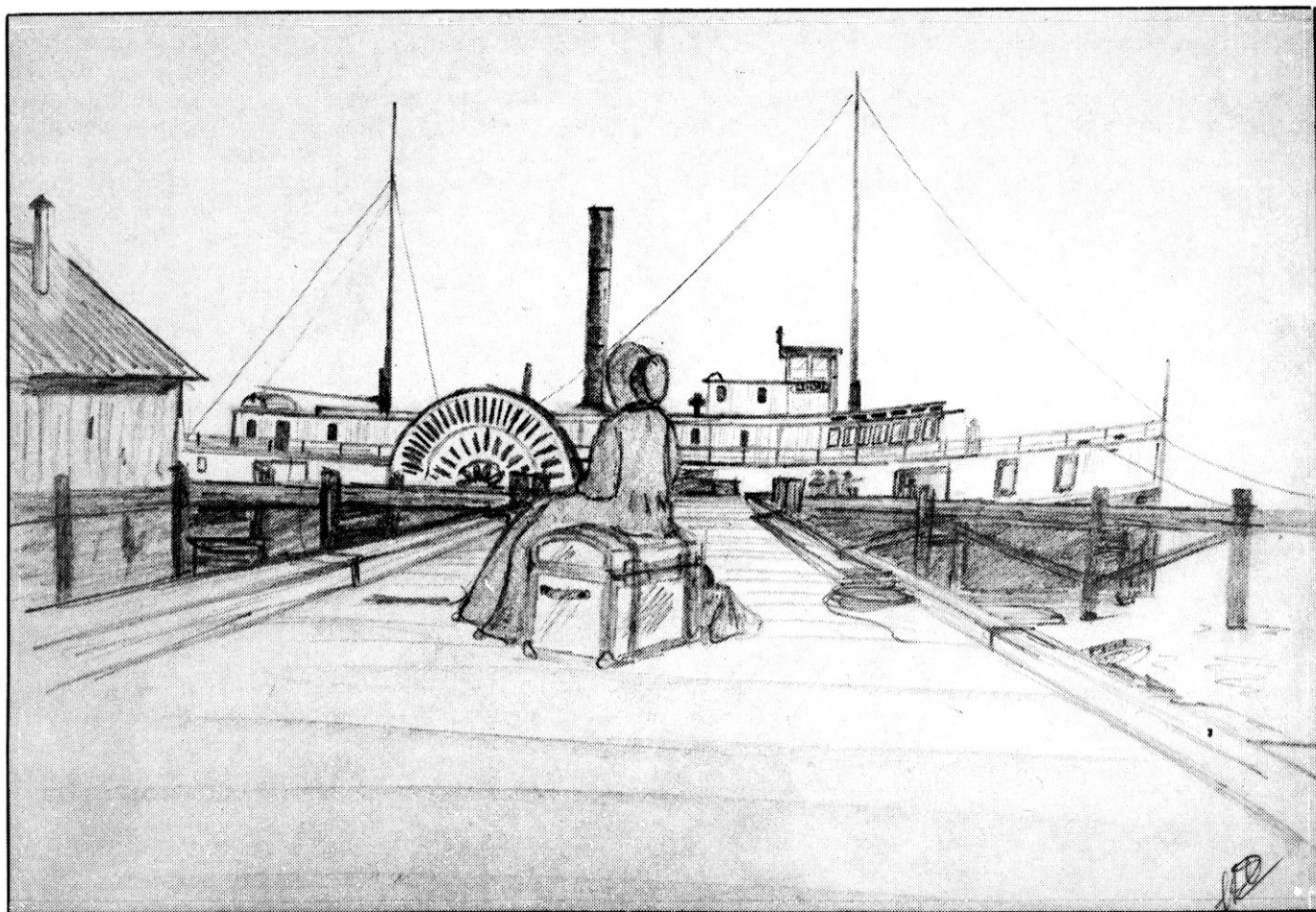
It was a cool hazy morning in Bellingham Bay. The sternwheeler had docked and most of the passengers had left. In a small group sitting on a trunk was a grandmother dressed in her quaker bonnet and long black dress and a coat; a slender lady of seventy-two years of age. Mrs. Hannah Older Bowen had lost her husband, Orlander Porter Bowen, born in Pennsylvania in 1818; the son of Daniel Bowen, born in 1785. The Porter Bowens were married in New York then journeyed to Minnesota and Wisconsin where they pioneered. Accompanying Grandma Bowen was her daughter, Mrs. Lily Rose Bowen Smith, a well built fine lady with 4 children: Augusta (later Mrs. Harry Hinton) nine years old, Esther at 6 yrs. of age, Maud age 4, and Warren barely 2.

They sat or stood gazing at the striking view looming before them. The town of Whatcom with its scattered buildings, the forest appearing in the background and larger trees dimly outlined. They had accustomed themselves with the smell of salt water

and the lapping of waves but now they were to experience a new life out west. They had to await their turn as only one vehicle was permitted on the dock at a time. This gave them time to adjust and relax for they had left Minnesota by rail on a tourist car traveling with several families. With their one small four-legged stove they took turns cooking meals and spread their feather ticks on the seats at night. Warren was very upset with the noisy sternwheeler and cried most of the way from Seattle. It kept Mother Smith busy answering many questions that she had few answers for.

Soon the party was in a stage coach and riding over the plank street toward Lynden. This gave the anxious mother more time to ponder her discouraging past. She had packed few long cherished possessions, her wedding gifts, and their clothes in one trunk and a chest. She could not sell Jeff, the horse, but he was in good hands. The family cow brought fifty dollars. She had a gingham dress made for herself and calico

72 Year Old Pioneer - Clearbrook Bound



dressess made for the girls to wear on the trip. Her father had passed away and George's father was left behind in poor condition.

On their way in the stage coach Mother Smith learned that the forest was composed of Douglas fir, some spruce, and cedar. The driver informed her that Whatcom had had a gold rush some twenty years before and it was now quiet. She recalled the ad in the paper, *Lynden Pioneer Press* (edited by Leo R. Hawley), extolling the virtues of the unsettled Lynden area causing the family to pack up and move out west. What a contrast from Minnesota! There, the hot weather and storms were all too common. The destruction of their log house from lightning that struck right before their departure left torturous memories. The floor of their home was demolished to slivers, and Grandmother Bowen had been caught in the joists of the floor, and had just now recovered from the burns. The children kept asking if they would have such storms out west, would the winters be so cold?

Before noon they came to the Nooksack River and no bridge. As the coach neared the bank they saw a float, then cables, and finally a man.

"This is the crossing," the driver explained.

They got out of the coach and the team drove on across the river without the passengers. The Smith family found themselves amongst homesteaders

standing by their horses and other passengers huddled together. Soon the action began as people were loaded on the rudimentary ferry, and all was well as the other side of the river was gained. It was late noon at the arrival in Lynden - July Fourth. The Indians and whites were all celebrating, and all were having a good time. The travelers were greeted warmly and were asked from where they came, finding out that most of them hailed from the same states.

Mother Smith was anxious to see her husband and Grandmother was so tired - so they decided to hire Emmitt Hawley and his ox-team to take them on the last leg of their journey. At once the party was in denser forest than before, the trees were over five feet through and close enough together to block out light. The big roots of the firs were chopped to make room for pioneer conveyances. Mud holes were plentiful and small streams had to be crossed. The girls walked the six miles alongside the cart, as it was good exercise after they had been couped up for so long.

Father Smith had come out early in the spring leaving behind memories of meager living and hard work. He learned that real estate was too high for him in Lynden. After spending some time in the town George Smith found another home seeker and both o

them started out west of Lynden to find cheaper land. Going through the forest they stopped at a cabin and found Mr. Crimmins, a homesteader, who sent them on to Hog's Prairie. The bottom soil at Hog's prairie was heavily grown over with tall ferns, sometimes higher than a man. Hog's Prairie was named after the misfortunes of a homesteader named Mr. Barns, who had brought in a herd of swine. When he could no longer corral them he turned them loose. They soon became a menace and the local settlers wished to be rid of them. Not every hog was caught, but the area had received its name - Hog's Prairie later known as Clearbrook.

George Smith bought property there. His shack was on higher ground, well wooded with small hills. The original homesteader was Mr. Bradley. George

around the shack and just rolled the blocks of wood to the door and split it up for the fireplace. The girls ran up and down the hills and thrilled about it all; but Rose looked over the one-room home and out the window to trees and woods and not a neighbor in sight. She had come after being undecided for so long. She finally concluded that she must keep the family together. She must forget the past and would help George and Mother, poor Mother, she was so brave to make the trip, "yes, I must do my best for the family," Rose said to herself as she straightened up and said a silent prayer and went about the shack, caught Warren up and gave him a big kiss.

The neighbors - Ehlers, Kelleys and Hagins - soon came and made the newcomers welcome and assisted in building a shed where George could put tools and



At the end of the century. George Smith and Mr. Alex, a neighbor.

Smith took out a pre-emption just before the law was changed. On this property was a small log cabin, ten by twelve, which G.D. batched in while building the split-shake shack. Bradley had cleared a spot, which was a requirement, north of his log cabin and had planted some trees. They ripened that year, the red astrakin apples were nice. Bradley must have come some years before.

It was a tearful greeting as Emmitt unloaded his passengers and the group waited to see if they were in the right place. Father Smith came running down the short hill and embraced his dear family. It had been a long trip for all and George wanted to know how the sale went and how his brother and neighbors were. Then he helped his weary mother-in-law up to the shack. She lay on the feather bed while the happy father stirred up the fire and warmed up the hard-tack, trout and spuds, for he had looked for his family the last couple of hours. The parents talked late that night, but early on the children were really tired and went to sleep on their straw ticks.

The morning came and the forty acres had to be explored. A solid forest, George Smith had cut trees

keep the wood dry. George kept clearing out the brush, burning stumps with the family's help. In the evening as they all sat around the fire they had burning all day they planned for the future. There would be a barn built on the steep hill. The hay would be put in on the upper level and fed out on the lower level, where there would be room for cows and a wagon team. The restless children had long sticks and made firebrands, running in large circles singing their childhood songs:

Go tell Aunt Rhoda
Go tell Aunt Rhoda
Go tell Aunt Rhoda
Her old gray goose is dead

Died in the woodshed
Died in the woodshed
Go tell Aunt Rhoda
Her old gray goose is dead

Another one was:

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man

Washed his face in a frying pan
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel
Died with a toothache in his heel

CHORUS:

All the way for Old Dan Tucker
He's too late to get his supper
Supper's over and breakfast's cooking
Dan Tucker was a fine old man

By fall there was a good spot cleared for a garden. The weather had been favorable. There was plenty of salmon salted down, vegetables were exchanged for labor, bears were plentiful and providing meat as well as fat for cooking. Kellys had given them a barrel of apples but the children could only lift the covering and look. The fireplace was the main cooking area and several loaves of bread were baked at a time and of course, when the bread was well crusted and finished, it called for a slice covered with bear fat and salt. Mail was brought in once a week from Whatcom to Nooksack Crossing by Coldwell. Mr. Harkness brought it from there to the settlers north of the crossing.

The following year Mrs. Smith's sister and family (Carfee) of five children moved in from the east. The thirteen members spent the next winter in togetherness - all under the same roof. The women lined the straw ticks in the corner, and the men slept in the attic.

The oldest child, Augusta Smith, tells many tales of the wildlife. As they cleaned out the barn with pitchforks the shepherd dog would tree a wild cat. They would run to the neighbor and he would shoot it. They must have treed a dozen of them. The cougars were heard screaming as they passed nearby. The lynx had a sharper look about its face and were more savage than bob cats. One day when Augusta and her sister drove in the cows there was a strange black animal with them. They ran breathlessly to get Father after putting up the bars to the corral. Father could not run and the girls were soon back to the corral and the black animal was walking around inside.

"See Papa, see Papa, what is that black thing," they shouted from the corral. Papa was slow in coming.

When he finally arrived, he took one look and exclaimed, "that's a bear, a real black bear." Papa let the bear out of the corral and it lumbered away to the woods.

In 1891 the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia finished the first railroad between Whatcom and Sumas after many expensive efforts to connect with Vancouver, B.C. The lane near the tracks had to be donated by the settlers to the company. The railroad opened up the forests connecting the primitive country with the outside world.

In the same year H.W. Hinton took up residence in Clearbrook. The Hintons came from Spangle, in eastern Washington. News was spread that a family of thirteen was coming and the town turned out to see them get off the train. Harry Hinton preceded the family and purchased 120 acres from J.J. Fuller for the sum of \$3,950 and Harry sold it to his father for \$3,000 in gold coin. The Fuller farm was known as the Fuller's Post Office - mail was brought there once a

week. They also kept supplies for trappers and travelers.

The Hintons log house was made of hewn logs about two feet by ten inches thick, chinked with mortar. On the lower floor was two small bedrooms, front room and a large kitchen. A back porch had shelves and store rooms and a wooden sink with a pitcher pump, as the creek flowed close by, making springs plentiful. The upstairs was divided into four bedrooms. A short walk from the house led to a large log that made a natural bridge over the Clearbrook Creek. The two foot hewn pathway was level with the bank of the creek. The salmonberries grew up the side to be picked from the log. Hinton kept pens along the other side of the creek, two-hundred feet north of the barn made of split lumber.

H.W. Hinton used the Clearbrook in a most unique way. He devised a cooling system for the cream and milk, simply by building a milk house over the stream with slats driven down and nailed to other slats going crosswise. Plank walls were built between the rows of cans of milk. This served two purposes: it kept the muskrat and salmon out of the milk and it provided holes for cans to cool the milk. The milk was cooled and cream skimmed every day. It then was taken by wheelbarrow to the railroad station to be shipped to Whatcom. Later, Tim Elder of Clearbrook operated a steam powered separator. The milk taken to Elder was separated and brought back with the team and wagon. The price for this was eighteen to twenty-two cents. Mr. Hinton was not as large a shipper as either the Elder Brothers or Mr. Kirkman, for he had not been there near as long.

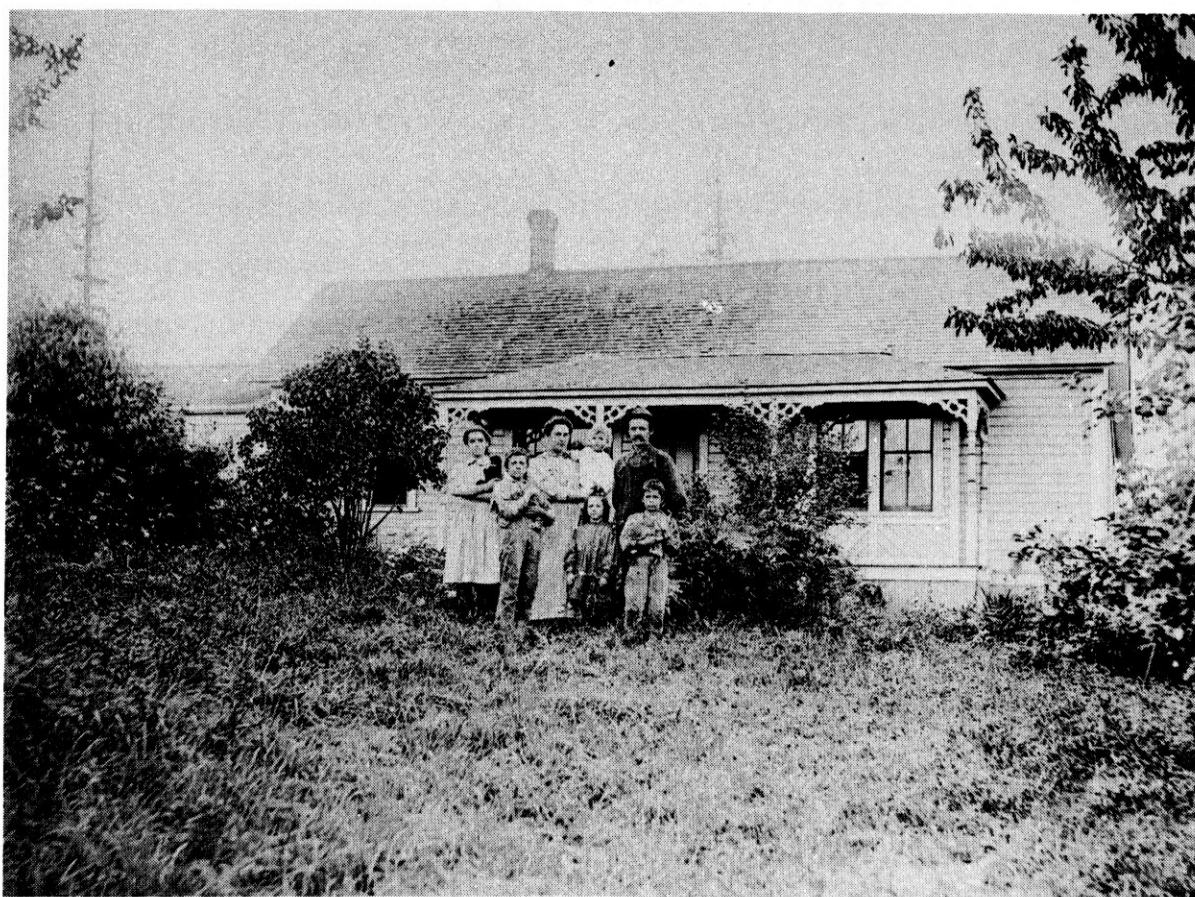
H.W. had several acres of grass that was hard to cure, so he built a crude silo - it was the first in the area. The silo was built in the ground several feet for bracing purposes. It measured twenty feet by twenty feet and stood thirty feet high. The inch thick rough foot boards were placed upright making a box effect. The outside boards were placed to cover the cracks of the first boards. The silo was braced by two by twelve boards placed horizontally every five feet which not only held the silo up, but was used as a platform to pitch the grass from walk to walk.

Activity was everywhere for the Hinton boys for they were always clearing the land. There was no machinery of any kind to do the clearing of logs except for a stump puller and a horse to rid the stumps from the land. The B.B. and B.C. railroad burned wood in their engines. The railroad and Harry Hinton agreed to put in a spur near the farm (now Van Buren road). It was known as the Hinton's Spur and later used for Miller Brothers shingle mill. This provided even more work for the boys. Not only did they have to fall and trim the large trees, they had to cut and split them into four foot lengths. Then by sled they took it to the Spur and either piled the wood or loaded it on the flat cars. In 1893 Hastings Shingle built the shingle mill at Van Buren. This assisted young settlers in finding much needed employment. With the bunkhouses and family shack, this little community was called the manufacturing district of Van Buren.

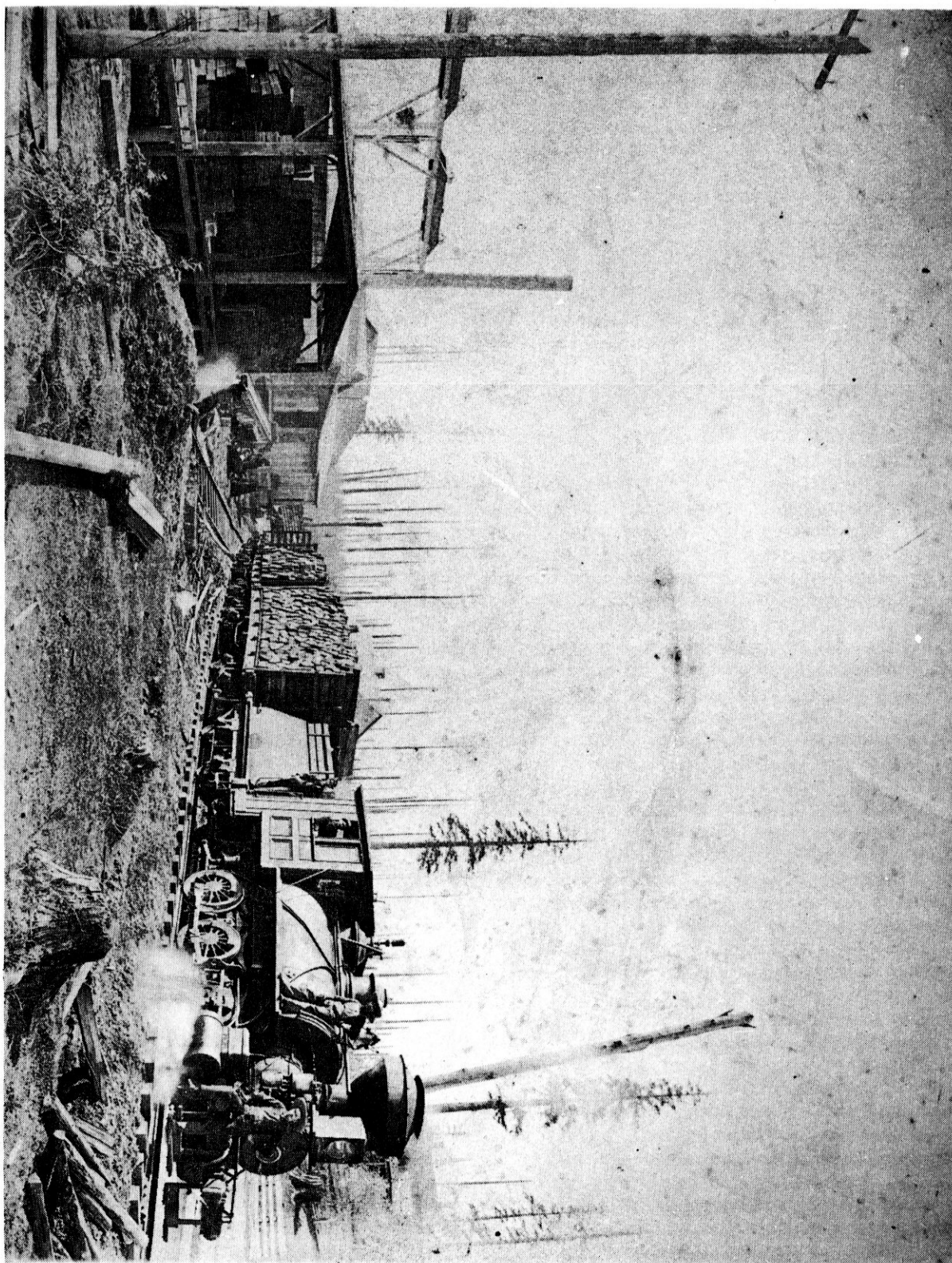
With the efforts shown by pioneers such as the Smiths and Hintons, the Clearbrook community started its long journey to the 1970's.

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A Place Called Clearbrook



The Harry Hinton family, 1909. Children from left to right: Ida, George, Helen in mother's arms, Edna and Bob. Parents Gusty and Harry Hinton.



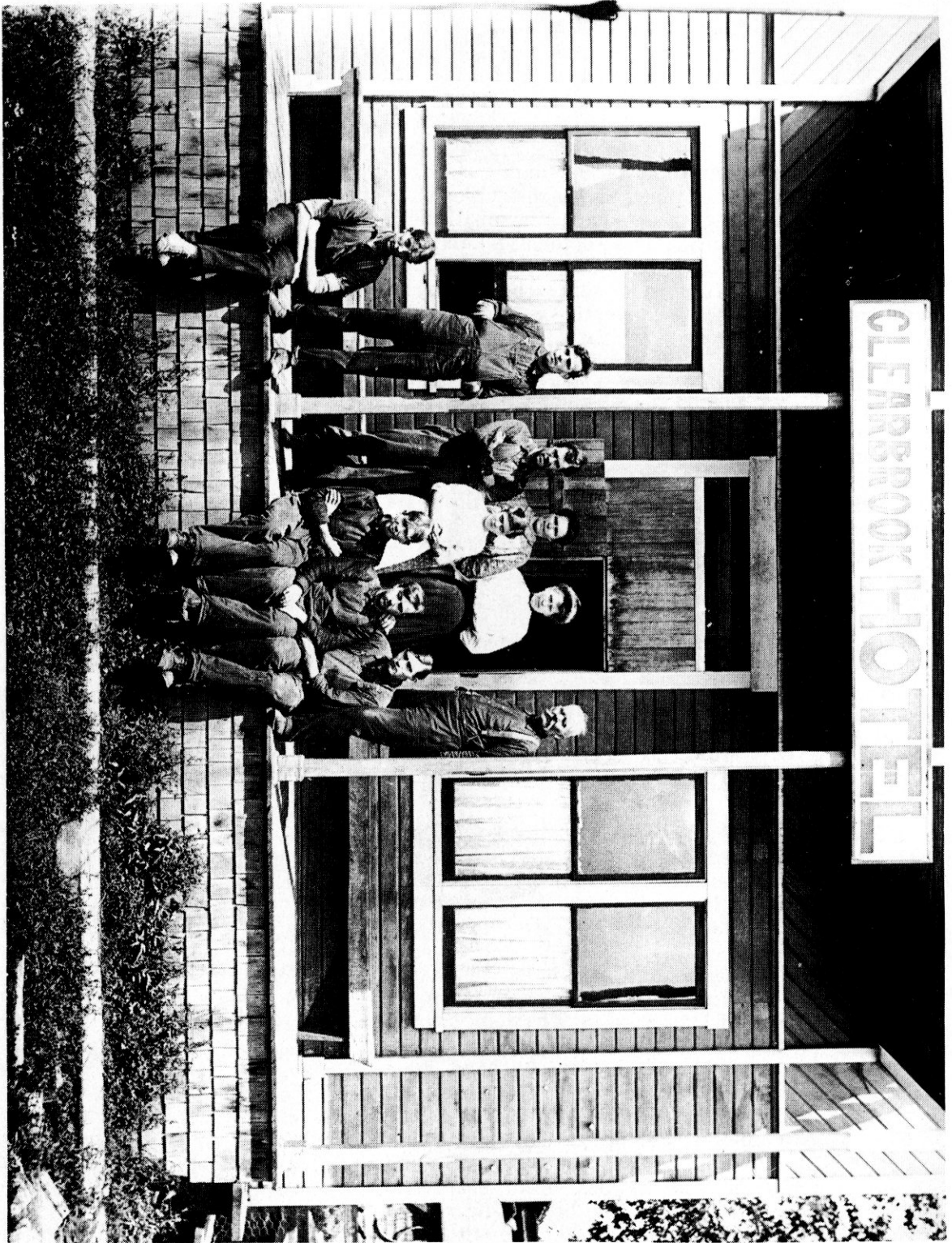
No. 2 Loco - Clearbrook, Washington. Pictured the old Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad.



Harry Hinton - about the time of his marriage.



The Smith family. From left to right: Hanna Older Bowen, Gusti, Warren, Maud, Esther and father George.



The Smith family - from left to right: Hanna Older Bowen, Maud, Esther and father George.
A converted lodge served as the only hotel in Clearbrook. Rose Hagen, top row, 4th from left, lent us not only this picture but others, as well - proving that Clearbrook was a bonified community!

A Constant Family

by Ellen B. Nelson

At the time of the Revolutionary War a young Frenchman named Lafayette became highly incensed at the injustices imposed upon the English Colonies in North America. With other French sympathizers, young Jacob Constant gladly accompanied Lafayette to America to fight the tyrant, King George III.

Because of Jacob Constant's service in the war, he was granted 1,500 acres of Kentucky land situated twenty-five miles from Cincinnati, Ohio. Here, he fought Indians with Daniel Boone, later becoming a Methodist minister. To get away from slavery conditions around him, Constant moved his considerable family to Ohio. Jacob and his wife had nineteen children, the youngest was called William Nelson.

William Nelson Constant and Elizabeth Walker were married in 1839 and raised seven children. He was buried in Springfield, Illinois, in 1908.

Edward B. Constant, their son, was married in 1873 to Nancy Louise Scott. They continued to live in Springfield several years before moving to Pierce City, Missouri. At Pierce City, Constant did a thriving business as a blacksmith. He repaired wagons and shod horses until the depression of the 1890's. After hearing of the big lumber business in Seattle, he decided that the time was right to move his family of eight children on to the State of Washington. They settled in the Bothell area where Edward Constant cut shingle bolts for a time and then started a blacksmith shop.

Somehow the rainy weather discouraged this hardy pioneer. He heard of a place called Sequim and hoping for better weather, moved his family there. Again, he found work in the woods. As a result of a head injury received while working, Edward Constant died.

Before his fatal accident, Constant had purchased several acres of woods, including a three room log cabin, on a beautiful little lake in Whatcom County. The lake was Wiser Lake, and here the oldest Constant daughter, Mabel and her husband were living.

After the funeral of Edward Constant, his plucky widow Nancy Louise packed up her children and her belongings (including a piano, a cow, and a horse and wagon) moving them all by boat from Seattle to Whatcom - now Bellingham. The boys, Edward and Clarence, led the cow from the dock, and with their mother and the rest of the family came over the plank road in their horse and wagon. At the end of the plank road for them was their new home on Wiser Lake. The furniture was transported from the dock by McSorley Freight Wagon.

The family lived in the three room log cabin until a larger house could be built on the corner of the Guide and Bartlett Roads.

The Pioneer school house at Wiser Lake was

located across the road from the Constant cabin, so here the children, Bessie, 15, Clarence, 13, Pauline, 7, and Giles, 6, began school the next month. An older child, Mary, was now able to teach school. Traveling to her first job at Lake Whatcom was trying, to say the least. Her trek was difficult going by trails and boat. Later, she married Wesley Dorr.

Charles Constant immediately went to work in the woods using his father's equipment. He married Alma Parks. With his bride, Charles soon found a farm, and the young couple began their life's work.

Luella Constant also became a teacher and taught in various county schools before marrying Albert Engdahl.

Bessie helped her mother with the many chores pertinent to pioneer farm life, later becoming the wife of William Dorr, an early Lynden-Bellingham stage driver.

Clarence Constant cared for the horses and drove for the mill owner - hauling many loads of shingle bolts to the loading pens. Barbara Glass became his wife and they also took up farming. They also built a store on the Sand Road and Mount Baker Highway.

Pauline Constant, after high school, went to St. Luke's Hospital for nurse's training. She became a registered nurse and Supervisor of Dr. Clark's Hospital in Sumas. The next year she married Albert Glass becoming a farmer's wife living on the Ten Mile Road.

The youngest Constant, Giles, farmed with his mother for several years after which he married Miss Nellie Holmes. They moved to eastern Washington.

Mother Constant worked hard always. She did odd jobs as a practical nurse for mill families as well as her farm chores. When springtime came she planted a large vegetable garden. As the crops were harvested she peddled vegetables and wild berries, butter and eggs to the nearby mill workers. She was a main supplier for many years.

With the help of Mr. and Mrs. Dorr, Nancy Louise Constant organized a Sunday School in the school house. Then with more help from the Hickeys, Mutchlers, Frosts and others, Mrs. Constant organized dinners and bazaars where sewing and quilts were sold. All the money brought in went towards building a church house.

Land was donated and volunteer help cleared it. A beautiful church building finally materialized and was known as the Wiser Lake Methodist Church. At present it is called Wiser Lake Chapel belonging to the First Christian Reformed Church of Lynden.

Nancy Louise Constant went to her eternal reward in 1945. She left a host of relatives and friends who admired her for her courage, her thrift, and most of all for her steadfast faith in her God and Savior through the trying years gone by.

The Writers

— Their Stories



All of our ranks! The Lynden Community Center Writing Class from left: teacher Mary Gillilan Hamilton, who doubled as editor, Ida Sollinger, Ellen Nelson, Annabell Monthly, Lillie Mae Knudsen, Hazel Husfloen, George Hinton and Peter Elenbaas. Not pictured are Kathleen Wilson and Dorothy Keeler King.

City Adventure, Country Appeal

The Kathleen Plant Wilson Story

by Mary Gillilan Hamilton

Kathleen is ebullient. Her curiosity spurred us on when she joined our writing class. City bred with an English heritage, she had many questions about the Lynden community, which in her mind personified the people who so long ago decided to make Lynden their home.

Born in Calgary, Alberta, in 1911, her father was a military man. The Canadian Forces brought him an assignment to England, when Kathleen was little more than a baby. And England she remembers with joy. For it was there she saw her first snow, and trees and experienced the wonder of being a child ready for adventure.

Adventure was not very far way from any of her family members. Kathleen's maternal grandfather, Henry Plant, was one of seven brothers, all who sailed in the Royal Navy. His six brothers were killed at sea. Henry would have met a briny death as well had it not been for an unusual move by his commanding officer. Even under dior circumstances, excuses from military duty were rarely given, but due to illness in the family, Henry was excused from one naval operation. After leaving port, the ship on which Henry had been assigned was never heard from again.

When Kathleen's mother was thirteen her

maternal grandmother died. Her grandmother and mother shared similar attitudes about life. For them, interference in human endeavor complicated life unreasonably, blocking the natural evolution of events. Debate and excessive worry only begot more debate and worry.

As a result, Kathleen's mother was a gentle, undisturbing person who always gave life's wounds a chance to cleanse themselves. When describing his wife, Kathleen remembers her father repeating the old Irish adage, 'God's little finger touched her eyes.' Such was her gentleness. Laughter was akin to her nature as well, and Kathleen remembers the fun she had with her mother.

From England, the Wilson family was reassigned to Calgary. Kathleen was eight. Even then she recalled the story her father told about the prisoner in the guardhouse. Her father was assigned with another man to guard this chap, who had the audacity to ask these officers to lay down their rifles when his wife came, pretending that he was not a prisoner. Unable to reach an agreement, the prisoner managed to hide his fate from his wife, explaining the two guards were special prisoners who he could only properly guard from his vantage point behind bars. During the First World War, away from home on

duty, Kathleen's father gave his bed to a tired soldier begging for a decent night's sleep. During the night, the Germans bombed the area, hitting the side of the house in which the soldier slept and perished. After the war, the return to Calgary was not a particularly happy change for Kathleen. Life lost its refinement and the fun of first discovery she had experienced in England. After her father's retirement from the military, the comfortable income stopped and money was scarce. The family moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, where they weathered the depression.

The depression was especially hard for Major Wilson. Kathleen can still visualize her father commenting to her mother in a dry logical manner, "It's a real pity I survived that war. With the pension you would have received and other family income, the children could well be educated. It's a pity."

Her father need not have worried, for his children were all well educated. Kathleen attended the University of British Columbia for two years, after that time, she became a secretary at the Vancouver General Hospital. There she met Dr. Tait, and under his tutorage, she became a licensed X-ray technician. With this skill, she has worked in the United States and Canada. All the while she has memorized episodes that read as well as fiction. Kathleen is still awed by the Hindu Indian she encountered while learning her craft from Dr. Tait. While preparing the man for his X-ray, she asked him to turn over. He did, and at least a thousand pennies sprang from his clothes, and clattered to the floor.

After Vancouver General, Kathleen worked at a hospital in Kelowna, British Columbia. This was close to wartime and penicillin was nearly impossible to get. One man desperate for relief from burns bought his own supply. And there was Rodney, a five year old boy dying of kidney failure. With expertise only one his age could give, Rodney explained hospital procedure to new children on the ward, and won the love and respect of any staff person who was fortunate enough to work with him. His touching short life remains with Kathleen.

During World War II, Kathleen worked at the Crippled Children's Hospital in Vancouver. She was engaged to a man named Lars, who like her brother, had an overseas assignment in the military. In the meantime Kathleen worked! One week, she was on emergency day and night, and had no rest. There were shortages in staff and provisions - everywhere - except in the injured, and they were abundant. Kathleen was not to see her brother, York, or fiance, Lars, again. Both were killed in the war. Double bolts of lightning with an incomprehensible meaning, and World War II was over.

Soon after peace was declared, Kathleen temporarily migrated to the United States. The first hospital at which she worked was in Port Angeles. The night before her job commenced, a fire caused sirens to sound through the night. To Kathleen, every siren was a hospital emergency, and by morning she was convinced she could never keep up with the level of activity at the hospital. She was quite relieved to find the sirens came from fire trucks not ambulances. At that time, if the technician was capable, he gave intravenous feedings to patients. The old method used in these feedings required the technician to stay in

constant attendance of his patient. Kathleen was qualified for this duty, and in Port Angeles, gave intravenous feedings to a man who was in the hospital after murdering his wife and trying suicide. The man, Kathleen reflected, "looked like the picture of Jesus," never uttering a word while recovering from his self-inflicted wounds.

Auburn was the next place Kathleen worked. She lived in the hospital as well. One night after her shift, she returned to her quarters and preparing for the evening, put on a yellow robe. Suddenly a sound blasted through the hospital like a train roar. Eerie silence followed for seconds, and then the earth shook. Realizing that she was experiencing an earthquake, Kathleen's immediate reaction was to see what could be done on the wards. As she made her way from her quarters, the earth was reeling and from windows she could see chimneys, poles, and bricks flying through the air. The closest ward was obstetrics. Even though the nursery was moving with the earth, the charge nurse was calm.

Kathleen asked, "what should we do?"

"Nothing," said the nurse, as she checked an infant, "we'll just go down with them."

Kathleen had no fear of going down with them - she just wished she was wearing anything but her fine yellow robe. What would anyone discovering the body of a staff person, think about a woman apparently on duty in a lounging robe? Happily she never had to find out. The earth stopped trembling, and life soon resumed its rhythmic pace at the hospital.

The most romantic job of all for Kathleen, was working in San Francisco's Chinatown. Before committing herself to a full time schedule, she decided to work in the place of vacationing technicians. A man called one day and asked her if 'she carried her techniques in her head'. After meeting with him in the small hospital in Chinatown she agreed to fill in for him for three months. The X-ray room was lime green and red. The families she encountered were warm and loving especially to their children. Cleanliness was a problem for the families as they lived approximately sixty to a house serviced with one toilet. Unable to communicate easily in English, and unaccustomed to American medical practices, the Chinese often waited until they were near death before going to the hospital.

Kathleen was married briefly to a man she considered to be her lifelong friend. She worked further south in Salinas for a few years. After her friend died in California, Kathleen returned to Washington State and eventually British Columbia.

Like her sister Ruth, Kathleen has traveled to various parts of the world. In South Wales, she recalls a small graveyard in Little-England-After-Wales. In it is buried American sailors from Yankee clipper ships, who left New England to hunt the whale. Last year she toured Samoa.

Retired, Kathleen is far from retiring. She is now a student at the University of British Columbia. Her ebullient nature, and kinship to adventure leave volumes left to write. She has asked questions of us that no one else would ask, and from her unique perspective has written biographies of nearly everyone in the class. Like she is, her writing style is acute and vivid and full of living.

A Lynden Lady

Ellen Violinda Nelson (Nee Booman)

by K.P. Wilson

Ellen on the day of her high school graduation looked, for her young age, amazingly self-confident but inside she was not so sure of herself. Tall, dark haired and slim, her fair skin betraying her Scandanavian ancestry, she had a shy ready smile and a great sense of humor.

Ellen's family came from Boo, Sweden where her mother and father became engaged and together made lovely, long range plans. John was to go to America first, buy his land, build a house and barn and then send for Maria. These were the big plans and they were planned in detail. Two long years passed before he had things ready for her on the farm on the Benson Road and they were both well pleased with the results of their ideas. Ellen was born one year after her mother came from Sweden and Mrs. Phoebe Judson, Lynden's First Lady, attended her birth.

Maria was an accomplished seamstress, a woman who could see opportunities and seize them and, also, had a love of mankind, knowing how to instigate social events and make things happen that pleased others.

When Ellen was quite tiny she used to crawl under the dining room table and pray for a little sister although sometimes she thought a brother would be great, she wasn't entirely sure, a brother would be better than a sister in some ways, but a sister would be lovely too. Anyway, when Ellen was five years old Albert was born. Albert was a delight and when Almeda, Ellen's sister came Ellen was grateful to God for answering her childish prayers so completely.

Ellen started school with eagerness and intense pleasure; she liked the learning, the friendships, the extra events that occurred and when she got home there was always so much to tell Maria. At that time the Lynden school consisted of four class rooms, two downstairs and two up, and while she was attending the school it was enlarged. Lynden was growing as well as Ellen, and shortly after that extra space was acquired, the classrooms for the high school were added. This two story school was imposing and Ellen was proud of it, but as Lynden continued to expand the trustees decided to demolish the building, rebuild the grade school making the high school a separate edifice. Something was lost, Ellen's school of course, but while the new buildings were bigger and better they did not seem as imposing and as important as Ellen's.

Ellen was able to sit for the State Teachers' Examinations just before her high school graduation and applied to teach at a school in the Columbia Valley which was four or five miles from Sumas up in the foothills of Mt. Baker. The clerk at the school board was delighted to have her as he had had disappointing experiences with the hifaluting ideas of some of the college graduates. The little school was made of cedar shakes but a new school was put up the following term.

Among her duties Ellen fired the school stove, swept the floor, had twenty-four students and taught seven grades. As she stood for the first moment in front of those two dozen pair of eyes she thought to herself: "I have a job before me, to teach them, to hold their attention, to win their respect and to have them know that I am boss." Among those pupils were two little rebels and Ellen chastized them physically, but never again after that did she ever have to touch a child. She learned how to maintain discipline with her voice and her eyes, gently and firmly, and her reputation as a teacher grew.

The first year living away from home Ellen boarded with the clerk of the school but always went home for weekends as she had so much to tell them, especially Maria.

The following year she lived with a family called Weatherby, a large congenial, happy group. All the children were likeable and Ellen taught the younger girls to play the organ and how to make handicrafts. Occasionally on what were to them gala weekends she took the Weatherby girls to her home near Lynden.

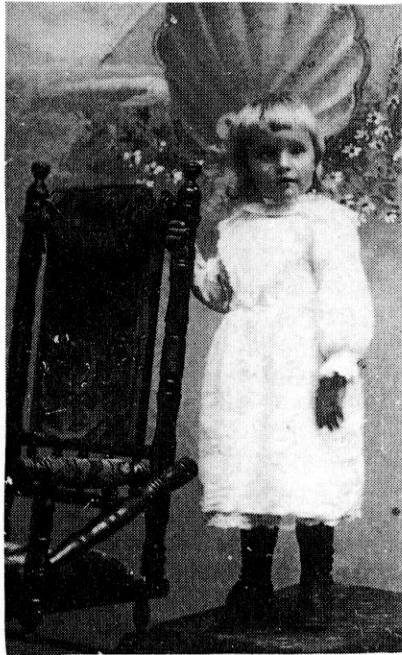
During the summer vacations Ellen still furthered her teaching by taking extra courses. One year she and Albert had an apartment in Seattle while they both attended the University of Washington. They were able to entertain their friends and thoroughly liked the whole season. The university put on a pageant in which they both participated.

By now Ellen's teaching ability was known and she was offered more money at Kendall. She left the Columbia Valley to teach in yet another area of the Mt. Baker foothills.

At Kendall, Ellen bought a house which she remodeled. This was not her first house; Maria had suggested that money was hard to earn, that it might be wise to own something and that she had noticed a house for sale in Bellingham that Ellen should look at. Ellen did, bought it, sold at a profit and bought another.

Then when summer came she got a car, the first model manufactured with an automatic starter. And then, Ellen drove with her parents to Albert's graduation from the University of Washington. Albert went to teach in Anacortes but home was still home and all the Boomans knew it. Ellen finds it hard to understand the hurry-to-be-on-their-own that young people have today and the attitude parents have in being pleased to be on-their-own-again. Don't they have the love and joy of being together as the Booman family did? Ellen suspects that what she thought was more or less everybody's family joy is really rather rare and also feels so thankful that she experienced such a home. The credit, she knows, goes to her parents.

Ellen continued with her teaching but still invested in real estate. Her parents left the farm and came to live in Lynden. They had worked long, hard,



A very young Lynden lady;
Ellen at 3 or 4.

and happily and were now able to enjoy "retirement" only Maria did not quite think of it that way. As time went by Maria was not so well and had difficulty walking. One day she suggested gently to Ellen that she buy the house next door as it had no steps and actually had a small orchard; cherries, pears, apples, peaches, plums plus two superb oak trees. These were happy days for the senior Boomans and it was in this home, there amongst the trees that they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, and here that Ellen's mother died, so far away in time, and distance, and experience from Boo.

Some years previous, Ellen had come to teach at North Prairie and it was during this period that she met Robert E. Nelson. The Nelsons came originally from Scotland to Virginia and Robert was a direct descendant of Thomas Nelson Jr., who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Robert's father was a physician who after leaving Virginia practiced in South Dakota where Robert was born and where the children grew up. The family were all blue

eyed with auburn colored hair, having the definite Scottish look. Robert and his brother, Tom, loved to ride the range, loved horses, the land, the faraway horizons, the camp fires — and they prospered — until the time of the drought. Times were crippling without enough water, or fodder, and eventually not enough anything. And the people departed the land. The Nelsons went to Kansas where they enjoyed eight years until another calamity overtook them when a harrowing cyclone nearly wiped them out. Robert was hurled against the tongue of a wagon suffering a severe gnash on his head, only by the fact that his father was with him and attended to him immediately was his life saved. Following this second misfortune the doctor retired, bought some land near Lynden and arranged for a box car to bring the belongings of his, by now, rather large family, to the northwest. Robert worked hard, hauling milk and doing extra work and was able to buy his own farm on the Benson Road not far from the Canadian border.

Ellen found that Robert was always around. They went to church together, picnics, and other social events and discovered that they had made many ideas in common. After they married, Ellen continued teaching for a few years because she liked it, although this time she had to drive fifteen miles each day to Goshen and back. As a farm wife Ellen helped with the chickens and cows; and she did some milking by hand, although later they had a machine, she also did the woman's share of what is termed "farm chores". In the morning before beginning work they first enjoyed their morning-glories which covered the wall of their storage-wood-cellar shed. They looked each day to see how many flowers there were and which color predominated, and as these blooms live for only one day, they too decided to make the most of their day. This little memory Ellen treasures.

Robert loved his home and liked to be in it but in any case farm people cannot readily leave their animals without making arrangements for other help. However, they did have some holidays but what they greatly enjoyed were their many nieces and nephews who were a joy and satisfaction to know growing up.

During Maria's last few months Ellen lived with her in Lynden. When her mother died Ellen and Robert decided to sell the Nelson place and live on Ellen's property. For one thing Robert was not as strong as he had been and Ellen wanted to have her father with her. Her father liked the idea of being on "his" farm once again.

When people saw how well Ellen was managing with her invalid father they often asked her to look after their own ill or old relatives. Ellen realized that there were many older people, friends of her parents, widows and widowers who wanted to come into Lynden from the country. In their days of retirement they needed a restful place, but not an inactive one. No longer did they want to watch nature's seasons pass quietly, but longed to have other people around. Ellen could not adequately take care of these older people in a farmhouse with five upstairs bedrooms. She began to search for a place where elder people, either ill or well, could be easily attended to.

Looking around Lynden one day, Ellen noticed two chicken houses, very clean — no steps. Somebody she recalled had converted a coup into a very

comfortable home, and with two coups she could have several apartments. Rising high behind them was the church. What an advantage! Across the street was the Christian Rest Home, a hospital for the aged. The idea seemed ideal and so it turned out. The owners had retired from business and were living elsewhere. Ellen bought the property and spent the better part of a year converting her coop into apartments but before the year was over John Booman died on the farm he built for Maria on the Benson Road.

In August of 1943 Ellen gathered together seven friends who had graduated from Lynden High School serving a luncheon which was such a success that the seven repeated it the following year. The next year the group decided to invite younger grads and to make the luncheon potluck. Nineteen-sixty-three, was the fiftieth anniversary for the 1913 grads. After the golden reunion all alumni previous to 1920 were invited. By now the reunion is held annually far surpassing Ellen's luncheon for seven schoolmates.

Another social event that Ellen hosted was her annual dinner for what she calls her triplets. Three of her friends of many years, Gertrude Burns (now Thom), Margaret Michael and Wilda Payne (now deceased) were all born on the same day and the same year. Invited for this November 17th celebration were families and friends of her triplets.

Ellen's sister-in-law and a friend gathered together a group which they called The Over Fifty Club. They planned to have dinners and small trips where they would enjoy being among friends of similar age. After a couple of months, other interests developed, and the suggestion was for Ellen to take over. She was elected president manager: set up a board of directors, organized potluck dinners, had club meetings at the American Legion Hall. They had an annual trip to Hawaii, two trips to Alaska, two trips to Banff and Lake Louise, one to South Dakota; smaller journeys to Victoria once or twice a year, to Harrison Hot Springs, to the popular retreat at Mission, B.C., to the little town of Lund also in B.C. which is named after Lund, Sweden, a university city, to Pemberton and Mt. Currie up in the caribou land and down into Oregon. The club was Lynden based but many of the travelers came from Bellingham and other cities in Washington. Ellen did most of the arranging and pre-planning. On most occasions she used George Hesselgrave with his bus and travel connections. George realized that sometimes she was operating at a loss which worried him but Ellen had no difficulty, if she lost a little on one trip, she would make it up on another. Many memories of Ellen's trips remain with those who were fortunate enough to belong to The Over Fifty Club.

Annually a senior citizen is chosen for the year in Whatcom County - each organization being allowed to send a representative to the Annual Recognition Evening which takes place in Bellingham. One senior among the representatives is picked as reigning for the year. In 1976 Ellen was so honored and became Senior Citizen of the Year. The reception at Lynden following this event took place on the 14th of May and was attended by about a hundred people. The Mayor of Lynden brought Ellen a dozen red roses. Representatives of the families who had had older relatives taken care of by Ellen in her apartments,

each brought a flower to be added to the vase that held His Honor's bouquet. The Light House Mission, a non-denominational service in Bellingham, was also represented paying tribute to her efforts on their behalf.

Recently Ellen entertained two of her first pupils, the Weatherby girls, from Columbia Valley; girls who had been delighted to go to Lynden with Ellen when they were young. Both girls were long married and on this afternoon Ellen had the company of three as one of the girls was widowed. They spoke much of the past, what they had learned, how they had used it, how much friendship meant and with what awe they first viewed Ellen. Now they are all "elderly" but they did not seem different except that much water had run under the bridges of the separate lives. It was a memorable warmhearted event.

Now that Ellen's projects and events are not as demanding in time and energy she limits herself to gardening and many personal social activities. She is active in her church and in the Lynden Community Center, particularly the music groups. At the side and slightly behind her building she has two vegetable gardens and in front a charming, rustic, fish pool with flat gold fish lazily swimming around among the water lillies; there are some splendid trees, and what is unique are her beds of hollyhocks standing tall with clumps of coloring, some deep reds and purples, some pastels, but bunched as they stand resembling a colored toy forest.

Unlike many retired people who of necessity have had to adapt to a smaller space Ellen has been able to keep her large festive dining room table which is used often as she has many guests and many friendly dinners.

Behind her table, inside glass cupboard doors is Ellen's doll collection. She has ever so many tiny figures representing nearly all mankind from Africa, Europe, the Orient, the places in between. Spilling out and further away on the piano and other furniture are the larger dolls but the little world behind the glass cupboard lives so happily together with no aggression, no sorrow or greed — a miniature United Nations in harmony.

When Ellen went to get her social security she filled out forms and received her check in the ordinary manner but an odd thought struck her: "I never anticipated living so long. Life has surprised me!"

Ellen, now in her retirement years has the air of a much younger person. She is still slender, tall, her hair is now white, her Scandanavian look, her straight walk are unchanged but her ready smile is firmer and her sense of humor greater as life has taught her more of its comic aspects.





Pete fishing with grandson, Denny, on a Canadian holiday.

Laughing is More Fun

The Peter J. Elenbaas Story

by Mary Gilhlan Hamilton

To know Pete is to know the freedom of being very young. With him one can travel to Birch Bay in 1910 without benefit of paved road or compass but with a boy's assurance the adventure would be fun! Pete delights in the fun of his childhood recollections. He remembers rafting down the Nooksack River at sixteen, and watching a dignified woman deal graciously with a worm inching up her neck in church. Humor beams through Pete's reminiscences.

Humor had to be in there, in the lives of the pioneers. Without it, the struggle, work and setbacks would have weighed too much. Pete saw his father win over high odds that said he could not. Father, James Elenbaas, lost half his foot in the mostly Dutch settlement of Zeeland, Michigan, shortly after emigrating with his wife and children from Zeeland, Holland. Before James was a second language with which to contend, a depressed American economy with few job openings, and an injury that could make someone else give up. James persisted in pursuing his dream of land ownership. His dream was realized in Lynden where he was able to put down enough money to purchase a farm in the Greenwood District. Hard times were not over. James lost his wife to tuberculosis, and continued to raise his family alone. His love for his children and the importance of their dreams to meet fruition came first. And again the dream won. The role humor played in that household should not be overlooked; it lifted many black curtains onto a new day's shining sun.

Pete graduated from Lynden High School in 1913. Soon, he married Gertrude Oldemeyer - and too soon World War I began. During the latter days of the war the flu epidemic ran rampant through the United States. In November of 1918 Pete was stationed in the military post at Port Townsend. The marching band which Pete played the horn was ordered to parade in the town. All around were people waving hankerchiefs and openly celebrating. Young Pete thought the United States must have won a very important battle, other soldiers were curious, too, at what was causing such a celebration. A few days later they found out

after Pete received a letter from his wife. In the letter she proclaimed her relief that the war was finally won. Yes, peace had been declared, they found out, but because of the flu epidemic the commanding officer had elected not to tell his men the war had ended for fear the celebration would spread the illness. Pete still wonders about such logic, but he was glad to return home to his wife and family.

Before Pete joined his brother in the garage business, he had a small farm on the Noon Road. While in the garage business the depression came like black fog to this land. Many customers simply could not pay for repair of their vehicles. In a beneficent gesture, brothers Issac (Ike), Herman, and Pete decided to throw away the ledger, making a new start for their customers. Later, the Elenbaas brothers did well in the dairy business creating for each, his own success story.

Gertrude Elenbaas was a good pianist. Many evenings were spent with Alex and Gertie Burns. While Alex played the violin, Gertrude played the piano.

With their son, Jay, the Elenbaas' continued to live and work in Lynden. In later years, Pete was the Legionnaire Commander and Gertrude supported his efforts with her work in the American Legion Auxiliary.

Gertrude's health was frail and with her lifelong partner near her in spirit, she died.

Pete lives in their family home accompanied by his dog. That little poodle has traveled many miles with his master.

He contributes - in enriching us all - by telling us about a Lynden past not all void of fun. With a half smile and quiet laugh, Pete remembered his first fair. He attended it early, staying late that night and part of the next day inspecting every detail pressing it in his mind to recall some other day. Nothing was lost. The small boy's curiosity, wonder and innocence still reside behind Pete's eyes. Eyes that have not forgotten the joy of being very young!

Highlights and Low Lights

Lillie Mae Knudsen

by K.P. Wilson

In Mae's early life the Forester family moved and moved. She was born in Oregon, and in British Columbia they lived in Sardis, Parson's Hill, New Westminster and Port Mann finally taking root in Sumas, Washington. In the Sumas Cemetery her parents and grandparents are buried. Due to an error on the part of the people who placed the headstone into the earth, or perhaps the stone mason who carved the headstone (nobody knows just who erred) the Foresters' markers lie from east to west while everybody else lies from west to east which makes their gravestones backwards. Looking outwards from the cemetery one feels that the Creator smoothed this little prairie region with His Hand and pushed the

were jewels of fabulous wealth carried by an oriental gentleman. How did the police get there so quickly? They were Canadian lawmen but the mountain straddles the border and the road is international in the sense that it too straddles and winds around the international line. And the jewels — were they ever found? Strange to think of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police scrambling around hunting for rubies, emeralds and opals amongst the mountain evergreens wrapped in mist.

One of Mae's lasting memories is of a teacher, Miss Matheson who taught her in Port Mann. Mae considers Miss Matheson to have been lovely "inside



At left, Lafe and Helen Jones and girls. At right Nellie, Mae, and Gertrude Forester and the Hindmans. 1913 photo.

foothills into just the perfect arrangement for a backdrop to the town. Mt. Tomahoi has a most intriguing skyline although one has to be a bit further back to see its jagged etching against the sky to the full.

Mae remembers the occasion of a plane disaster which she heard thundering low in the atmosphere just above her head before crashing into Mt. Tomahoi taking the lives of all aboard. Whether the aftermath is true fact or part fiction Mae is not sure, but people hurried at great inconvenience up the mountainous terrain to help only to discover that the police were there first and keeping people away! On that plane

and out" and the class would have done anything for her. Each morning they had a little contest:

"How many brushed their teeth this morning?"

All hands raised.

"How many brushed their hair this morning?"

All hands raised.

"How many have a handkerchief?" (days before Kleenex).

All hands raised.

Once Mae had forgotten her handkerchief and she rushed to the cloakroom and ripped a square from her petticoat rather than be the one who could not raise her hand. Mae won the prize for "Neatness" which she

still has, this treasure being kept in a small book on birds. Miss Matheson was a childhood highlight.

The lady in Sumas, who was looking for a mother's helper to assist her when her child was born, was a childhood low, regardless of logic. Mae was asked what experience she had had with babies and when she said that she had had none but was willing to learn the woman hired someone else. Mae was crushed and the moment rankled her, really rankled. She feels there is something inexplicable to make her remember so vividly throughout her life this episode and that woman! even though she laughs at it now.

Sumas High in those days was the upper story of the building, elementary being on the first floor. Pupils liked this architecture which to them had depth, also providing the girls with something to work up to. Mae, herself, liked going to Sumas High and was aiming and hoping to be valedictorian but lost out when she was forced to miss six full weeks when she was ill with scarlet fever.

At the time that the Foresters began to root in Sumas there was an influx of new families into the town whose children united in friendship and Mae was particularly happy with her little clique. In addition in the summertime the Hesselgrave girls from Whidby Island came to stay with their grandparents and with them Mae had adventures. They joined a group called Christian Endeavor, Methodist Church and among their many outings was the occasion when they were driven by Jim Hesselgrave, Sr. in his bus to Rosario beach and on the way home was stopped by the State Patrol for speeding. The ocean waves, the swimming, the laughter and then the run in with the law! Unforgettable day!

They also belonged to a hiking club called C.F.T.T. The meaning of C.F.T.T. was told to the club members *only* after they had scaled Mt. Baker.

A Mrs. Smythe invited the girls to go with her to Cultus Lake one summer where they slept on the ground in tents and enjoyed themselves no end. They met some boys who found chickens and fish for them to cook — by illegal means — and Mae was uneasy about this when she thought of her mother. She had an awkward time eviscerating a chicken and has never cleaned one since. (Now if necessary her husband does it and Mae cleans fish. Their bargain.) The young girls cooking and boys' triumphant manner of sneaking food caused much fun and laughter plus a quaint sense of wickedness. They went to one boy's ranch at Vedder Crossing, uninvited, all the boys and girls, quite surprising the lad's mother, and this too became awkward and again Mae thought of her mother, and again there was much laughter.

There were berry picking times which they enjoyed except for the mosquitoes and Mae secretly thought they looked grotesque in the getups they wore in their efforts to avoid bites. When they were a little older a Mr. Kale, who owned a cannery in Everson, drove up for them in his limousine, which the girls thought important to ride in. The lunch times were jolly, and they had fun while they packed prunes into big gallon cans — this was fun and money, all of twenty-one cents an hour.

After graduating from high school, Mae had no desire to leave Sumas, and she found a job as waitress in the town's restaurant in the Swail Hotel. This hotel

was a landmark in the town until 1977, when it was torn down and is now, in 1978, a large empty lot awaiting its next tenant. In Mae's time the restaurant owner moved his business across the street where a tavern stands today.

Sumas held an annual rodeo when people descended upon the little town in great numbers and not a nook or cranny was empty. This event necessitated the hiring of extra waitresses from Bellingham and the girls from the larger town begged Mae to return to Bellingham with them, but the thought alarmed her. Also, at this time they hired a special cook, always a man, and he liked Mae because he said she sang her orders. In those days there was no such thing as written orders it was all in the head and Mae considered his memory to be phenomenal. She walked a mile four times each day back and forth from her home to the restaurant and she practically ran taking the delivery orders. Work was sandwiched between rodeo events which all the girls left to attend, and after work they danced far into the night.

Next came prohibition. The booze running did not affect Mae except that she developed a growing awareness of some of the people who were doing the "running". The Sumas rum runners were not very discrete and one man called Joe bragged about his "blind pig" and in due time the Border Patrol put some bullets in his tires and arrested him with his truck full of hooch and he was jailed — to nobody's surprise except his mother-in-law's who may, or may not, have been innocent.

Huntington is the name of the Canadian customs at the Sumas border, just a stone's throw from the Sumas customs. By extending one's hands one can all but touch the tracks of the B.C.E.R. that runs parallel to the border at this point. Huntington had one Papa Mama store and farmland and several farmers in the region put a small amount of comfort in their sheds so that Americans, who crossed the border could get prohibited liquor; could rent them and have small parties, for a cost. Couples in Sumas went up for these defying-the-law assemblies but Mae's reply when asked to go was: "I'm too young to drink."

In her cafe work she encountered at times the drunks returning to sober up. On one occasion a man ordered a steak dinner and when Mae put it in front of him he suddenly put his head upon the steak as one puts their head upon a pillow and fell asleep.

Huntington also had a cabaret, what Mae calls a *two-percent joint* also not much more than a stone's throw from the border. The cabaret like the rest of those shenanigans faded away with the repeal of prohibition.

Mae became engaged twice but did not feel she really wanted to marry. One of her fiances used to berate her about her caution but Mae wanted a secure future and when he would say: "Oh! Mae. Let's live for today, the future will take care of itself." she would smile but thought to herself: "No, not for me."

The family moved to Everson and Mae worked two seasons in Kale's Cannery. In Sumas she had met Fern Knudsen and their friendship grew deeper and deeper. They were married in Seattle in 1928, and lived in Bellingham where her husband and his stepfather had a business as contract plasterers. These were highlight days: wages were tops, they bought a

new Chevy car, all was well until the 1929 crash when contracts ceased and Fern did what he could to "keep bread in our mouths" as Mae puts it.

In the depression time Mae had an appendectomy and Fern paid her hospital bill by doing patch work on the walls of St. Luke's Hospital. He did some longshoring, in short, anything he could find. They raised a large garden and had fruit trees at their south side home. They found they could drive to Everson on one gallon of gas, which cost twenty-five cents, by coasting downhill on the way to Everson through Nooksack via the Mt. Baker Highway. South winds blowing strong brought down their chimney and later the plaster fell off the dining room ceiling. Vividly, they experienced the discomforts of living in an old house.

Next they moved to Geneva where conditions were more primitive, a two room house without running water but with a pump in the yard, outside facilities, and they bathed in a wash tub. Mae burned her hand accidentally pouring boiling wash water over it and Fern had to finish the washing. He decided that at the first possible moment they would acquire a washing machine, which they did a year later.

The song "Blowin' in the Wind" is the theme of their subsequent occurrence. Mae awakened at 3:00 a.m. to see a red glow in the kitchen and immediately awakened Fern who said, "It is the sunrise." but she pointed out that the glow was in the west, and was in fact in their kitchen. The chimney halfway up the wall was glowing red ready to break into flames and Fern rushed to throw available water on it, going immediately for more. Mae ran into the yard yelling "FIRE. HELP. FIRE." but since the nearest neighbors were a block away her anquished words were just "Blowin' in the Wind". She was afraid to turn around, to look at the charred nothingness her mind imagined, but Fern had managed to take care of the situation and they were able to enjoy his sleepy "Sunrise in the West" before the actual dawn.

Apart from the agonies brought on by the depression they had great times as everybody was experiencing a lack of money with the attendant difficulties which brought friends and neighbors closer together than is usual. One of their highlights was the pleasure of dancing, and they danced "out on the country" in grange halls, community halls and other halls and the events were family orientated, while the children played, the grownups danced. One friend worked all day once for a week in Bellingham who was able to afford a dollar to have help with her house work — the money paid for tickets that paid for the orchestra for four of them. They also shared food such as bread and oysters, bartered excess for deficiencies, once a bucket (a five pound lard tin) of tiny wild blackberries which they picked in Blue Canyon for a flat or crate of apricots and all in a spirit of fellowship.

A low light, a very low light, was when their first baby died right after birth. Mae and Fern had been married for five years and were so wanting a child. All their friends and relations were happy about the impending birth, so the blow they suffered was doubly, dreadfully hard to take.

About two years later their son, Douglas, was born, and then they had Judy. After Douglas was born Mae was delighted and desired to live her life as

perfectly as possible, to set for the children a good example and to live for the important things in life and not for weekend parties and dancing. Gradually, her conviction grew and after a time Fern, too, shared her desire and they joined their church. They have spent many happy hours with friends among the congregation.

Fern got a job at Bordens in Lynden, was transferred to Bellingham and later to Ferndale when Bordens closed down. He next worked for the Washington Co-op in Lynden and remained there for twenty-six years until his retirement. During this time the depression receded.

The children grew up, all the Knudsens enjoying life, and Mae shared in many activities, such as den mother, Rainbow Girls, Mother's Club and had many experiences that parents remember only as "the fleeting years". Doug is now traffic manager at the Lynden Post Office and Judy is head librarian for the Lynden Schools. Previously, Judy taught abroad in Germany and Okinawa and at these posts did considerable traveling. During those years Fern was ill and Mae was unable to visit her which was a disappointment and a low in her life.

In 1947 the family had moved to what they fondly and jokingly call *The Knudsen Estate*, an acre and a half just off the Wiser Lake Road. Mt. Baker rises in its snowy stateliness to the east with farm fields and evergreen acres meeting the eye in other directions. Following Fern's retirement they had time to make improvements on their home, although this occurred only after they had had trips, far away visits, attended conventions, all things which they did leisurely, rarely having to hurry.

On their land there is a pioneer barn, which means a large old barn built with unfinished lumber of treed poles as the frame works, and in this case carressed by a wysteria creeper, the barn now showing signs of age and threatening disintegration. The ancient building makes a splendid windbreak, and partly to be ahead of its inevitable fall, and partly to enhance the Knudsen Estate, Mae thought to plant two rows of seedlings she saw advertised by the *Northwest Experimental Farm*. She ordered some and worked so hard and fast to clear off the trench area around two sides of their land, digging out stray bushes and roots and preparing for her windbreak that by the time the seedlings arrived she was exhausted and did not have the energy to plant them. She heeled them into a corner where her two tiny trenches met and rested. When she came to put her little trees-to-be in the earth she found that a colony of red ants had built themselves an ant hill, used the baby pine needles in the structure, probably feeding on the tender tiny roots ruining her windbreak which did not get into, or, off the ground. The barn has not tumbled yet and Mae is contemplating the situation but she heeds ants more closely and notices that they use the fir needles in somewhat the way we use shingles, and that they have well trodden streets going out from their hill, some being thoroughfares like our main arterials, side roads are obvious, and so on . . . and at this point Mae considers retirement and how great it is that she has time to stand and ponder the traffic systems devised, or instinctively inherited as they say, by red ants!!

A Chapter Begins

Gertrude Burns Thom

by Mary Gillilan Hamilton

About five years ago, Gertrude met Louis Thom at a dinner Ellen Nelson gave. This started a two year friendship culminating in their wedding on December 11, 1976.

Many couples marry after a two year courtship. Not many of them start out together when they are in their eighties - but Gertrude and Louis did! The love was there and the time was right, and age no factor.

Perhaps Gertie inherited her sense of living from her mother, Serena Burns. Serena celebrated her one-hundredth birthday in 1956 on the homestead her husband cleared sixty-nine years before.

One of four daughters, Gertrude was born on the land her father proved up. In 1919 she married Alex Burns. Alex and Gertie raised three sons on this same land - the land the old timers called Hard Scrabble. David, the youngest son, now operates the farm. This is one of the few homesteads to remain in the same family through the years. It has fluctuated in size, but it's always been the Burns place.

When Gertrude's father, Robert Burns, was just beginning to clear his one-hundred-sixty acres money was scarce. In order to salvage his livelihood, Robert sold eighty precious acres to Mr. James Elder, for the heartbreaking sum of five-hundred dollars. Mr. Elder's son, George, continued to farm the acreage after his father's demise. George's heirs, however, were not interested in farming, and sold it to the Burns family, bringing the acreage back to its original size.

Alex died in 1968. Empty hours, yes, but life was controlled by God's reason, and so, Gertrude endured her loss. She continued to live on the homestead they had farmed so many years. Later, she traveled to her mother's homeland, Nova Scotia. The hours were no longer empty. She toured Europe and Mexico as well, and when she was at home was active in her church and with her friends.

When Louis's wife Chloa Henry Thom died, he found himself alone for the first time in fifty years. His partnership with God got him through the worst part of his grief, and his rock collecting and polishing consumed the lonely hours. He survived and prospered.

And then, there was that eventful dinner at Ellen's. Both Gertrude and Louis have eyes that sparkle with good humor. How they must have been shining that night.

December 11, 1976, was the date the couple quietly set for their marriage. The Thom and Burns families were so excited about this union that they came from all over to attend. Gertrude and Louis did

not get their wish for a quiet wedding - sons, daughters and grandchildren saw to that!

The wedding was held in the church annex in front of the fireplace at the Assembly of God Church in Lynden. Their old friends would not let the newlyweds get away without a good old fashioned charivari. Pans pounded and drums thundered outside Gertrude and Louis' Lynden apartment their wedding night - all in keeping with this fine tradition. George Hinton was there ringing a cow's bell, "warm from the cow's neck," Gertie said.

The couple is looking forward to their second wedding anniversary surrounded by the love of the friends and family. Humor is a vital part of Louis and Gertrude Thom's recipe for successful living, that, and leaving the candles on the birthday cake for others to count.



Wedding day. Louis and Gertrude Thom, December 11, 1976.

The
Daughters
of
Robert
Burns . . .

Going clockwise: Stella and Gertrude Burns. The key to Gertie's smile, the photographer told her a bird was soon to pass by. Alice is pictured amongst her flowers. Below baby, Ruth, is pictured with pet lamb toted into town for the photographer's session. The studio was upstairs and the lamb dutifully complied.





A Lady Besides Still Waters

Hazel Husfloen

by K.P. Wilson

Nineteen-seventy-seven was a banner year for Hazel. The American Husfloens gather together every other year, varying the state in which they meet, as they are now scattered across the U.S.A. For '77 they decided to go to Norway from where they originally came and where other Husfloens are (known in the family as the Norwegian Husfloens). Hazel and her nephew Walter who lives in Seattle were responsible for making arrangements, Walter mainly doing the American travel part while Hazel did the corres-

pondence with Norway, writing to Eric Husfloen with whom her husband had always kept in touch. He and his daughter Oddveig were organizing the gathering together of the Norwegian clan and finding accommodations when Eric suffered a stroke from which he recovered, but this caused a delay. Shortly after this Oddveig was killed in an automobile accident which was sad for all the Husfloens and sad and awkward for Hazel. She had to start again and

contacted Magne Husfloen who lived in Rendalen, Norway. He took over and letters went back and forth.

Hazel had been to Europe previously with her son Kenneth, and his family. Kenneth had spent nine months of the war years in Rome going on leaves to other countries and he wished to share his pleasure in the friends and places he had known with his wife and children, and Hazel. On this occasion she had no plans to make and thoroughly enjoyed all that she did which was doubly satisfying as she saw things not only from her point of view but also through the eyes of her grandchildren. In addition, Kyle, her eldest grandchild, was studying at the Sorbonne in Paris and his ease with the French language and customs were an added advantage. Kenneth had hired a car thus many countries were covered *en famille*.

Hazel's 1977 festivities began in May when on the 8th of the month she had her eightieth birthday. Her daughter, Lola (Mrs. Gordon De Graaff) gave a dinner which included all the family except Kyle, who is editor of the magazine *Antique Trader* in Dubuque, Iowa. For the occasion he had an 1897 dollar mounted as a pendant put on a chain and sent to Hazel. For Hazel the evening was gala and heart warming — her children, Lola's husband, Kenneth's wife, and the grandchildren. The North Dakota Club with whom she and her husband had been friends for many years also gave a dinner and while not so intimate as Lola's gathering, it too was warm and happy with friends who had shared events for over fifty years.

In the middle of the birthday mail congratulations, ordinary mail, and Norwegian mail came a communication that totally surprised her. The Lynden Center informed Hazel that she was their choice nominee for the Senior Citizen of the Year and would represent them in Bellingham for the Recognition Evening. What an interesting affair it was. The ball room of the Leopold Hotel was nearly overfull of people, and chandeliers glistened, and the room resounded to the murmur of chatter and greetings between friends who do not see each other too often. The nominees sat on the platform with Nick Serns, chairman and William Dietrich, chairman of Whatcom County Park Board, as master of ceremonies. Each representative was introduced and the audience voted on the queen for Whatcom County electing Dorothy Johnson of Bellingham, but since Ellen Nelson from Lynden had been chosen the year previously it was not likely that Lynden could have top representative twice in a row. Hazel looked charming and poised as she sat with her bouquet and her shy smile expressing delight to everybody. Following the election the people rushed to congratulate the nominees and after that melee there was entertainment and refreshments.

On June 10, Lynden honored their Senior Citizen of the Year with a tea and on this occasion the Council of Aging presented Hazel with a dozen red roses and other bouquets were added from friends and the many organizations to which Hazel belongs. Here again there was entertainment and refreshments and Ellen Nelson read a piece on *Our First Winter at The Northwood Corner* that Hazel had written for the writing class. Hazel was crowned. This crown is not overjewelled but light and dainty and she wore it well.

While Hazel always "kept her cool" she confessed

that her head was beginning to be in a whirl. Off to Norway she went with Lola and Gordon and the rest of the American Husfloens to meet their kin, men and women of the valleys of Norway, different from the seashore Norsk. Walter, Magne, and Hazel's arrangements went without a hitch and her fears of awkwardness of the language barrier and the other differences proved groundless. What surprised Hazel and Lola about the Norwegians was their sophistication, their love and use of flowers both indoors and out, beyond imagination — and, not many farmers were farming anymore — they seemed to be in lumbering and other occupations!

There were in all one-hundred-thirty Husfloens who came together from across the ocean and from the valleys of Norway at the Ungdom Hall in Rendalen, all kith and kin, and while some of them were meeting for the first time, there was no stranger in the hall. Hazel found the event stirring and for the first time felt the prick of tears.

Later they took her to the Husfloen farm and here she saw the meaning of her married name. The Klara River hurries to the Swedish border but across from the farm is an island which slows the rushing of the river and here the waters are relatively quiet, thus the name Husfloen, translating in English to "house by still water". She saw the little church and the grave of the patriarch, the original farmer who died in 1778, and wondered what he would think about so few of his descendants no longer tilling the soil. His farm is now a summer home owned by a wealthy man from Oslo, and the Norwegian Husfloens themselves all seem to have summer homes in the Reindeer Land up beyond the tree line. Barns are empty — a way of life has changed in Norway too.

Then her thoughts went again to the sad part of the journey. She had hoped to make this trip with her husband, Jack; many times they had dreamed about it, many hours he had spent telling her of his feelings, the happenings of his boyhood and his desire to walk by the river and smell the Norwegian valley air again.

Lola kept saying: "If only Dad were here". Jack and Lola had a father-daughter bond; but it was Hazel who had such lonely moments, Hazel who wanted to share everything with him, even to sharing her vicarious enjoyment of Lola and Gordon's sorti into Holland to the little village of Styk where it was Gordon's turn to say "If only Dad were here."

When Hazel and Jack became engaged in North Dakota, Hazel received all sorts of ominous advice. She was not a farm person, it would be difficult for her to be a satisfactory wife, she did not realize what she was letting herself in for, she was too young. Hazel listened but felt sure within herself that she and Jack together would be happy. They were. Always they both discussed things with each other and in her widowhood it is the not having Jack to share and talk to that is the hardest part. Her family is splendid but they are a different generation and see life from a different perspective. Hazel and Jack married during the First World War after the Army played Go-Go-Go-Stop with him until he became exasperated. They had been married for five months before he was called. Jack was attached to a Caterpillar Outfit, officially part of the Field Artillery serving overseas.

After demobilization they farmed a section in

North Dakota through which the Missouri River flowed. At their table they enjoyed; fish from the river, deer from the surrounding country, vegetables in season from their garden, and their own flour from the wheat that they grew, but this was not to last. Due to years of hot dry winds and day after day of heat without rain, the crops were poor and they moved to Price, North Dakota. On the property they rented they had a general store and Hazel became postmistress for the little town.

Life in Price was pleasing except — their little son, Kenneth, was once seen straddling the foreleg of a horse having wrapped his little arms and legs around it. Hazel was aghast. He discovered where the soda was kept and proudly showed all customers, far too many of whom bought him some, plus peanuts. The Husfloens decided it would not do to bring up the boy in Price. They came west.

At thirty-five miles per hour Hazel, Jack and Kenneth traveled over the Bad Lands, through Yellowstone and into the western states. They had friends in California and made new friends en route and Jack was lured to the Lynden area where they bought land and began a chicken farm. Their daughter Lola was born. A memory that Hazel treasures is that of Kenneth pulling her around and around in his little red wagon.

On their property there was a small house in which they lived while the chicken coop was built and their business established. Then they built a home which was their practical dream house and most satisfying to live in. They had luck with their first chickens. This was partly because they had had a little experience in North Dakota where Hazel had a small incubator which, in a sense, she played around with enough to learn a bit. They worked with only the best white leghorn baby chicks (what is called Hollywood Strain) which were the most satisfactory for layers. When hens, these chickens have bright red combs and snowy white feathers but if they are not healthy their combs become pinkish and one starts to be a little anxious. Hazel says: "I baked our bread, cleaned chickens to eat, mended clothing, darned socks, helped with the farm chores, and in season put up large quantities of fruit and vegetables, contentedly, because I could see that we were accomplishing something."

They added turkeys and accidentally a gas station. A friend of Jack's had wished to put a station and store on a corner of the Husfloen property. In the beginning this was a good idea and worked well until the husband and wife had an altercation and Jack's friend was unable to manage the store by himself.

The store died but the Husfloens were stuck with the gas station.

Life was satisfying. The children grew up, married and time passed. Then Jack became sick with what is termed "a lengthy illness", and they sold the house and farm and bought a trailer which they put near Lola and Gordon's home as Jack found the DeGraaff children a great comfort; they took his mind away from his suffering. He and Hazel went south for the winters and considering the circumstances they were happy in his last years. Jack died in 1968.

Hazel lives pleasantly with her view across farm fields to the evergreens beyond the Guide Meridian,

while behind her home protecting it in winter and shading it in summer are locust and elm trees. In the heat of July she lies on her chaise lounge doing nothing and musing over life beneath her leafy loveliness. Sometimes she thinks back to her childhood in Iowa when she was little Hazel Waterman. Her mother died shortly after she was born and she was brought up by her grandmother. Her father mostly worked away from home but never remarried and he and Hazel both found joy and pride in one another. Her Uncle Ernie Waterman, who had been born blind and only able to see shades of grey, had been sent to the blind school in Vinton, Iowa where he learned to play the violin and traveled with concert tours. His blindness necessitated that he memorize all his repertoire and Hazel assisted him in this: she now regrets that she did not have a violin herself. He somehow rode a bicycle which Hazel rode surreptitiously, behind the house, as she surmized that Grandmother would have forbidden this action.

For her graduation from high school her father bought her her first two "store dresses" — a white net for graduation and a Nile green crepe de chine for the banquet. Ah! memories. Hazel's father had wanted her to be a teacher by going to the normal school in Iowa and while Hazel never questioned his wish, she knew that North Dakota would accept her with her high school graduation, suggesting to her father that she try teaching first to find out if it really was her forte — practical Hazel. In her high school the classes were divided, those going into teaching taking courses orientated toward education and those going into business having different studies. All her life, even now, Hazel applies the ideas and is thankful for the psychology course they taught, not even entitled psychology, but so useful.

Her first teaching job was at Altmont, North Dakota which was a Russian settlement and only Hazel spoke English. It was a challenge and there were janitor duties added to those of teaching and while the children did most of them the lighting of the school stove, especially for the first time, was a horror. Coal in North Dakota burned differently than coal in Iowa, stoves in North Dakota were not similar to stoves in Iowa. She was told to be alert to prairie fires which made her anxious as she walked through the tall grasses and the fields of wheat to the schoolhouse. She experienced only one at a distance, and did not see the flames, but heard with fear the crackling destruction. The jolly times were when the teachers from the surrounding areas grouped together.

Then she met Jack. They shared their first conversation in a bobsled on the way home from a party and a year later Hazel became Mrs. Husfloen — which translates "lady of the house by still waters".

The Lady of the Farm

Annabell Monthy

by K.P. Wilson

Annabell dislikes hot summer weather. She likes dancing, dinners, picnics, parties and people. When the children grew up and dated she and Charlie were amazed to find that their offspring were always home before they. Annabell wondered, "Weren't they going to be able to enjoy themselves as much as she and Charlie did?" Why she and Charlie had been dancing and partying since she was sixteen. Well, she certainly was not dancing these days with her crippled leg but they still went to parties and watched others, and while they could not participate in the dances they did enjoy all the social events they could. Why, Charlie, for all his caution, had set forth with her for parties in near blizzards muttering stuff like, "No sane people would go out in weather like this," but they had always got there and back.

Annabell's grandfather had come to America from that part of Germany touching the Danish border and spoke seven languages, but her grandmother was born in America, as her parents were, and the only customs that remained from the home country were special cakes and breads they baked for Christmas and Easter. Charlie's people, too, were German speaking, but came to the United States from Poland and in his home few European customs remained.

Annabell and her husband, Charles, farmed, as the Iowans say, three-eighty acres (240) in Lime Springs where the hills roll gently over the land, covered with deciduous trees which enhance the surroundings. Lime Springs is a small town much resembling Lynden

and the nearest municipality of any size is Cresco about ten miles away. Running through their property the Upper Iowa River flows on toward the Mississippi and just above, in their day, there was a dam and the Foreston Flour Mill, but the dam and the mill no longer exist. Charlie farmed corn, oats, hay and soya beans; and raised chickens, cows, pigs, sheep and seven or eight horses.

Annabell as the wife on a farm without electricity knew well the inconveniences of her role. Although not a pioneer, she listens to the tales of Lynden's first settlers with a slight shudder at having been spared the more grueling aspects of their lives and with much respect for their accomplishments. She remembers wash day with distaste: melting snow in winter, carrying water in the other seasons, boiling clothes and the awkwardness of drying them. Then in the heat of summer the canning began - first the peas and before they were finished the beans were ready - a process going on for days. In addition, her family liked Alberta peaches so bushels of peaches were canned (round baskets not like the flats we have today), Italian purple plums and other fruit, all when the sun's rays beat hot into the air. Apples came from their own trees in a cooler season.

Mable was their eldest and Dorothy was the second child. The sisters always had a bond with one another and when they grew up they married brothers, Harold and Harley Knight, firmly cementing a great relationship. Mable, like her father, loved to

farm, loved the smell of the earth, things growing, animals and farm produce. In fact later during the period when all the Monthys were living near Laurel and Mable and Harold were farming on the Ten Mile Road, Mable became *Farm Lady of the Year for Whatcom County*. This event occurred at a time when Annabell went into Bellingham to help two maiden ladies, The Misses Brighthouse. Arriving at work on this day, the best cups and saucers were laid on the table and the newspaper containing the headline announcing Mable's honor predominated. Annabell basked in reflected glory at the little party.

Dorothy was an amiable child, eager and happy to do as much as Mable, but Charlie remembers an occasion when Dorothy on her own, decided to ride a horse to bring in the cows from about a mile away. Charlie put the tack on, but pretty soon the animal came back with reins dragging and dangling and no Dorothy. He went to find her hoping that she wasn't hurt and met her leading the cows from the pasture. He has always wished that he had had time to train that horse so Dorothy could have galloped around, but that was not to be the case.

As Harold and Harley grew older farming became more physically demanding, so they went into business in Vancouver, Washington, where the Harold Knights live while Dorothy and Harley and family are near the Orchard area next to Woodlands, but this distance does not separate the sisters to any great extent.

When World War II came Annabell realized that it was time to make a change and the opportunity was there. They went to California, lived in wartime housing in Oakland where Charlie worked as a painter, and for Annabell the next five years felt like one big happy trip. First of all, the little apartment had water in the faucets, proper plumbing all around, and no weekly boiling on the stove for washday. Instead she enjoyed an easy hour or two's effort in the laundry room, and she thought of it all as city living versus farm life. She did not miss Lime Springs and the inconveniences in the least, except for sensitivity of neighbor for neighbor. This hit home especially the morning a woman came flying out of the other end of the complex from where the Monthys lived screaming: "Help me. Someone help me!" Annabell rushed out and into her apartment and picked up her baby and knew immediately that it was dead. Somebody had called the ambulance and the child was put in. Somebody else suggested to the mother that she should get in too. The poor panic stricken girl entered the vehicle which drove off leaving everybody in the compound empty and upset, with nothing to do with their emotion, just left with an ugly flatness. Annabell was thinking: "Where did they take her? What happened? Who would comfort her?" In the evening the young girl returned for some clothes leaving Oakland to bury her baby in Tennessee. Nothing so humanly cold ever happened in Lime Springs.

And nothing in Lime Springs prepared her for the peculiarity of the Portugese people who lived close to the Monthys and afforded them much mirth. Their baby was such a happy child that Annabell felt he had captured all of Portugal's sunshine in his little soul. The Correrias had innumerable dramas and comedies. The highlight of these performances was the time they

won a grand piano. There was such jubilation; the installation was awkward, talkative, and jolly, up a flight of stairs - removal of a door to get the instrument in the small wartime living room, and when ensconced it took up half the room. Nobody knew how to play it. About a year later they took it apart and threw it out of the window.

Getting around Oakland itself was a challenge. Annabell got a job at Kappels Department Store where she sold hoisery and this was an adventure. Never before had she used the back door of a store, never before had she had a whole new wardrobe of black dresses (required for the position), and never before had she been on the operating side of a cash register. She had two weeks of training on "How to be nice to the Public". What a learning experience it was - all this for a farm girl who had always been her own boss. Her supervisor was nineteen and at this time Annabell was forty, but none of it was hard, just different, very, very different. She enjoyed all the people, customers (with a few exceptions) and co-workers, writing down orders via telephone and being perfect and correct. She did not realize that her life had been so narrow when she was young and loved the enlarging horizons.

Annabell's eldest son was given the traditional name of his father, Charles William and Charlie he was called. A niece of her sister-in-law, Maud Reinhardt, nicknamed the boy Chucky Bill and Chucky Bill was a happy easy going child. He graduated from high school in California and went into the Army serving with the Army Engineers, mostly in Alaska. While in Lime Springs he had hurt his back helping Harold Knight move a feed trough. This injury healed, but in Alaska he pulled the intravertebral disc again and this time it did not heal. After demobilization Charles married Shirley Parker and they lived on the King Tut Road. During this time Charles underwent two spinal surgeries. He and Shirley had two children, and he received his Master of Arts degree from Western Washington. Annabell considers this an achievement especially since she, herself, did not go to high school and the epitomy of her ambition was to see that all her children did. The fact that her sons are both college graduates gives her unbounded satisfaction.

At the end of the war Annabell's sister, Vera (Mrs. Leonard Billman), who had a farm in the Laurel area asked Annabell and Charlie to look after it while she and her family visited Iowa. The Monthys enjoyed the region and Charlie was so pleased to return to fields and country that they bought a ten acre farm (nine acres in strawberries) on the Pole Road.

Ila, their third daughter, finished her high school by graduating from Meridian High, worked for the telephone company in Bellingham and later transferred to Portland. She married in California and now lives in Juneau, Alaska where her husband, Dr. Hammond, is a chiropractor. Every year Ila, with her two girls, comes down for at least a month to be with all the family and often she takes back a new car. Charlie, Senior, and Charlie, Junior, got the last one on the ferry loaded to the hilt, not an inch of space remained inside and attached firmly to the roof were four chairs, a lamp and a plant. The loaded vehicle disturbed Charlie and he felt nervous about the voyage but Washington State purchases are part of

Ila's visits.

Johnny was Annabell's son of her later years and she was anxious at the time of his birth, but he has been a great joy. He has a certain thoughtfulness for living things. He and his wife (formerly Linda Cramer) live on Military Road on the ridge above the Green River Valley. Their home is surrounded by trees and natural land. Charlie tells the story of how his son discovered a little lonely hen in the woods behind his home. Probably an escapee from a truck or coop, he noticed she was trying hard to develop her eggs into chickens. She was unsuccessful, so Johnny bought her two live chicks. The little feathered female was so proud of her brood! All three met an untimely death when they met up with weasles, but the little hen did have her moment of glory. Before John married and began teaching he had a taste of farming, and was given a cow in calf. He raised the cow, calf and also a goat. Johnny's cow when she had outlived her usefulness was butchered, and was the toughest meat that ever the Monthys ate.

And so passed the nineteen fifties and sixties. The strawberries were long ago phased out. Charlie got arthritis in his knees and Annabell had an illness which left her crippled in a wheel chair, but she and Charlie have adjusted to what Annabell terms "crippled living". Although they have not found it easy, they have worked it out bit by bit. They liked people in their home but preferred to be alone. Now together by themselves if possible — and they make it possible. The home is now set up for Annabell's convenience and she cooks by using the sink and stove as props, and has to be alert as to what is within reach and plan her movements ahead in detail. Whether she is cooking, or out socially, she forsees and forethinks in a remarkable manner. Her kitchen is carpeted and

when one remarks on the luxury Annabell will say, "Can you imagine Charlie's life if he had an ordinary kitchen floor to wash and wax? He can vacuum."

The front of their house is well shaded with holly trees at each bedroom window, and because the driveway into the farm automatically takes one to the back of the house, to the barnyard that is no longer a barnyard, the front door is rarely used. At the back a violet has taken root between the cracks of the cement steps, spread and flourished, and one is greeted by this border of purple and green as one enters.

For his eightieth birthday in 1976 Charlie's children gave him a party at the Lynden Center which was attended by one-hundred and thirty-five people. The guests were entertained by songs and poems which belonged within the Monthy family. Following this the family gathered at the home where grandchildren and great-grandchildren seemed to be crawling out of the woodwork, so many were the people, nearly all relatives, in their farm house. Annabell sat in her wheelchair like a queen on a throne and as you stopped to greet her a voice from a further room said, "I am the birthday man," and so Charlie was radiating pleasure in the day.

Annabell still loathes hot summer days when as she says she feels like crawling the walls, but at least the nights are an improvement on those of Iowa's summer stiflings. She and Charlie still enjoy dinners, picnics, parties and people although at a slower tempo. Charlie likes to play pool and he also belongs to the harmonica band. Annabell mans the reception desk at the Lynden Community Center once a week and likes working with the government R.S.V.P. program in Bellingham at the Courthouse. They do not find life dull.

★

EDITOR'S NOTE: Annabell never got to see our book completed, for on October 23, 1978, she died after a short illness. She was in our writing group from its first year and her calm demeanor, dry humor and warmth will be sorely missed.

Son of a Pioneer

George Hinton

by K.P. Wilson

Now that we have social security, welfare, areas that the President may term "disaster" when calamities occur; it is difficult to realize that no so long ago the odd pioneer began his homestead by living in a tree trunk. George remembers such cases and one considers with awe the size of the stumps in which life was lived while homes were built and land was cleared. This could only happen in the sections of America where the base of the tree grew to mammoth size.

George's grandparents both maternal and paternal, were pioneers in this northwest corner of the U.S.A. Grandfather Smith, when he received the deed for his land, was honored that it was signed by the President (Cleveland). Grandfather Hinton paid for his acres with gold coins! Later, in an unfortunate manner, he managed to mortgage the farm that was supposed to belong to George's father. The day that this deed was redeemed (not in gold coins) was one of the most memorable of George's life — that splendid day.

The Hinton farm contained an Indian burial mound by now much plowed over, but several artifacts were found and treasured by Mrs. Hinton. These are thought archaeologically to belong to a more ancient people than the gentle Nooksacks, who were the Indians in this region "when the white man came". It is historic, this piece of land, and Mrs. Hinton used to wonder about what it was like in those bygone centuries on this, her farm, that was once heavy forest below the mighty mountain.

George was born in what is now Van Buren, six miles east of Lynden. Here the land loses the flatness of the Nooksack Valley and begins to roll towards the Mount Baker foothills with little creeks hurrying through the forest and farms on their way to the river, icy with the mountain's melted snow.

About the time that George was born the farmers received mail delivery and slowly things inched their way towards more and better roads, while previously a man on horseback had ridden the lonely trails to bring communications.

Childhood for him was eminently satisfactory, with two great occasions — Christmas and the Fourth of July.

Christmas was a family celebration which began at home Christmas morning, when the Hinton children awoke to find a tree decorated with popcorn, sometimes a package of bran flakes strewn slightly on the floor, the remains of the reindeers' midnight supper! There might be a rag doll, and once his father built a little wagon. The joy of it! The wonder!

Later in the day the family went, on alternate

Christmases, Up Home to Grandpa Smith's or Down Home to Grandpa Hinton's; so that the two families were always together for their festive dinner.

Uncle Warren Smith was the children's delight. Each year he performed a different feat. He put skates on, one cold Merry Day, and skated on the hoar frost on the porch! He chased, and was chased in return, with wild, happy shrieks from the children; played in the games, teased and was teased back; always jolly and good natured. At the table he would rise between courses and run madly around it, and then around the house; in order, he said, "to be able to eat some more." The aunts were flattered as they had expended much energy preparing the big, fat, splendid Christmas goose and were content to sit amid the laughter of the children and the adults' spirit of Christmas with which they were individually glowing. Both grandfathers also had a way with youngsters, partaking and adding to the joy and happiness of the day.

Finally there was another tree loaded with presents that were mostly homemade and gifts that were practical.

The Fourth of July was gala. It was marred only by mosquitoes and the grownups' real fear of possible fire from the fireworks, which percolated into little minds as an underlying anxiety. Early Fourths were spent on the Kelly Farm to which special trainloads of picnickers came from Bellingham to celebrate the day. They played games, had community singing, and their picnics were feasts. The children, apart from eating, mostly watched with colossal interest at all the goings on. The day ended with fireworks. Great drama!

Later, from the time that George was about eight years old, the holiday was spent with the Hinton's nearest neighbors the Kirkmans, who had an only daughter called Margaret. It was not very often that the Hinton family encountered an "only child" and they pitied her aloneness. Subsequently, she did have brothers and sisters although they were not the proper "play age", however, when she grew up she married Bob Hinton and that brought her into the family.

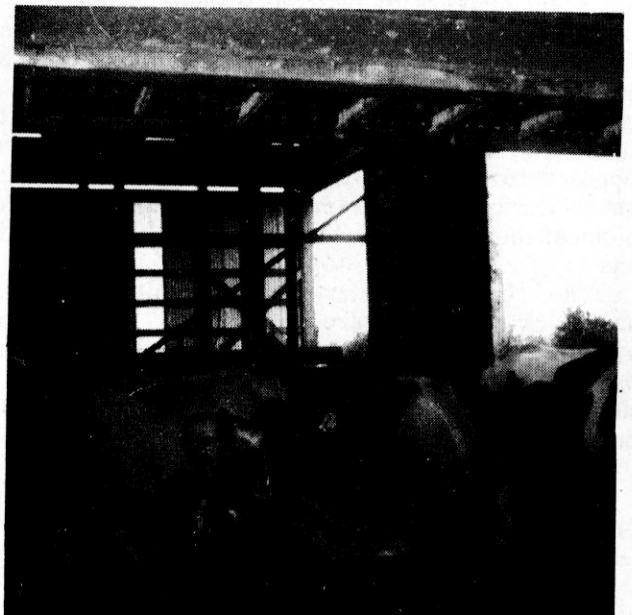
The day began, after the chores, with an "outside dinner". Games were played, on and off, one old cat, many bat and ball affairs until after a long twilight darkness came. Now the shining sparklers, ladyfingers aglowing, Roman Candles and skyrockets — all this magic burst into the night. Things like mosquitoes and the worry of possible fires were forgotten, a nothing.

There was no "teenage" in the time that George grew up, he was like the other boys, a young man. As

at the farm . . .

Looking for brother Warren -

- George in control



- George out of control

But where is Warren?

young men George and his brothers acquired an old jalopy which was demanding on time, effort, and money but was much adored by them; and from that time on they went to Bellingham for the Fourth's. Here the fireworks were perhaps more magnificent but the magic — the magic wasn't quite the same. They were growing up and other excitements were crowding in upon them.

However, before the jalopy days, on the farm all that ever happened was always "after the chores" and chores began right after school. The boys cleaned the barn, gathered up and burned rubbish, the woodshed was filled, wood was split (at least ten loads a day) and also, day by day, and little by little, they worked at the everlasting stumping. Later a horse and team sped the business up and eventually a tractor greatly simplified the job. George's sisters had their duties too.

And so, after working, the family played. Run sheep run, pig in the poke, many and varied were the ball games; and the Hinton's had one real treasure — an old, hulking, iron stove kept outside. When tiny the children baked mud pies in the ancient oven and the most splendid of concoctions were devised, and as they grew older they were allowed to make a "constant" stew on the old stove. Real stew. It might have been a bit soupy at times but it was theirs and they thought it highly delectable.

George had three brothers and three sisters: Ida, Robert, Helen, Edna, Leo and finally baby Warren. George thought this ideal. When they played Mrs. Hinton was usually *there*: she saw who might be bullying and stopped it, she saw what might lead to danger or sorrow and stopped it. Her brood never realized that they were being slightly maneuvered but they did know they were loved. It was happy and gay for all of them. There wasn't any splitting off, or two children being superior; they all enjoyed each other altogether. No wonder George, today, is what you might call a "grouper", he likes people to be enjoying themselves, and the more the merrier.

Because they were nearer in age George and Ida shared a lot of thinkings, doings, and plannings; they were the first to be allowed to walk by themselves to Grandfather Smith's. He had homemade ice cream and as a special treat he would make toast covering it with thick fresh cream and brown sugar the most scrumptious delicacy a child could wish for.

On Saturday mornings the boys fished, in the manner of Huckleberry Finn, they grabbed a slim branch from a tree for a pole, attaching a piece of string and added a hook. Fish. Fish. They were tiny trout and delicious to eat, and all the creeks and streams were loaded with them. George's brother Robert, turned out to be an excellent marksman and brought home ducks, pheasants and other game.

In the summer there were picnics and swimming in the wider part of the creeks, often with the gang who met at Kelley's, as Kelley's pool was deeper and larger than any other.

Winter times when deep snow fell were the favorites and the greater and more frequent the storms the better. Extra games, extra fun all day long: and how dismal were the warm winters that the old folk enjoyed. The Hinton boys and girls felt that nature was cheating them.

George's father was superintendent of the school board and the teachers were often interviewed and on occasions entertained on the Hinton farm. On the opening day of school they sometimes came to pick up the Hinton children so that there was never any sense of shyness or unfamiliarity that some little people experience on first entering class. He remembers pleasant happenings and the huge stove with its galvanized metal shield extending about three feet from the body where the actual flames were and on which they warmed their tiny hands and feet.

When George was about twelve he and his brothers were sitting on top of the root cellar listening for the whistle of the train that they knew would be coming and idly talking about ways to earn summer money. Walking down the leaf shaded tracks from the little station were three passengers who had disembarked. Unusual! One was a lady lovely to behold. George had never seen anyone that looked so charming, so chic, so unlike a farm person. The lady and her companions went into George's house! The boys were amazed! and suddenly very shy.

George heard her say, as they neared the open front door, "and I'm going out to hunt for those boys." He discovered that she was Lily Rose Smith Huschke and that she was his very young looking, and in fact very young, grandmother — and that one of the men with her had been to the World's Fair in San Francisco! Oh! George's world was enlarging.

As time passed, George and his grandmother had a special rapport. He became her favorite grandson, not voiced but the bond was felt and understood. After that George was invited by his grandmother to stay at Gray's Harbor where she and her husband lived. This was one of his first trips from home and he loved the ocean, the newness of that rugged region and the adventure. He went again and again and even attended school there for a time. He met a boy with whom he helped to build a water wheel and they became great friends but after college his friend went to New York to become an important person with Western Electric and they lost track of one another.

George enjoyed with glee the cakewalks, the basket socials and the charivaris but he decided that he did not want to stay on the farm. He also did not want to be a shingle weaver. He secretly felt that perhaps he would like to be a wealthy man and thought the best way would be to start in the business world. He went to Seattle to attend a commercial school.

Here he stayed with relatives for a while, when an opportunity occurred enabling him to work for a very rich woman from whom he received room and board and twelve dollars a month, and he was still able to attend his classes. He soon found that his employer was avaricious about money with none of the friendly warm manner of his mother. On one occasion his grandmother came to see him and he was told that he would be fed but that his relatives would not! This: because George had asked his grandmother, who spoke German, to come to talk to the rather lonely German cook. The shame, the smallness, the horror and embarrassment that George experienced appalled him. Round about now his idea of being anything like a millionaire began to cool. He would never manage the mean grasping way.

Following the completion of his course, George worked in the lumber business which he liked, first in Seattle and later in Chehalis. On weekends and times off he often went to Gray's Harbor, frequently to Van Buren, and sometimes down to Raymond or to Portland where he had many friends.

Things in Van Buren became difficult: George's mother was sick and his sister, Edna, very ill and they wanted him to come back to the farm. He, himself, felt incredibly tired at this time and on checking with his doctor was told that he had a touch of tuberculosis but that his lungs were not badly infected and that he should get lots of rest and sleep outside if possible. Home he went. He pitched his tent on a knoll amongst a clump of fir trees and thought within himself from the first night when he slept so well and breathed so easily that he would be better. Little by little George gained strength but little by little Edna did not and she died about a year later. Edna, the sister they all adored. The Hintons were heartsick.

George had come back to twenty cleared acres, twenty cows, and much farm work which had to be done laboriously by hand. Not long after George's brother-in-law, A.J. Hannah received an appointment to teach at Nooksack High School and he and George went together to raise chickens, Alvin helping with the building of the chicken coops and taking care of the books, leaving George to raise the chickens. He had a Dutch oven which was fuelled with logs and he learned to enjoy the little chicks, but there were still many other farm chores.

About 1930 Alvin and Helen, George's sister, moved from the area to Calexico, California, leaving him alone with all the poultry affairs. He seemed as time went on to have more trouble with coccidiosis, more wheelbarrow chicks than previously (chickens that do not grow properly and develop a wheelbarrow shape) and in addition there were two or three awful storms. During one the northeaster blew the canvas curtains he used down from the windows allowing cold air to enter causing the chickens to huddle for warmth. While he was always able to keep his Dutch oven going it worried him now whenever the winds were gusty. In addition poultry finances never seemed to warrant the expense of new equipment. His brother Bob, at this time was still working in the waning shingle business besides taking care of some of the other farming which also was not as financially rewarding as it should have been.

George began to have nightmares about his chickens. He and Bob sat down together and decided: to go in for dairy products as Bob liked cows, to phase out the chickens, finish clearing most of their land and buy more, to have the latest equipment, and to build up as fine a herd as they could. Together, they did, ending with a Grade "A" Dairy farm. Robert, in George's estimation is a splendid herdsman.

Now that George is retired he does not look as if he had ever been ill. He paints, writes, helps with art displays, other community events and lends support and guidance to faltering projects plus creating enthusiasm.

Several years ago, when Annabell Monthly was hospitalized, George came, with a bouquet "from the old farm" although Annabell did not know from which of the farms. He was friendly, plus something

intangible, and as he arranged his poseys and chattered she felt "lifted", not so sad. Then she regarded the flowers and thought, "How nice it is to know George Hinton."

Well, it wasn't only Annabell who was "lifted" and there is a point about George's floral arrangements that is George. His compositions are not like Japanese "ikebana", and not like the commercial florist sophistications, but nearer to nature and her wild flowers blooming; greener, softer, and warmer. George goes to the old, original Hinton farm (sold some time ago) for flowers and where he most likes the greens and the shrubbery. Many of the early settlers parted with bits of land, bought it back occasionally, and added to their original tracts; and in George's case the Hinton farm now consists of a hundred acres minus what they had to give to the county for roads. Sometimes, as the families grew a new house was built beside the old home, and not so often, there will be yet another new home, which makes three generations of people and houses.

For the first two years of their married life George's parents rented before acquiring their own farm. This "shack" of split cedar is known as "the honeymoon cottage" and stands today grey, and stark — and lonely, with peeling wallpaper and sturdy posts. The children and grandchildren of Grandpa and Grandmother Hinton have gone to more modern abodes, so that the memories of their early, happy days linger there only in the sound of the wind, the silence of the walls, and in the hearts of those who knew them.

And from the boy who vehemently said, "no farming. No shingle mill." Retired he says, "the other day I went out to the farm that Warren has now. I couldn't find him so I thought I would walk around a bit. There wasn't a cow in sight but as I stood in the loafing shed I felt something touch my coat. Here was a friendly heifer and soon other cows ambled in smelling in my pocket and slobbering all over me. It is a wonderful feeling, the trust and love, that animals give you.

"As a boy I didn't always feel so husky. Well — my Tb scars — actually I just got back to the farm from the end of my glorious career in the lumber business in time.

"Why it is a marvelous life you have. You are free. You can stop when you want to, not that you do very often, but you can. When you get up in the morning it is great. You think, 'I wonder what will happen today? What will challenge me?' besides it is so beautiful around here, the mountains, the trees, the fields, Hinton fields all stumped (!). We do have some uncleared acres but only because we want them. No. I was never really against farming."



Editor's note:

With George, the Lynden Community Center Writing Class got its start, so it seemed only fitting that with his story we close our first book.

MGH

Thank You

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